

No. 3

OCT.-NOV.

The

KILROYS

Ind.

10¢

America's Funniest Family!



WELL, THEY SAY A
GAL WHO SWEARS
SHE'S NEVER BEEN
KISSED HAS A
RIGHT TO
SWEAR!



**WEB COMIC
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GANGWAY FOR

MILT GROSS

Funnies



**THE GREAT NEW COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT'S TOPS
ON THE LAFF-METER!**

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NOW!**

MEET MILT GROSS... THE
MAN WHO MAKES AMERICA
LAUGH... AND LOVE HIM!
FOR HE'S THE FATHER
OF ALL FUNNY FOLKS...
THE CREATOR OF
CRAZY CHARACTERS
LIKE

**THAT'S
MY
POP!**

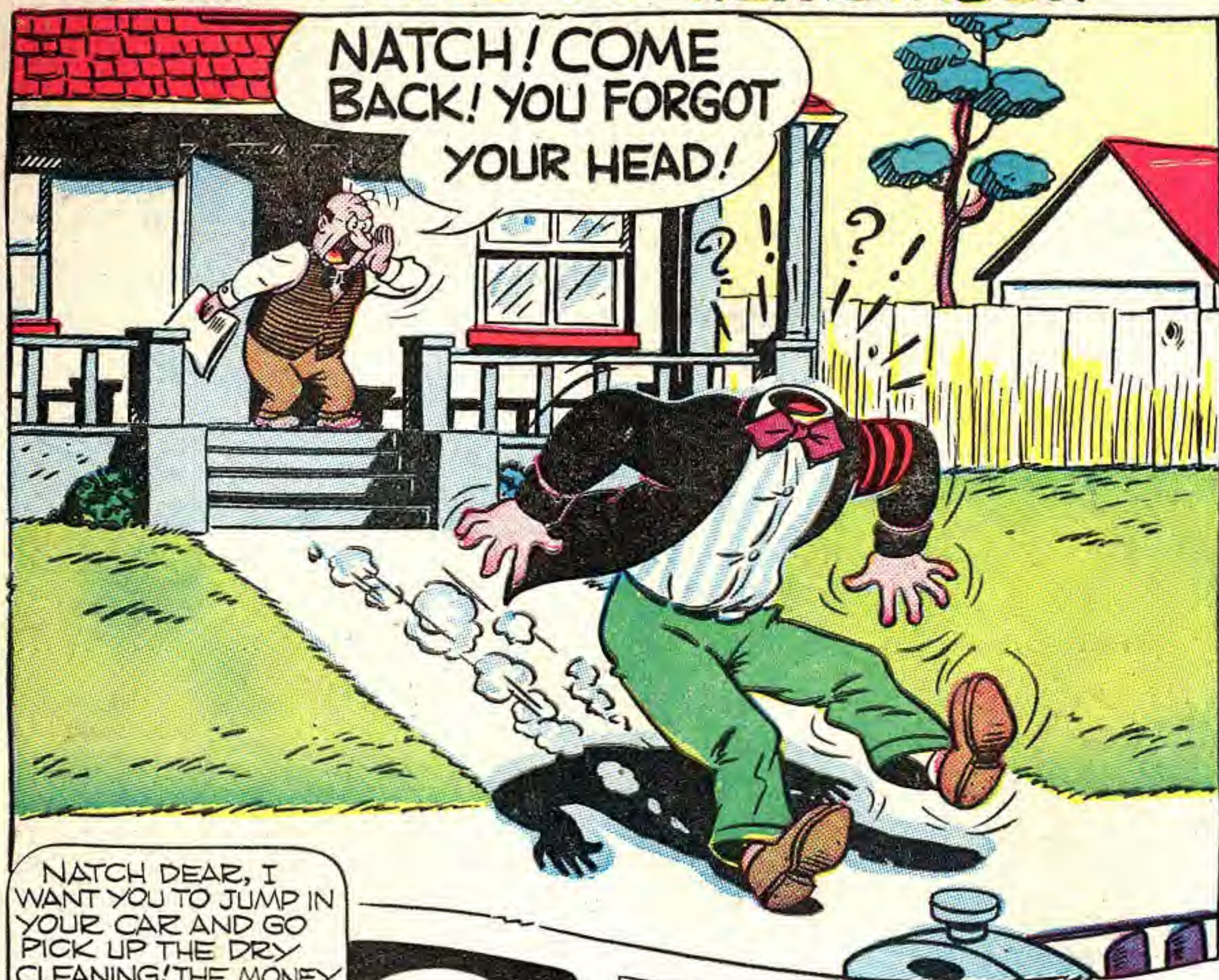


...AND A HOST OF OTHERS,
RIPROARING RIBTICKLERS
ALL!

SO...FOR THE LAFF-TIME
OF A LIFETIME... SIT
ON YOUR NEWSDEALER'S
CHEST AND SCREAM
FOR...

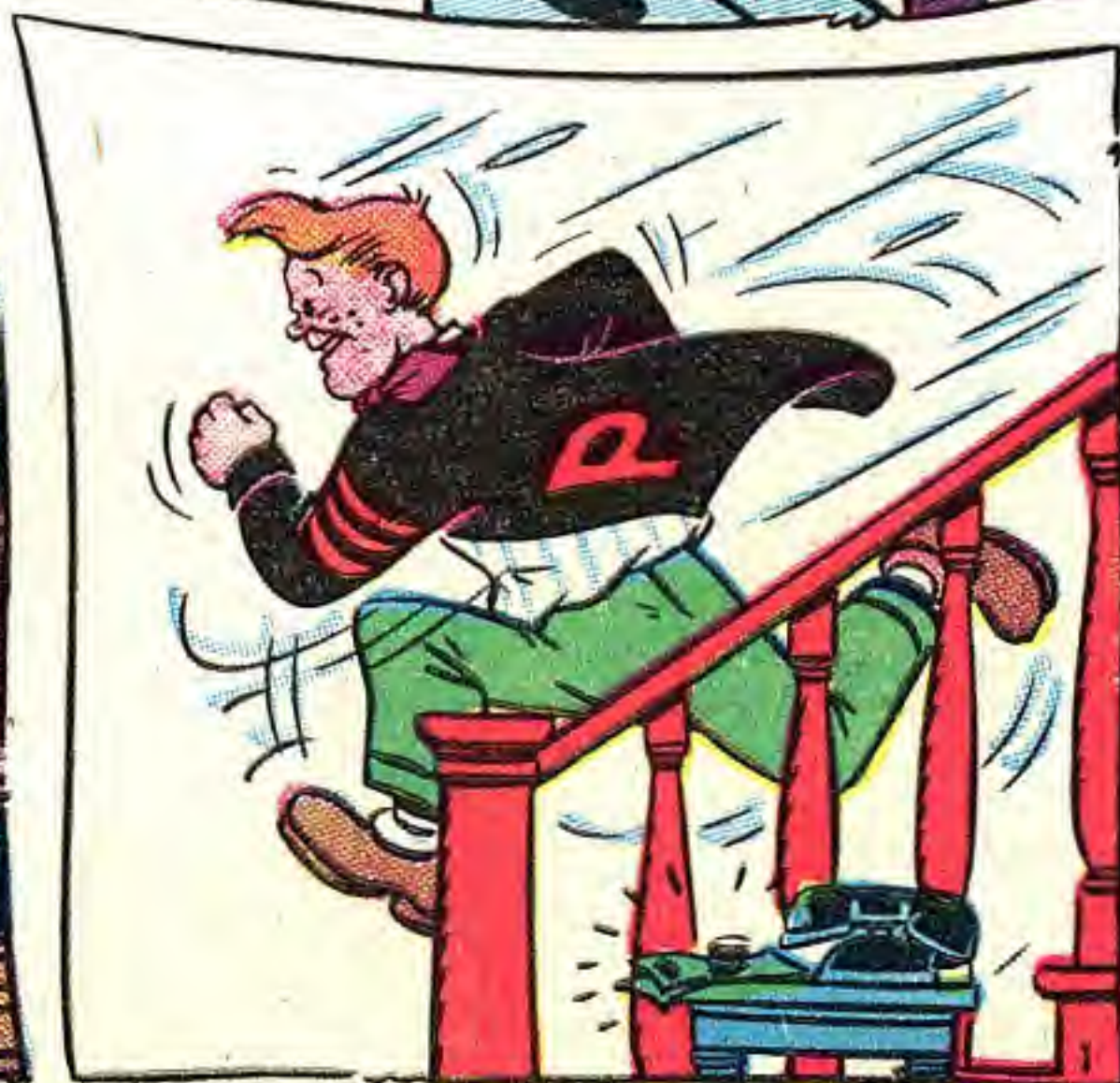
MILT GROSS Funnies 10¢ ON ALL STANDS

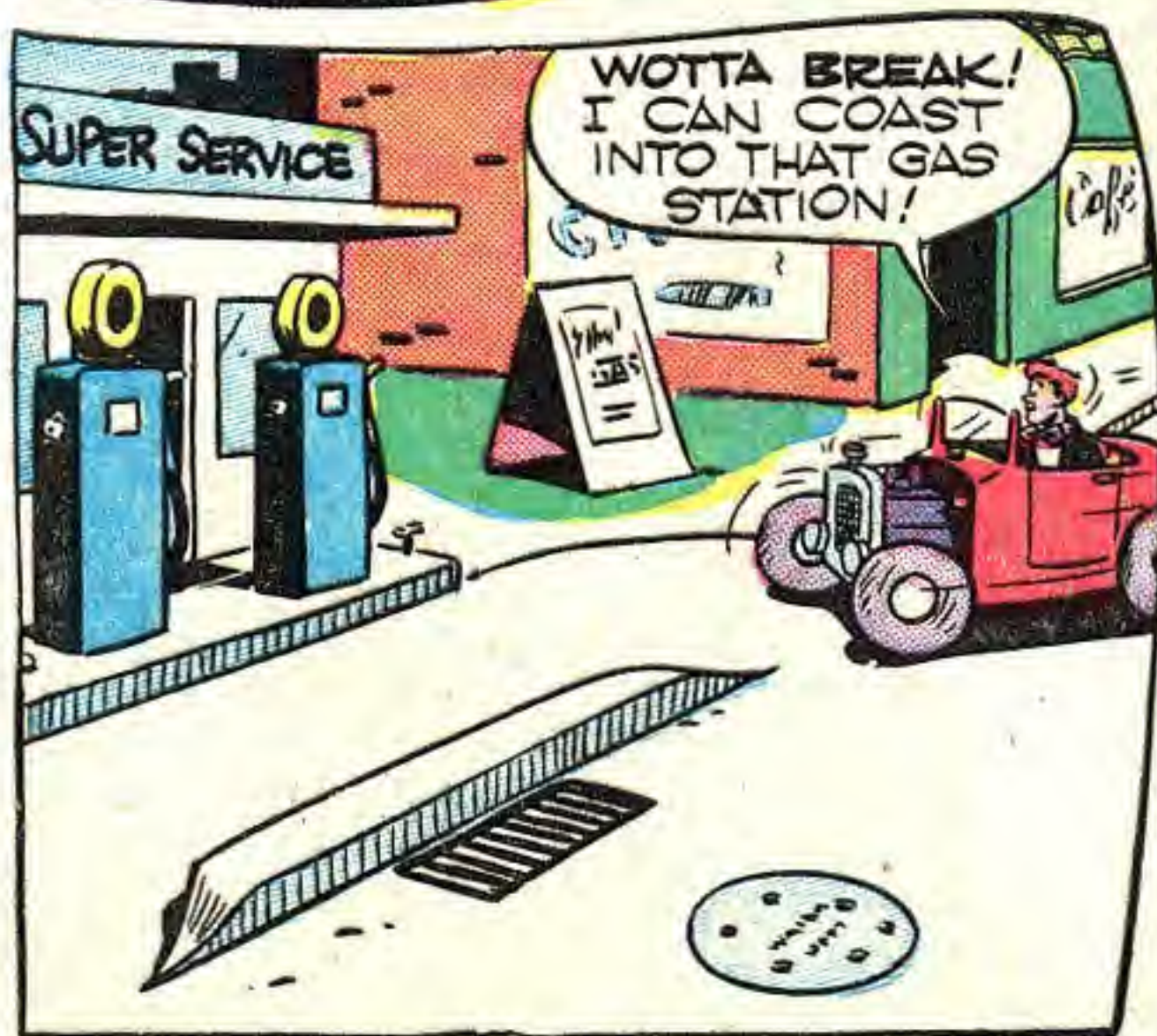
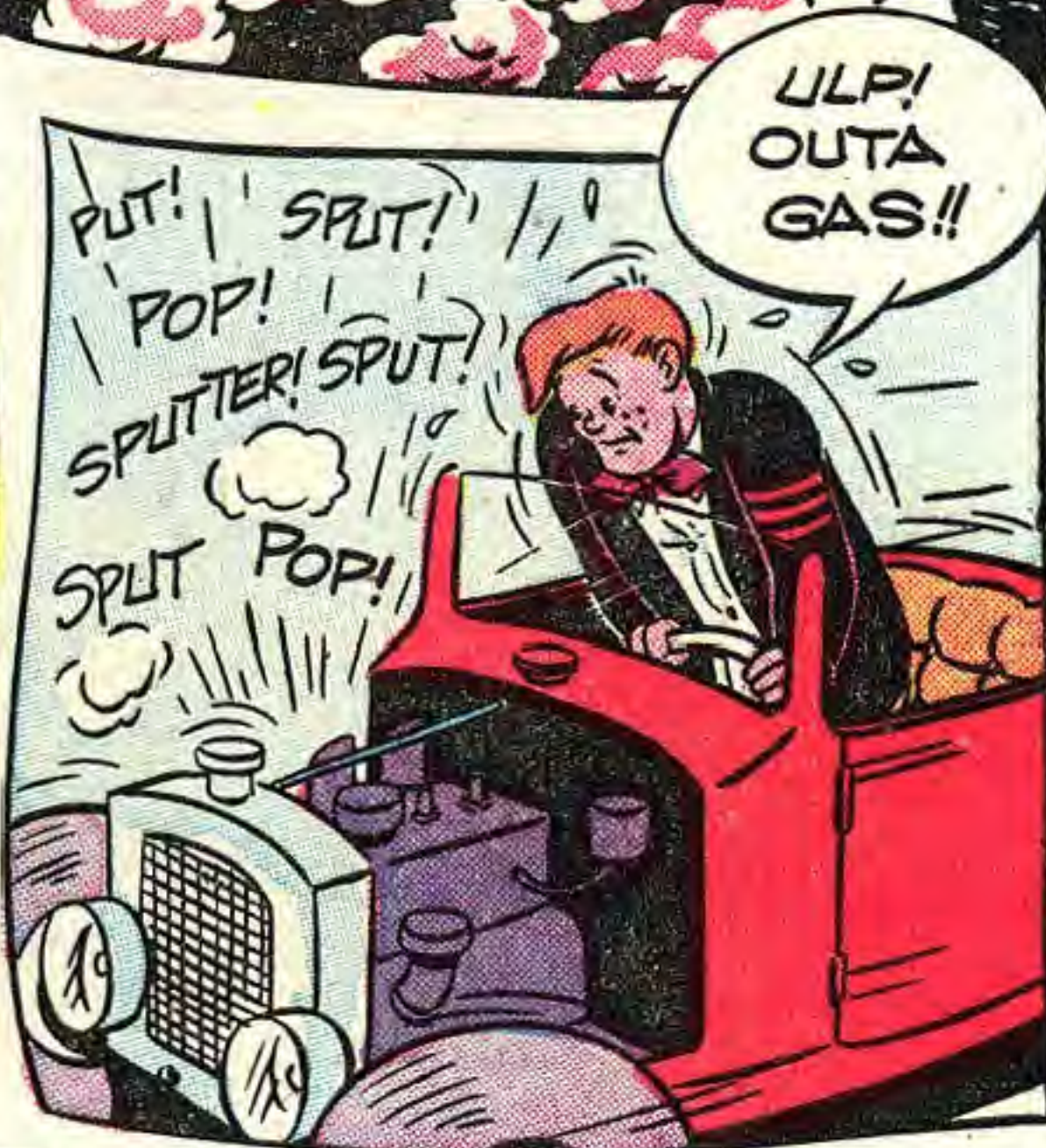
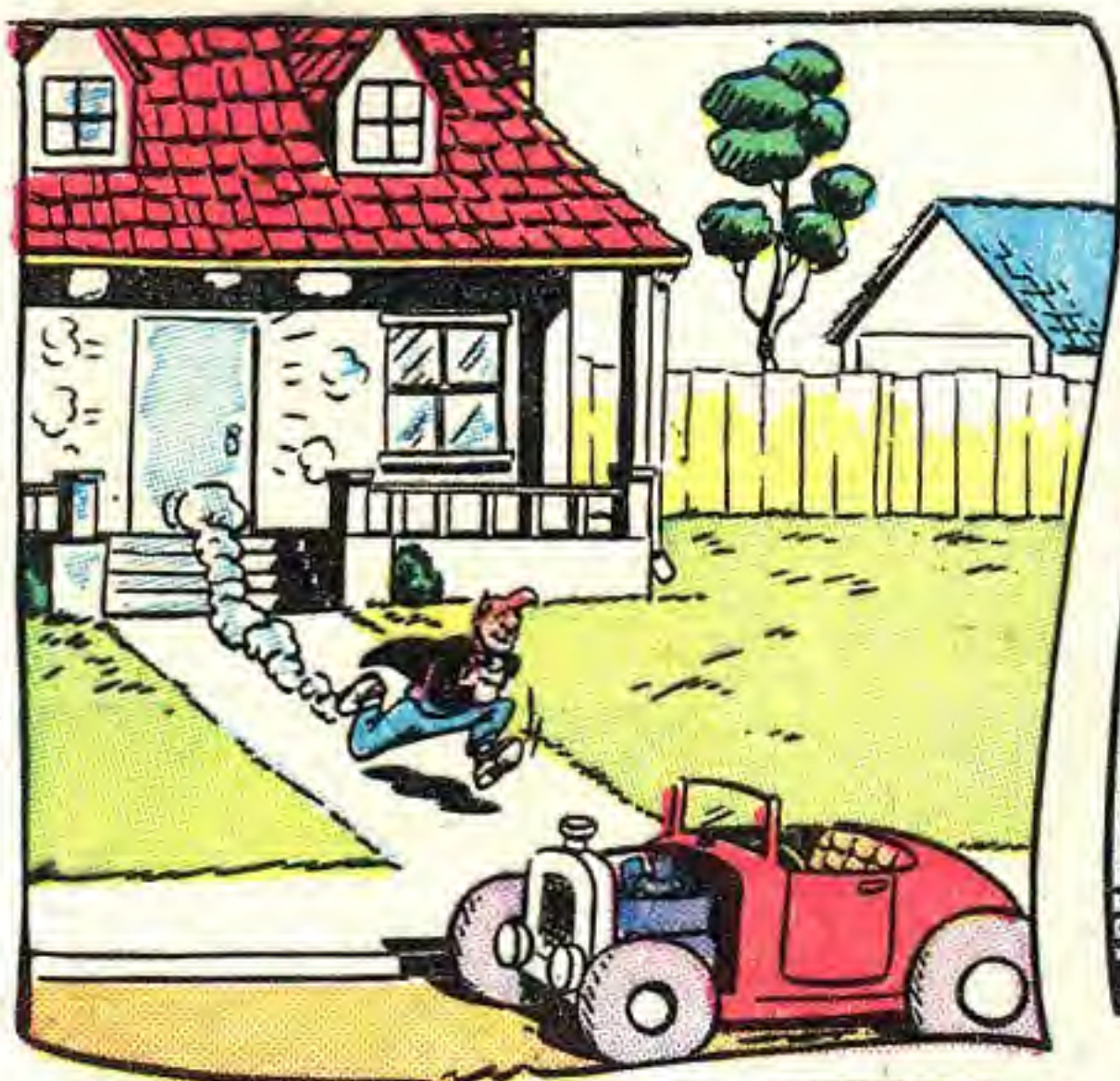
The **KILROYS** in "SOMETHING TO REMEMBER"

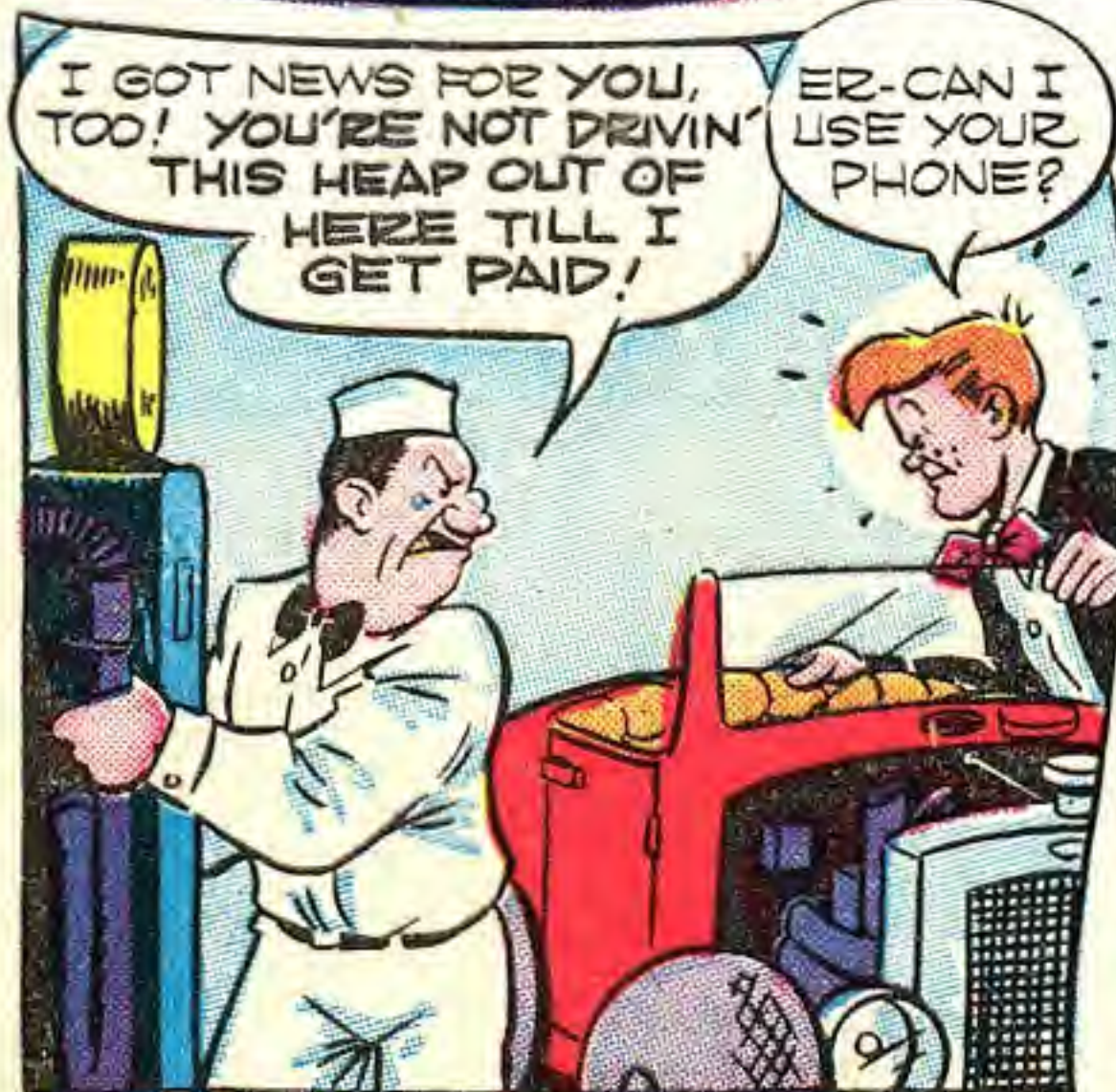
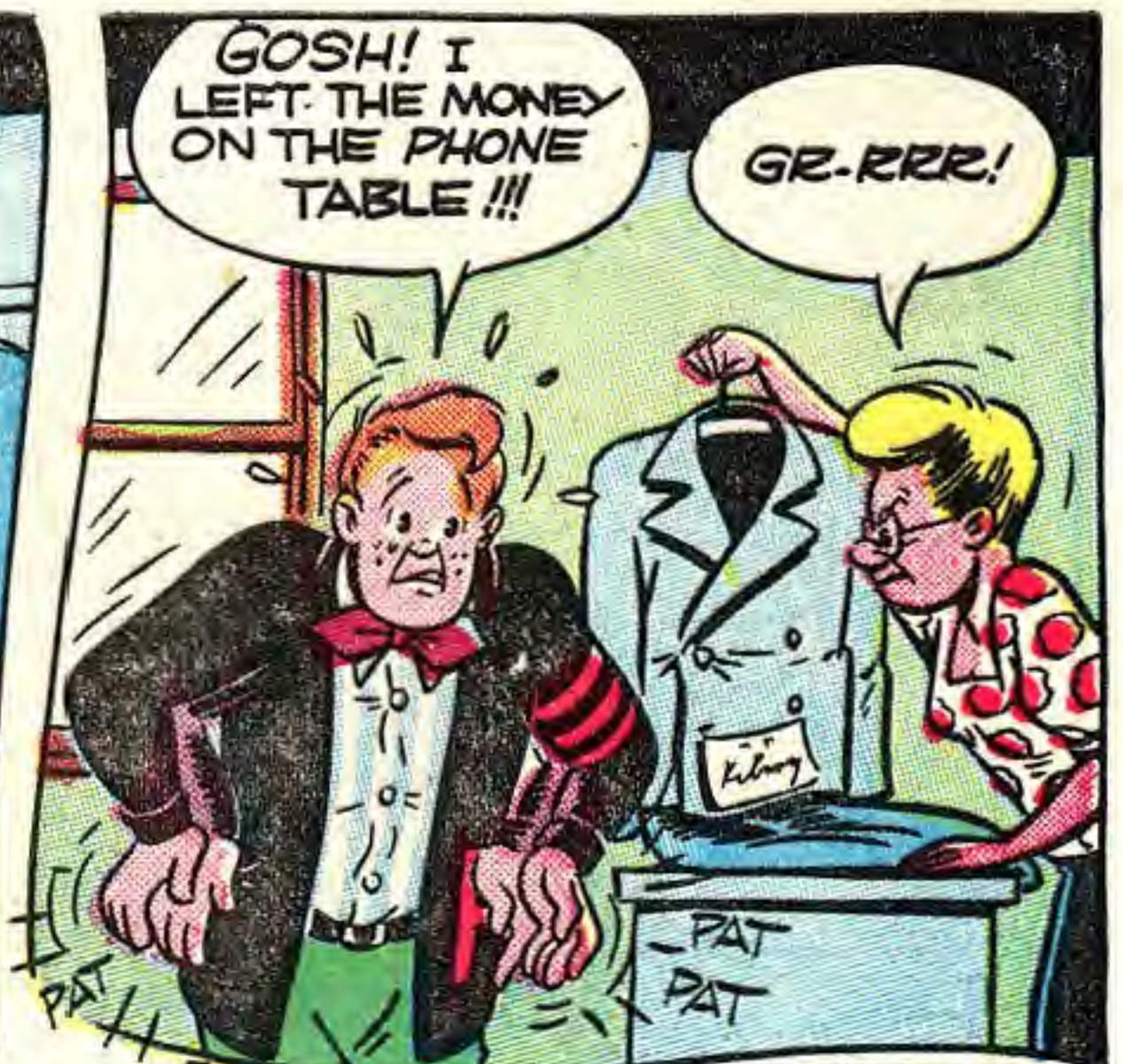


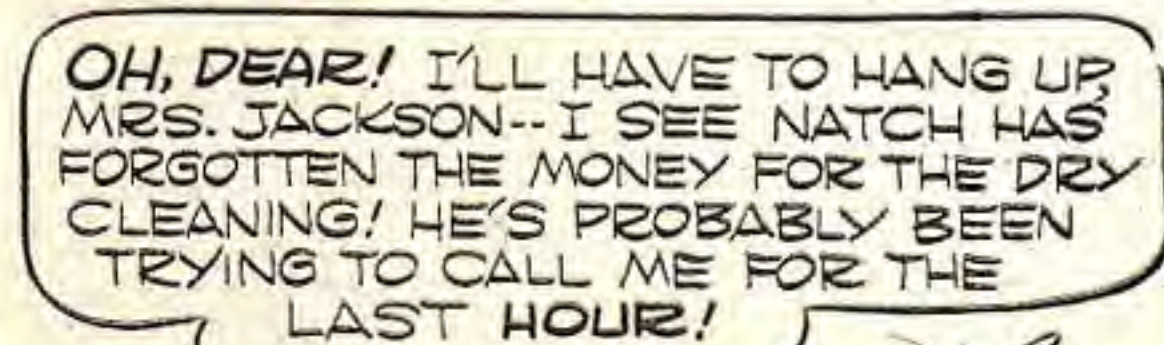
NATCH DEAR, I WANT YOU TO JUMP IN YOUR CAR AND GO PICK UP THE DRY CLEANING! THE MONEY IS DOWN HERE ON THE PHONE TABLE!

OKAY, MOM! IN A MINUTE!

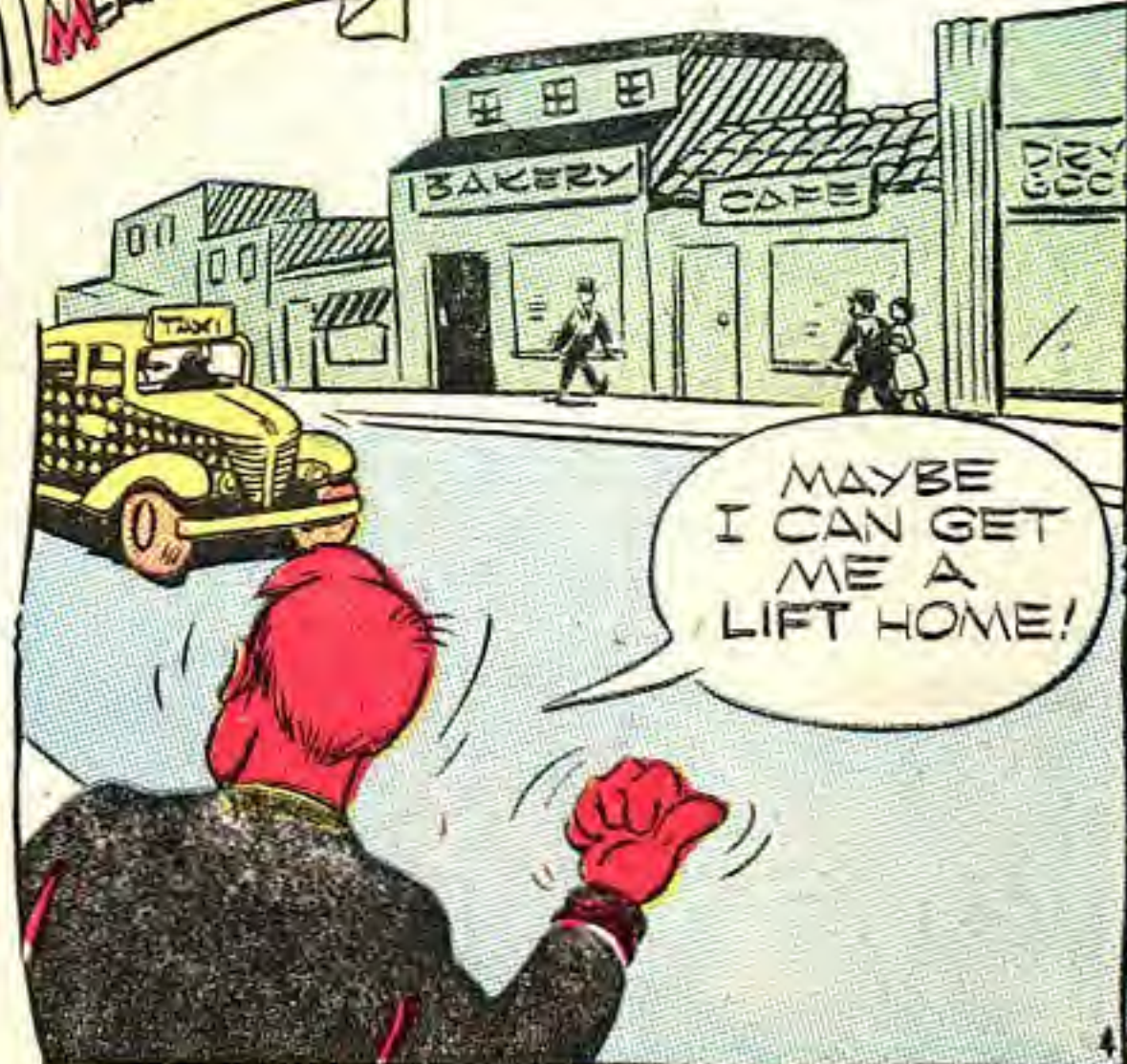


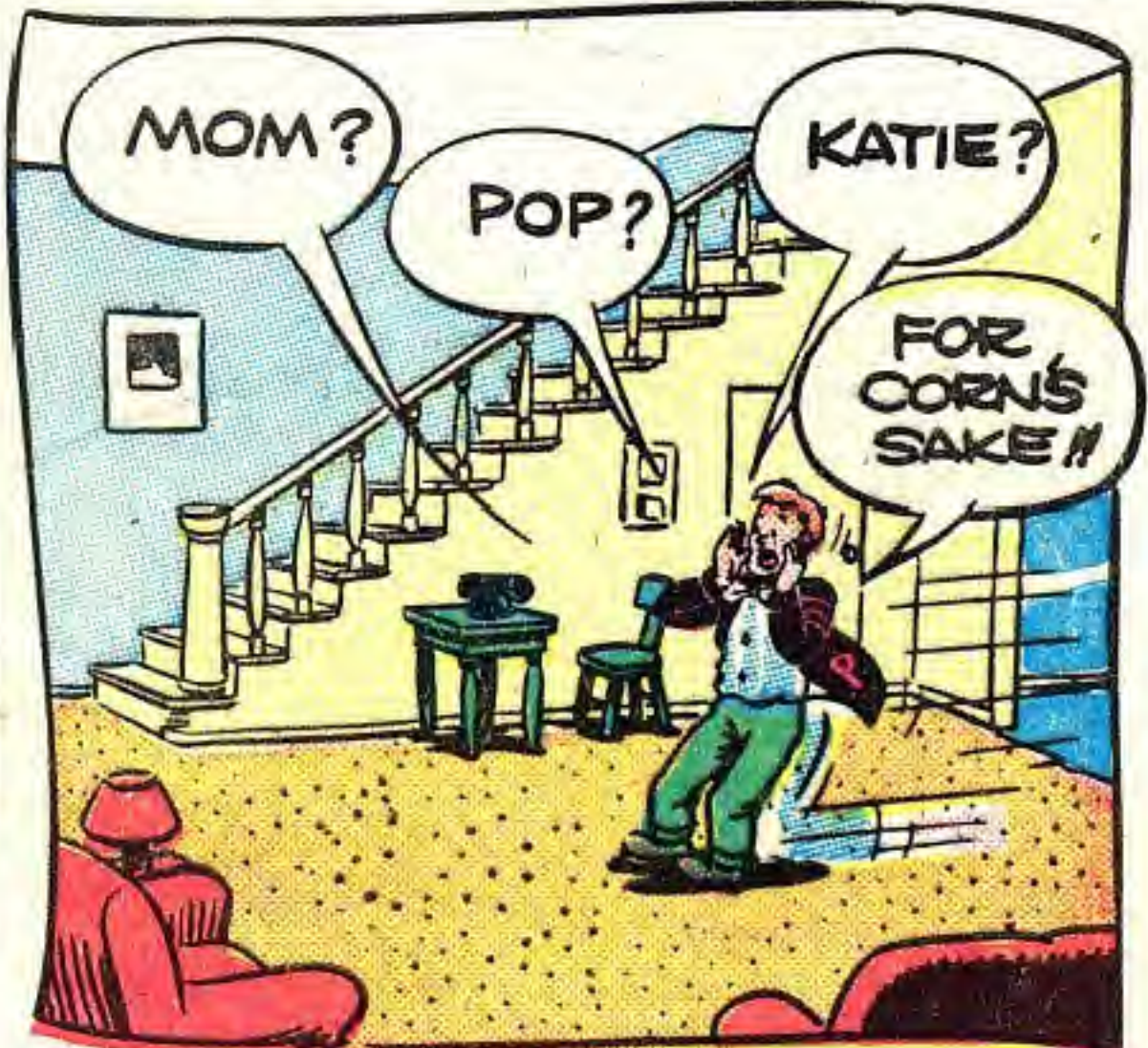






MEANWHILE--





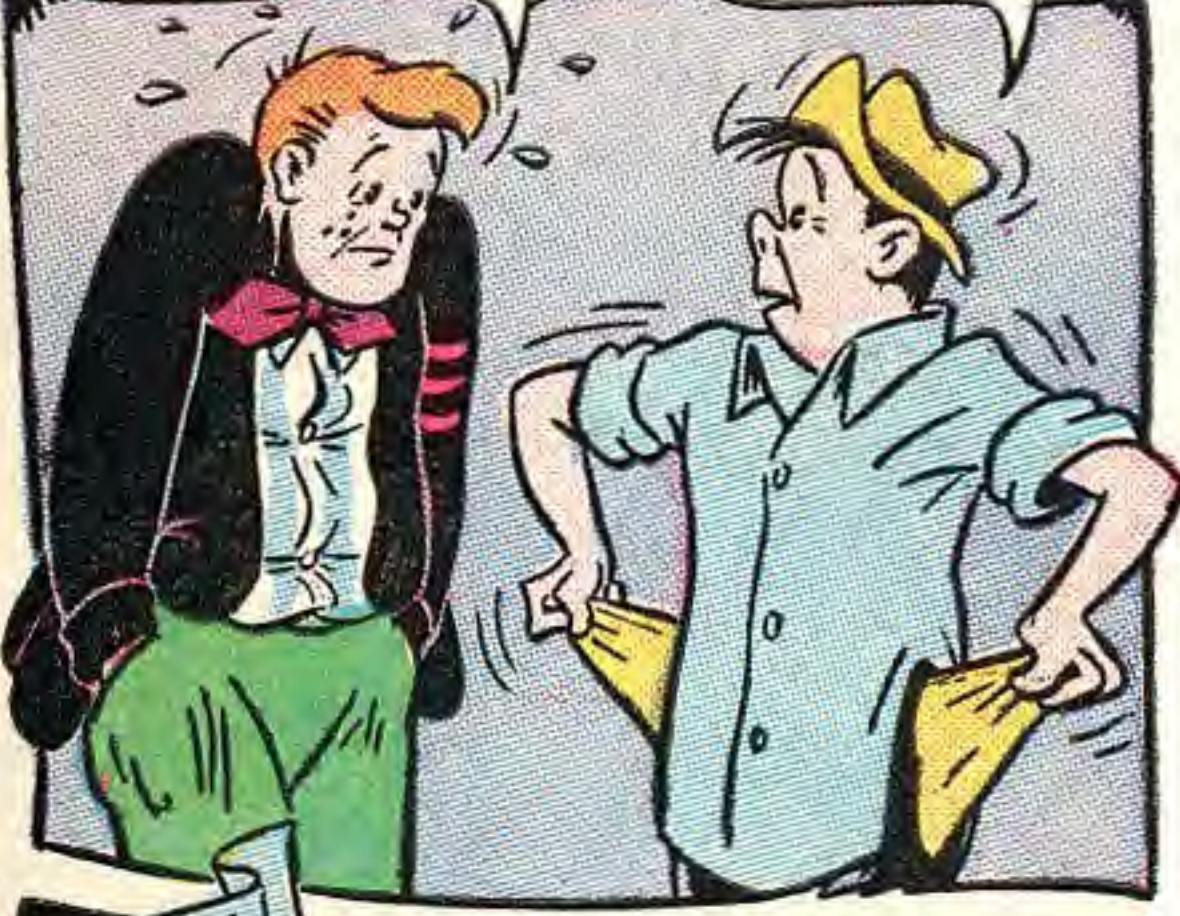
HI YA, JACKSON! ARE YOUR FOLKS HOME?

NO, THEY AIN'T! WHY? WHAT'S UP? WHAT'CHA DOIN' RIDIN' AROUND IN A TAXI?



I NEED MONEY TO PAY THE TAXI--AN' MY FOLKS AREN'T HOME EITHER!

GOSH! I DON'T HAVE ANY LOOT! NOW WOT?



I GUESS YOU'LL HAFTA TAKE ME BACK TA TOWN, DRIVER! MAYBE I'LL MEET SOMEONE--I HOPE!

I'LL GO WITH YA!

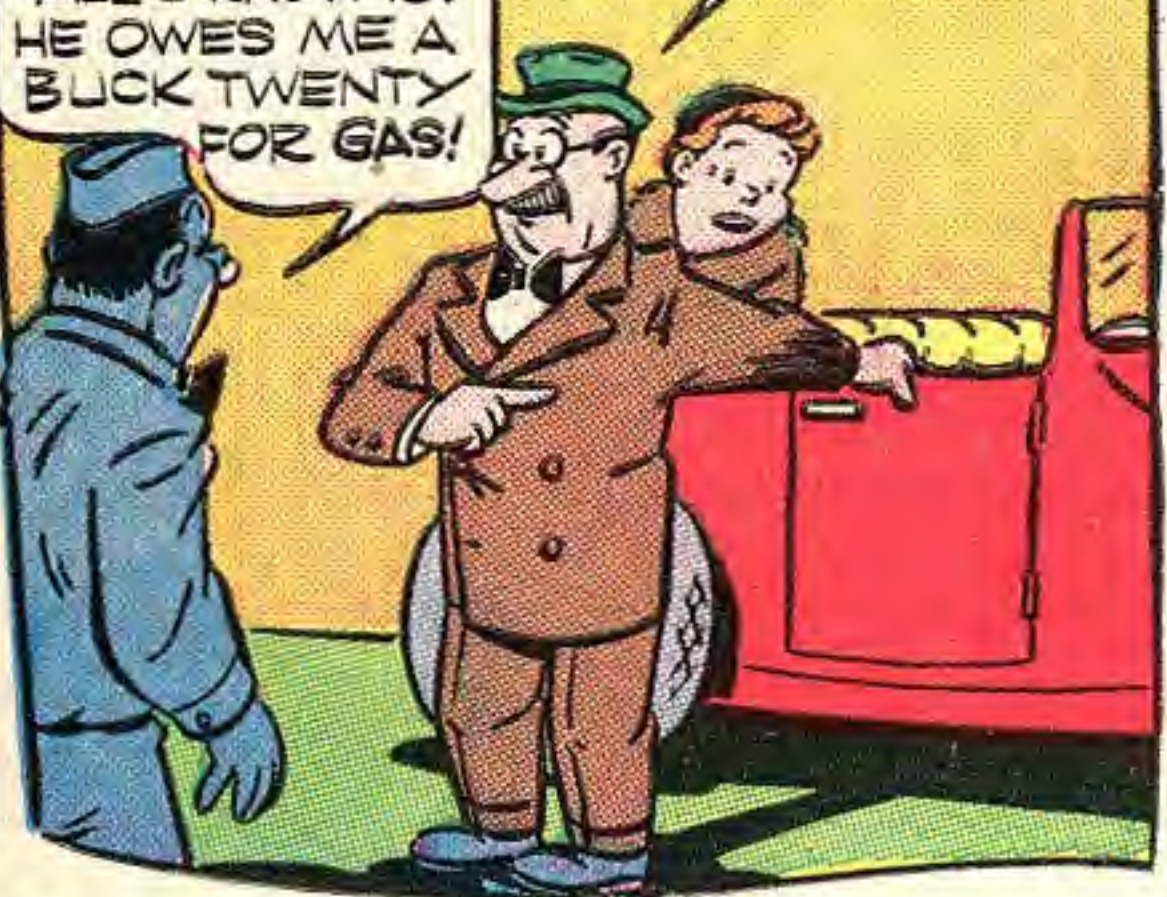
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOIN'!



AT THAT MOMENT!

THIS CAR BELONGS TO MY SON! DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?

ALL I KNOW IS, HE OWES ME A BUCK TWENTY FOR GAS!



HERE--I'LL PAY FOR HIS GASOLINE!--ER--DID YOU HAPPEN TO NOTICE IF HE HAD ANY DRY CLEANING WITH HIM?

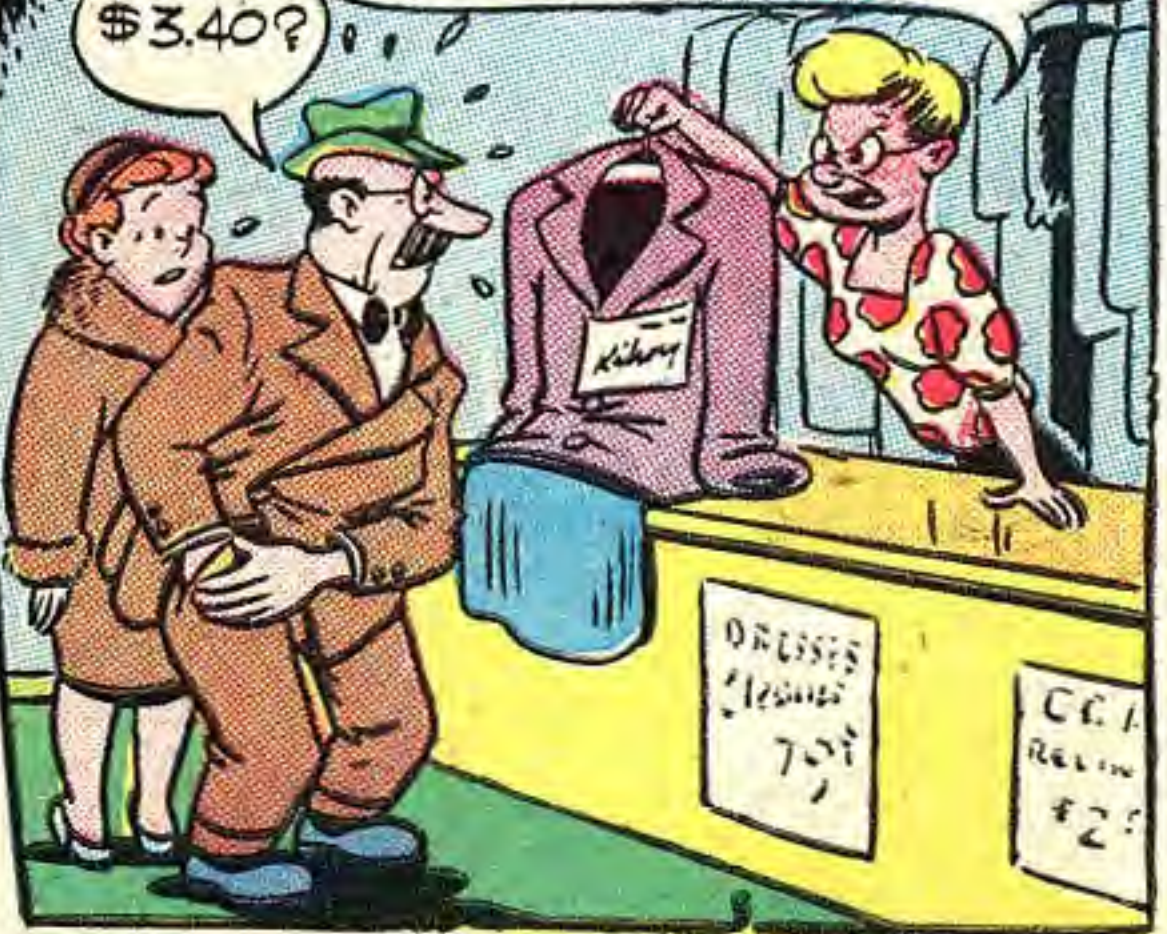
NOPE, I DIDN'T NOTICE WOT HE WAS WEARIN'! ALL I KNOW IS HE OWED ME A BUCK TWENTY!

A GREY SPORT COAT, A LADY'S DRESS AND A PAIR OF BLUE PANTS!



YES, THE BOY WAS IN HERE! BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THREE DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS FOR THE CLEANING!

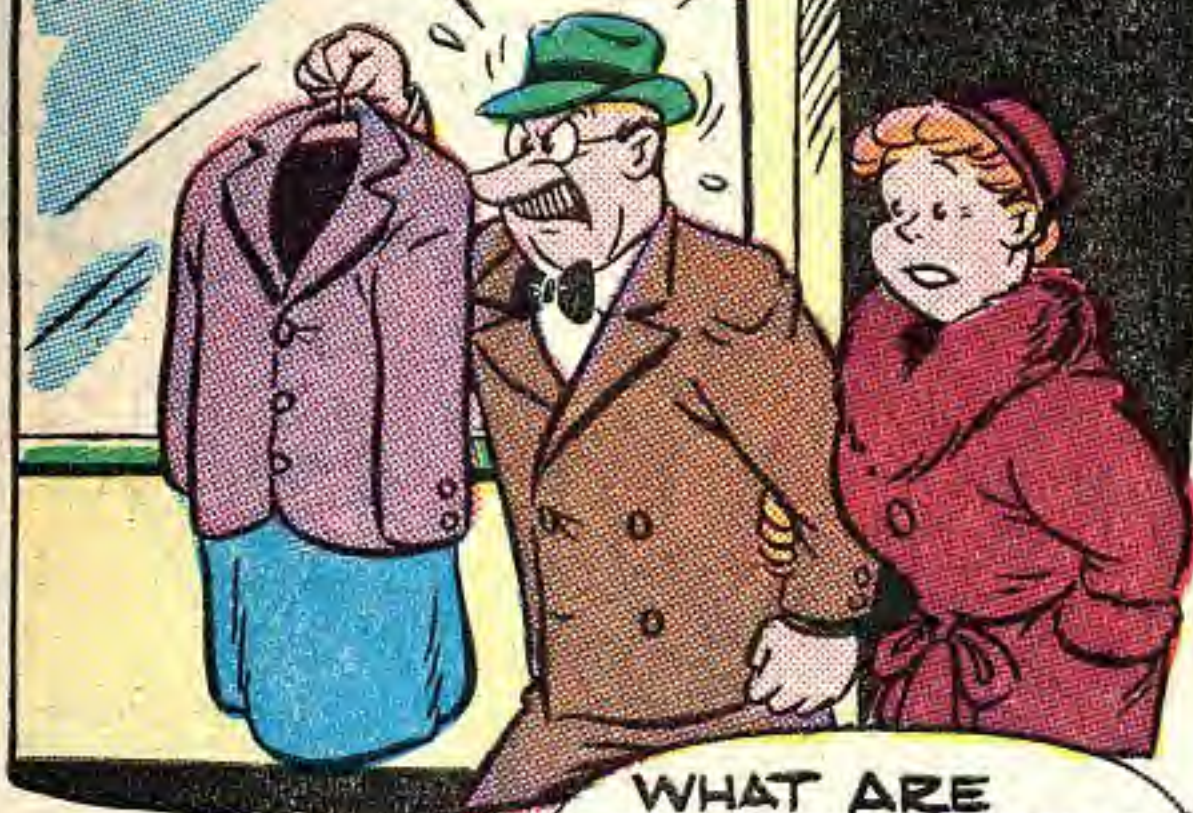
\$3.40?



WHERE IN THE
WORLD DO YOU
SUPPOSE NATCH
COULD BE?

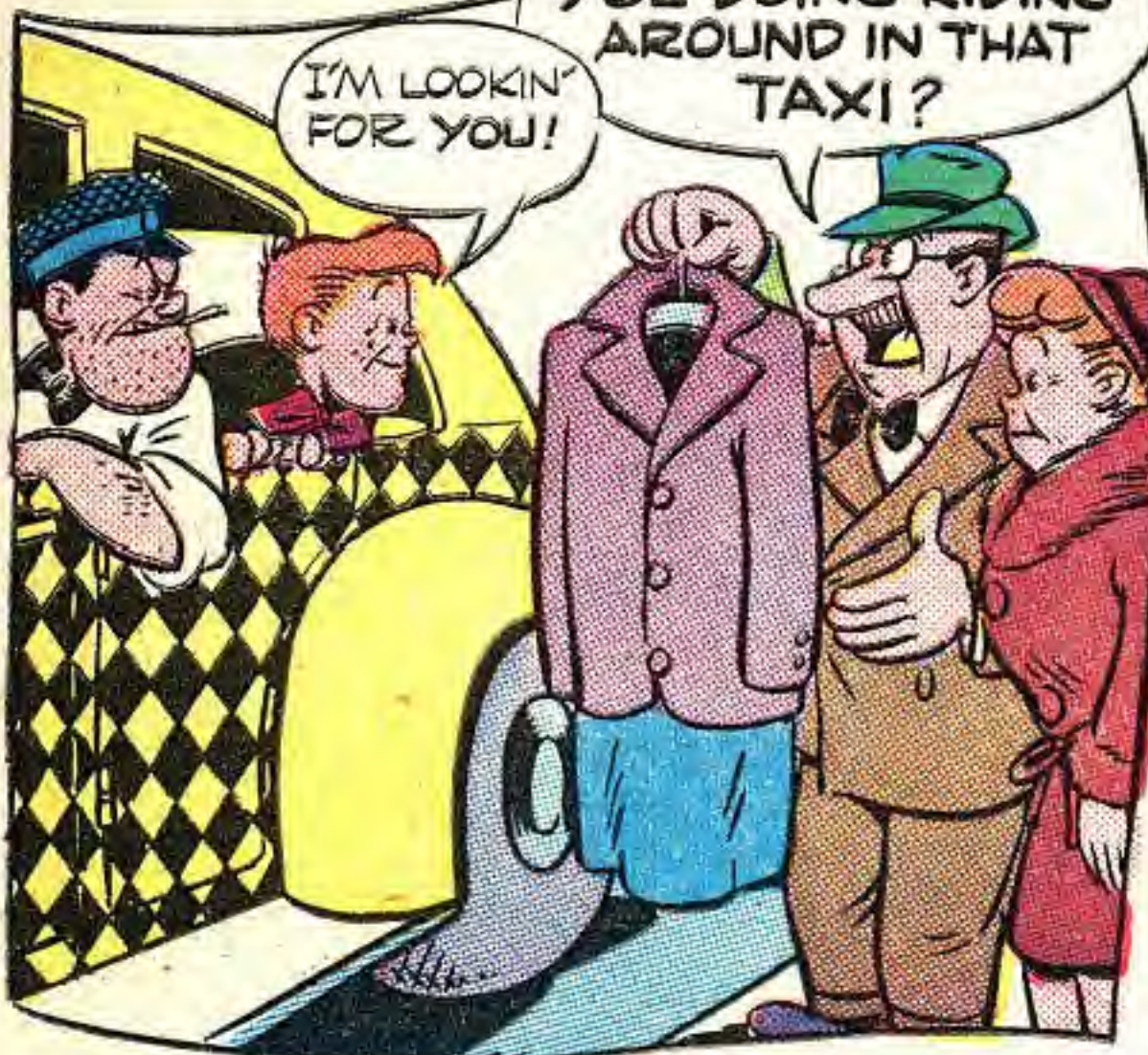
CLE

I
DECLARE,
I DON'T
KNOW!

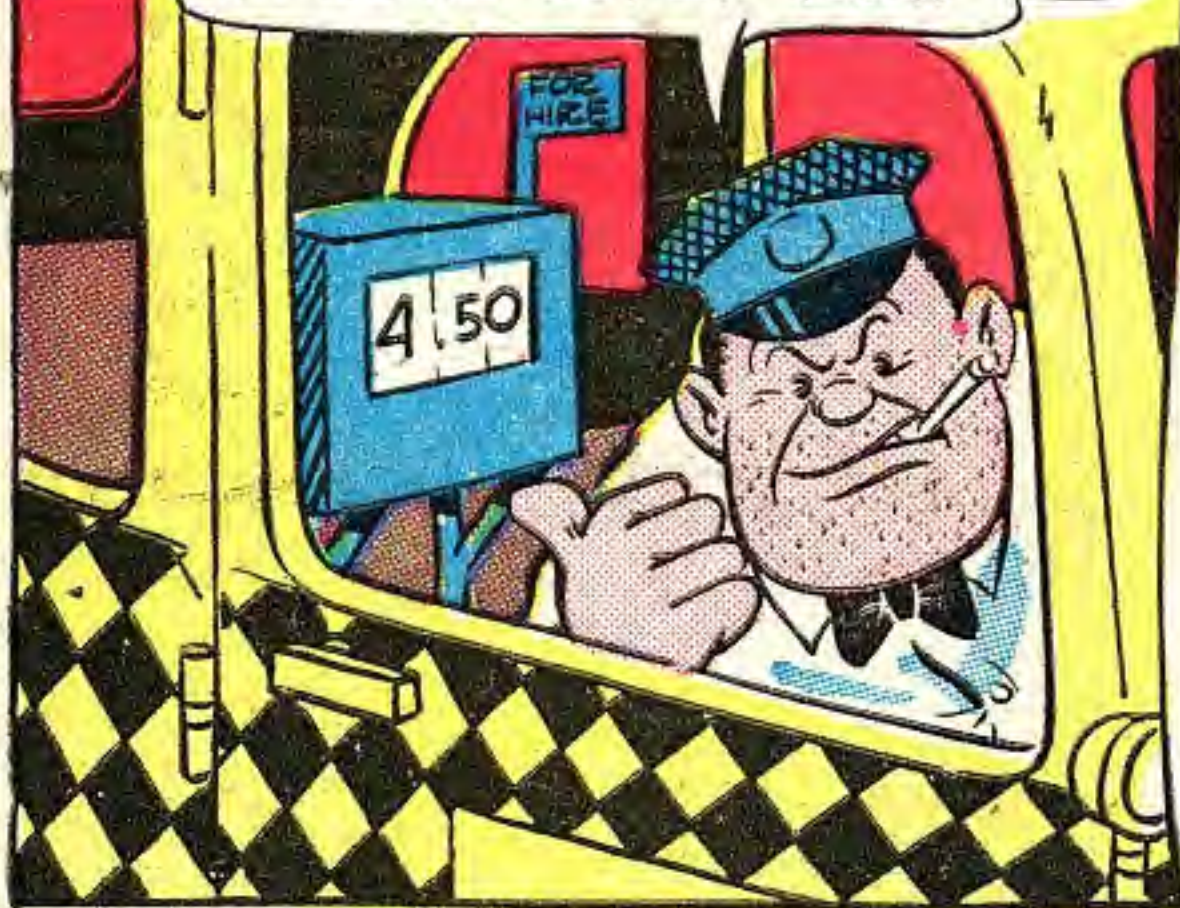


WHAT ARE
YOU DOING RIDING
AROUND IN THAT
TAXI?

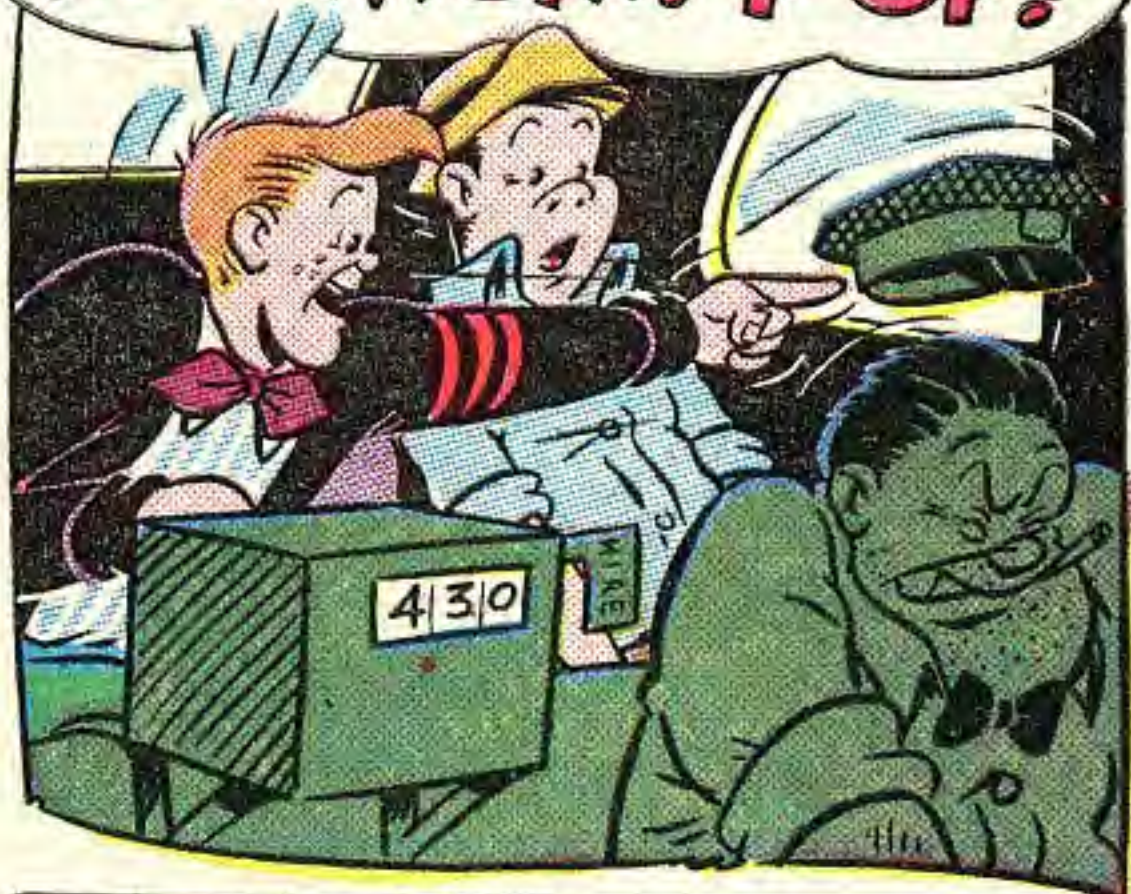
I'M LOOKIN'
FOR YOU!



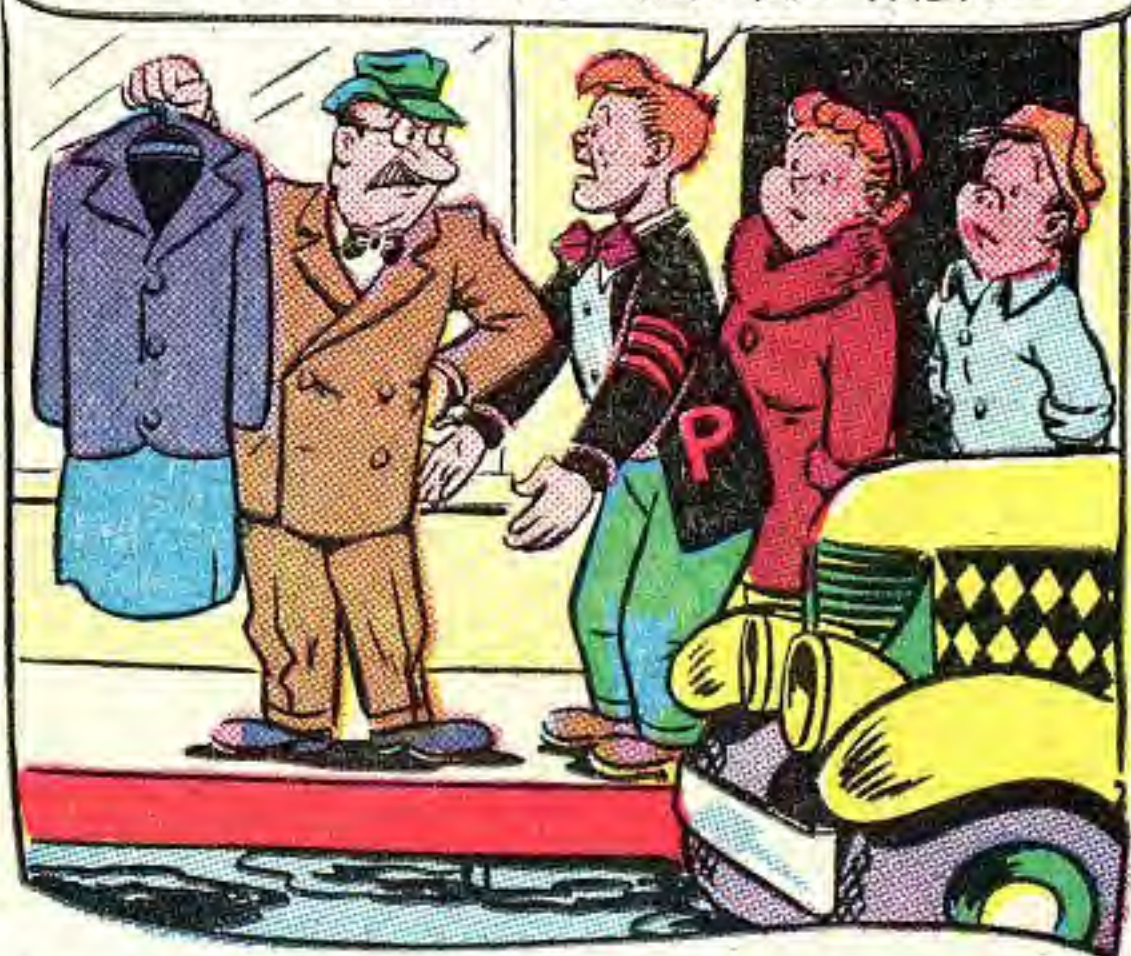
THAT'S ALL VERY INTERESTIN--BUT
WHO'S GONNA PAY ME MY FARE?
I GOT A WIFE AN' KIDS TA FEED!
I CAN'T WAIT AROUND AN' LISTEN
TA SOME DOPEY KID!!



THERE'S MY MOTHER AND DAD!
HEY, MOM! POP!



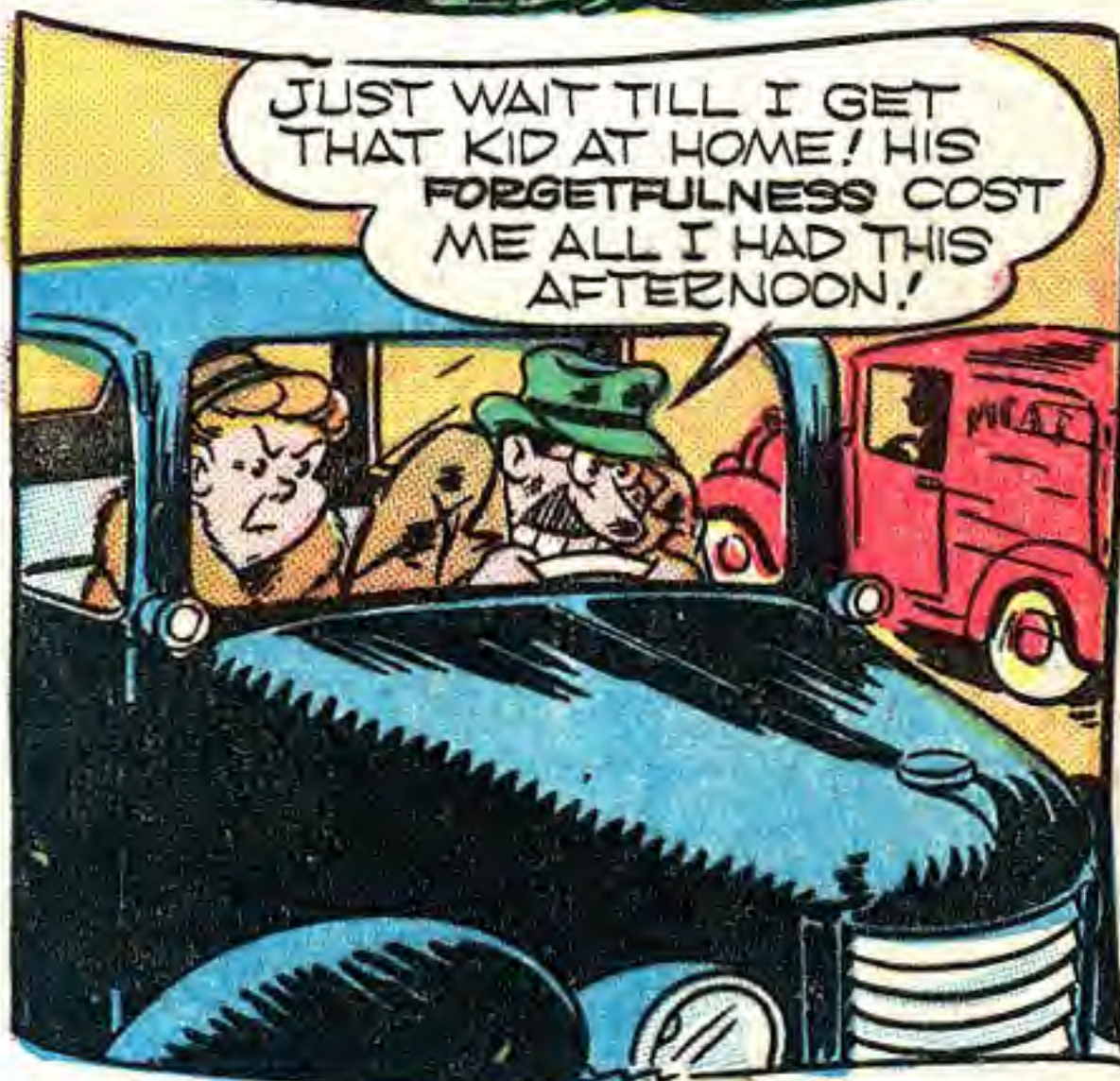
I FORGOT THE MONEY FOR THE CLEANING
AN' THEN I RAN OUTA GAS AND SO I
GOT THE TAXI TA GET HOME AN' GET THE
MONEY BUT NOBODY WUZ HOME SO THEN
I COULDN'T PAY THE TAXI AN' THEN---



HERE! FOUR
FIFTY!

T'ANKS,
POP!

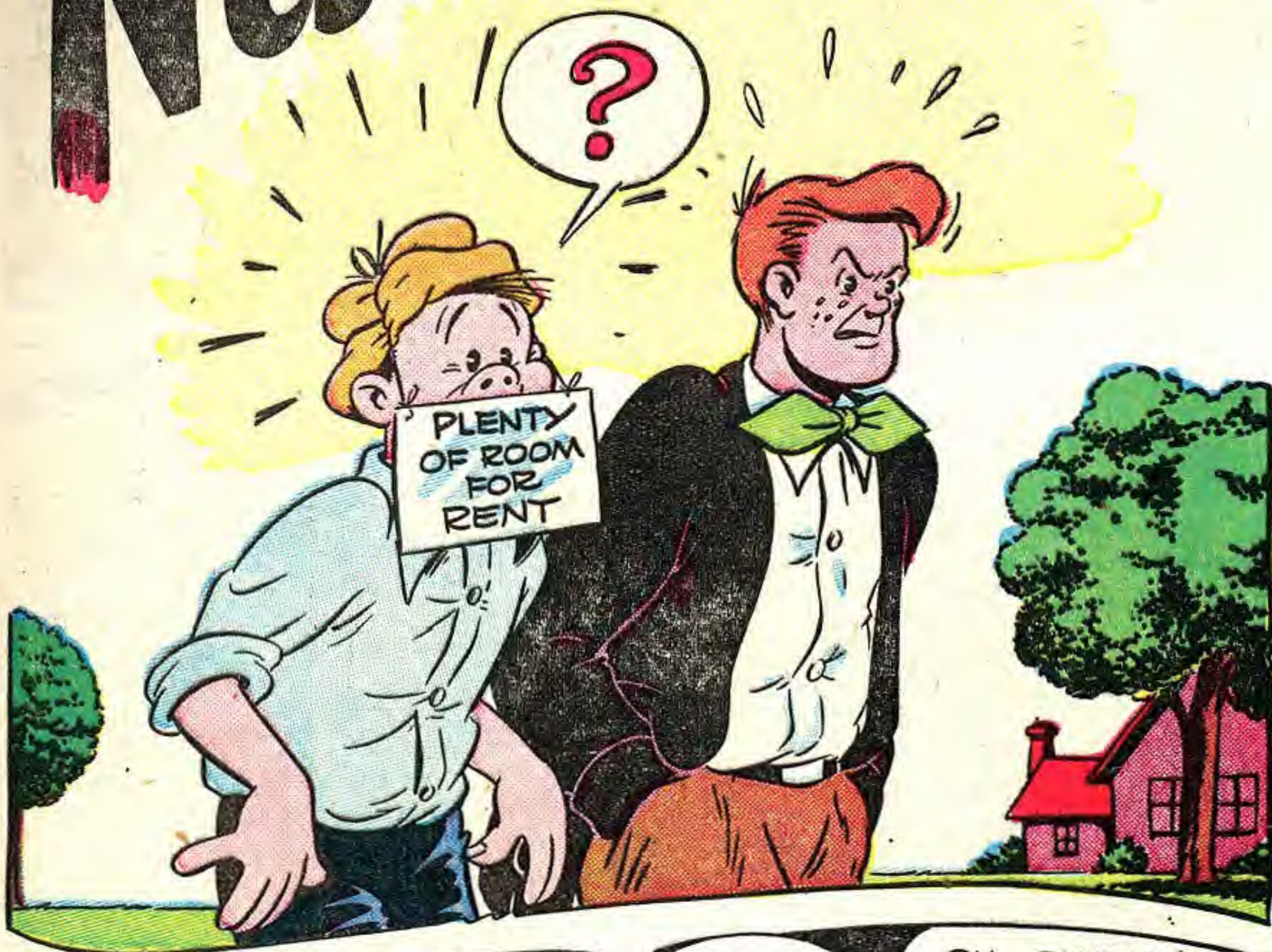




Natch

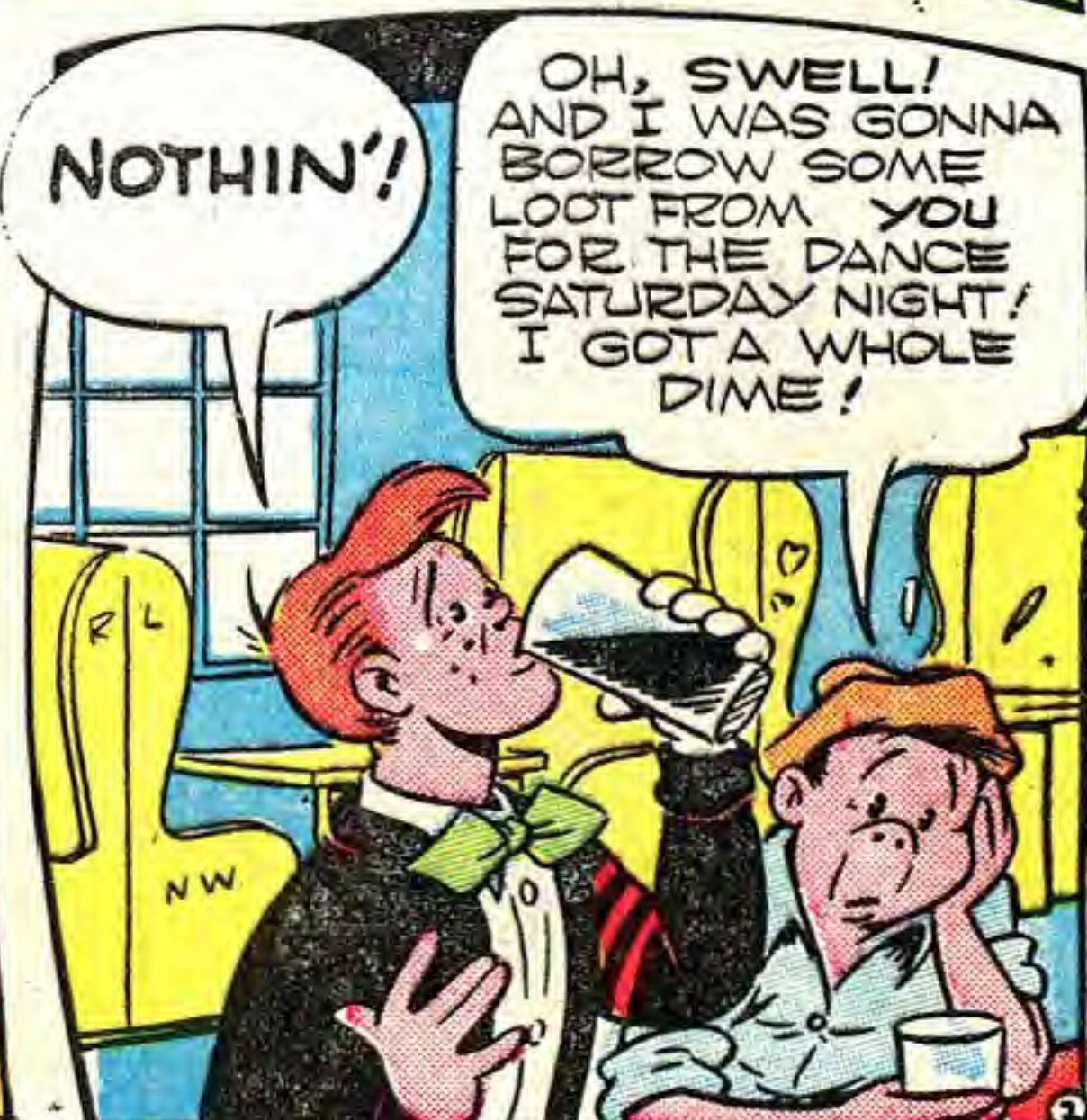
in

**"NO
VACANCIES"**



AFTER I PAY FOR
THESE MALTS, YA
KNOW HOW MUCH
MONEY I'LL HAVE
LEFT?

NO!
HOW
MUCH?



NOTHIN'!

OH, SWELL!
AND I WAS GONNA
BORROW SOME
LOOT FROM YOU
FOR THE DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT!
I GOT A WHOLE
DIME!

HEY! SUDDENLY I GOT A GREAT IDEA HOW WE CAN MAKE SOME MONEY FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT BASH!

THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD! HOW?

WE COULD RENT OUT YOUR CAR!

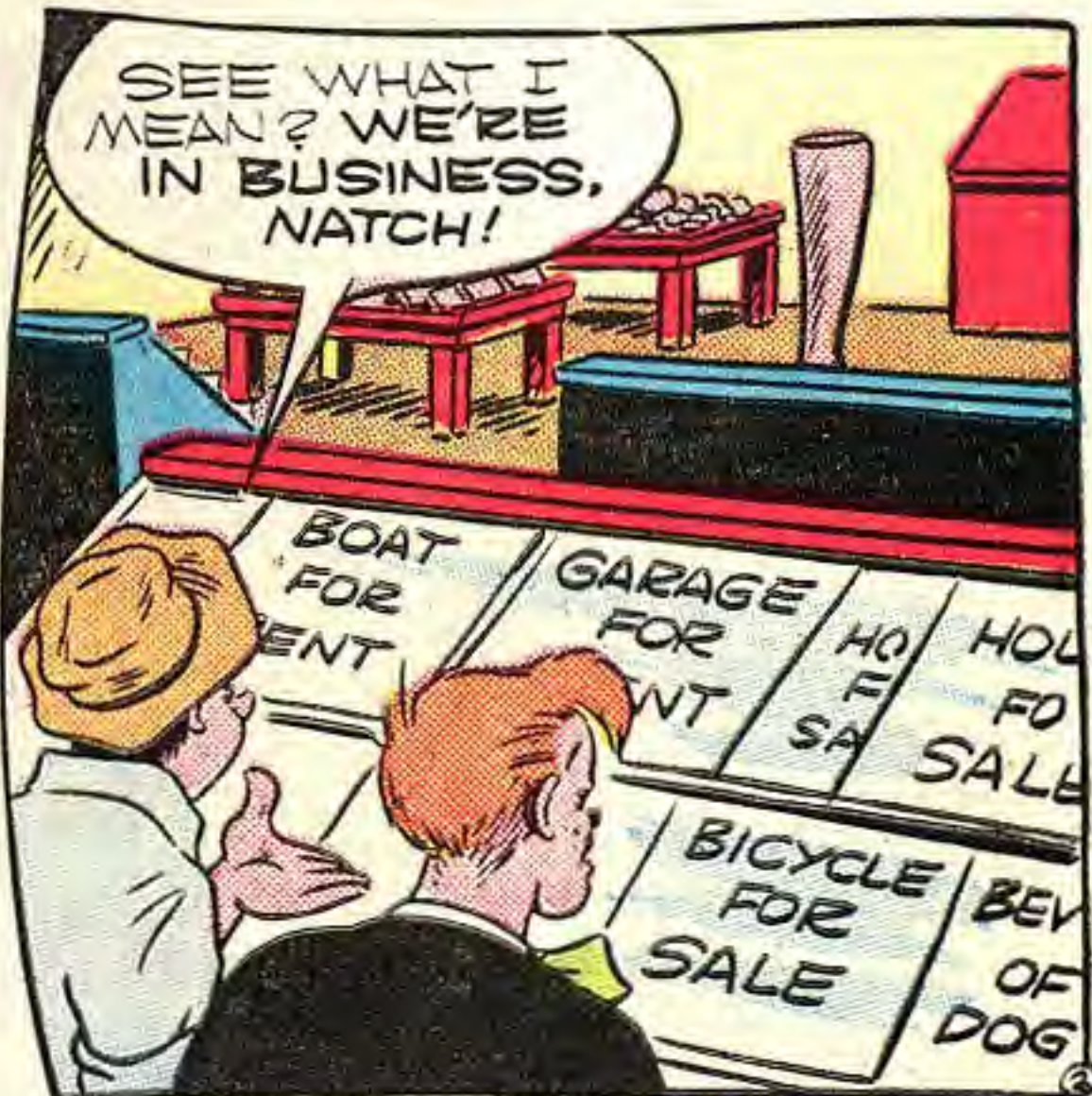
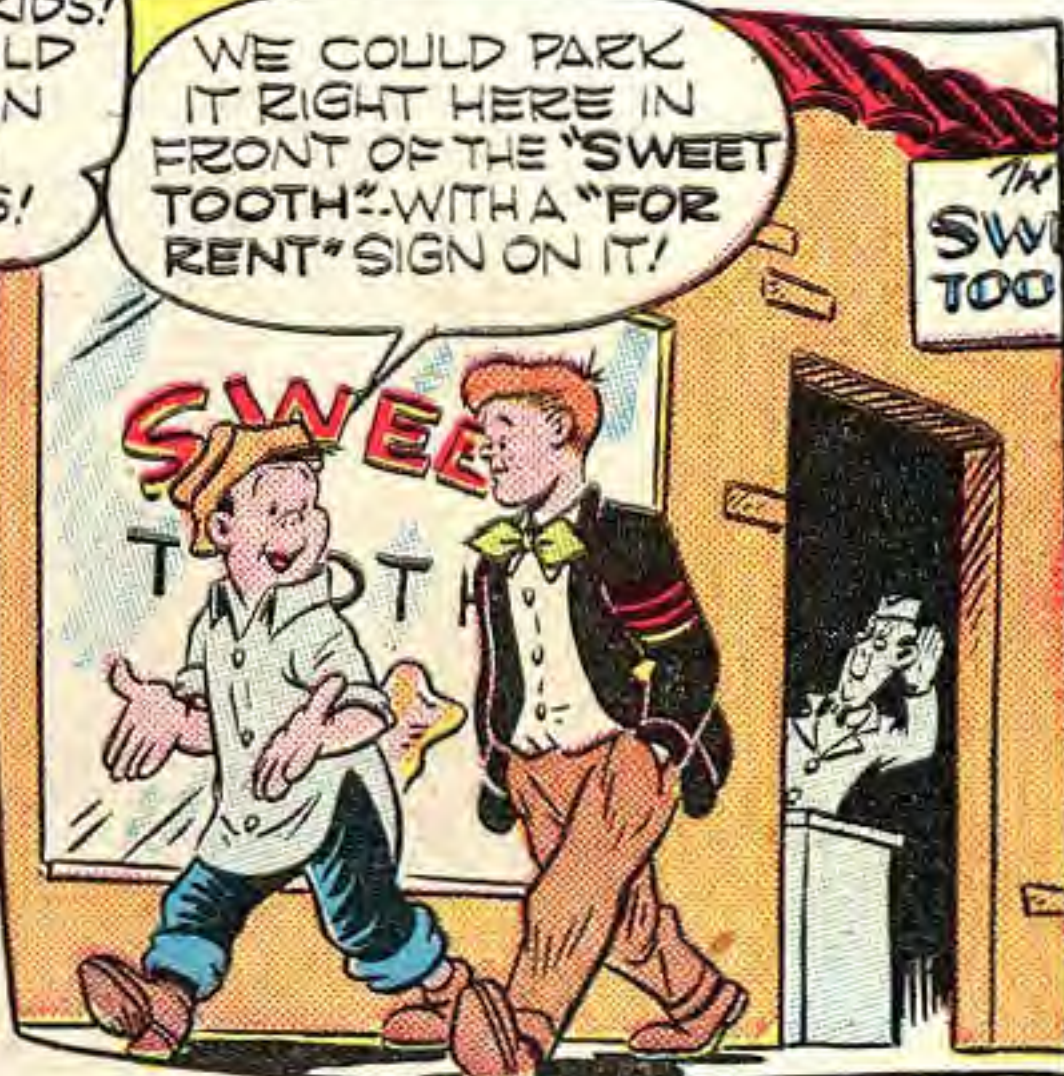
OH! WE COULD MAKE MONEY RENT-ING MY CAR, HUH?

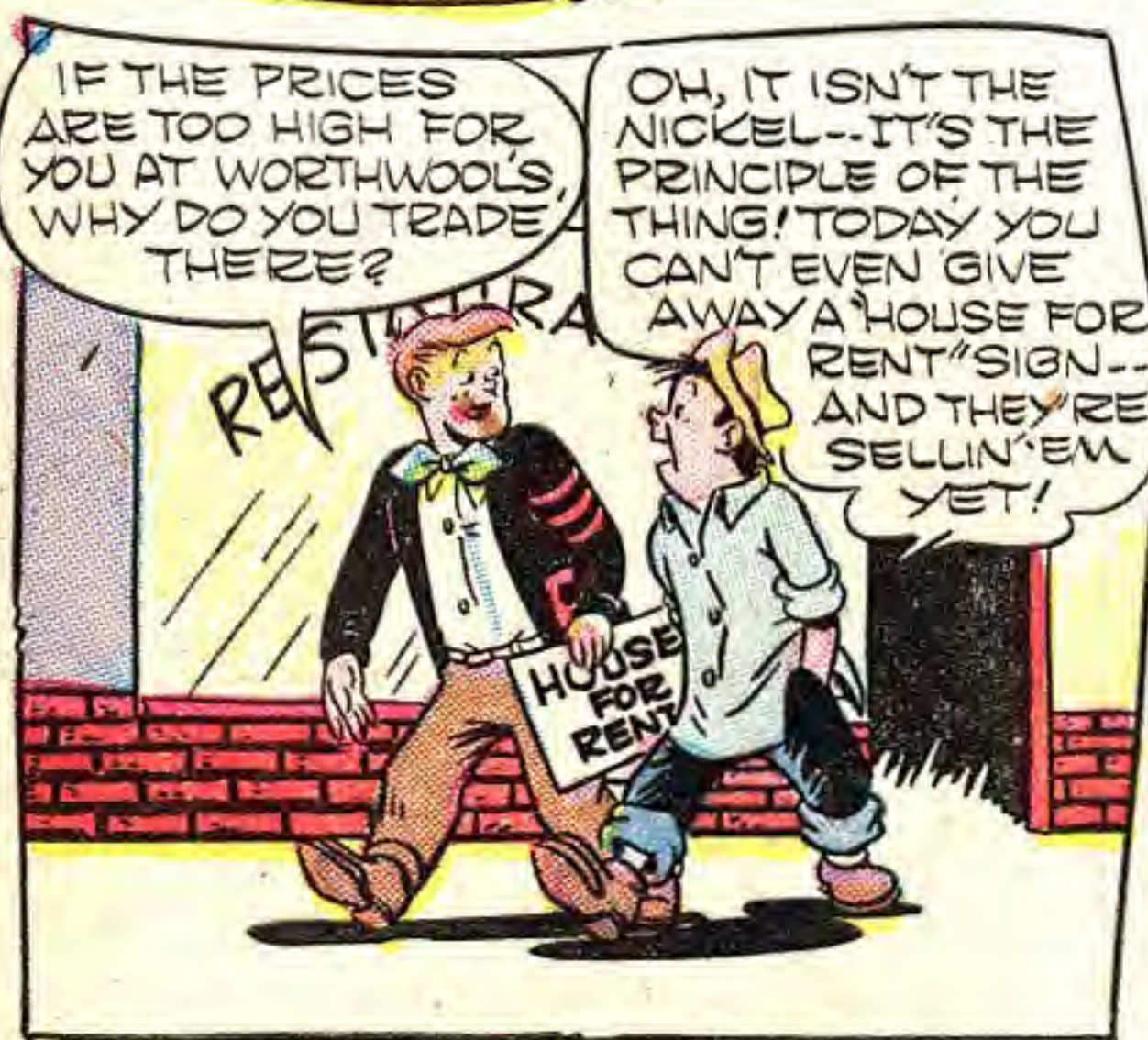
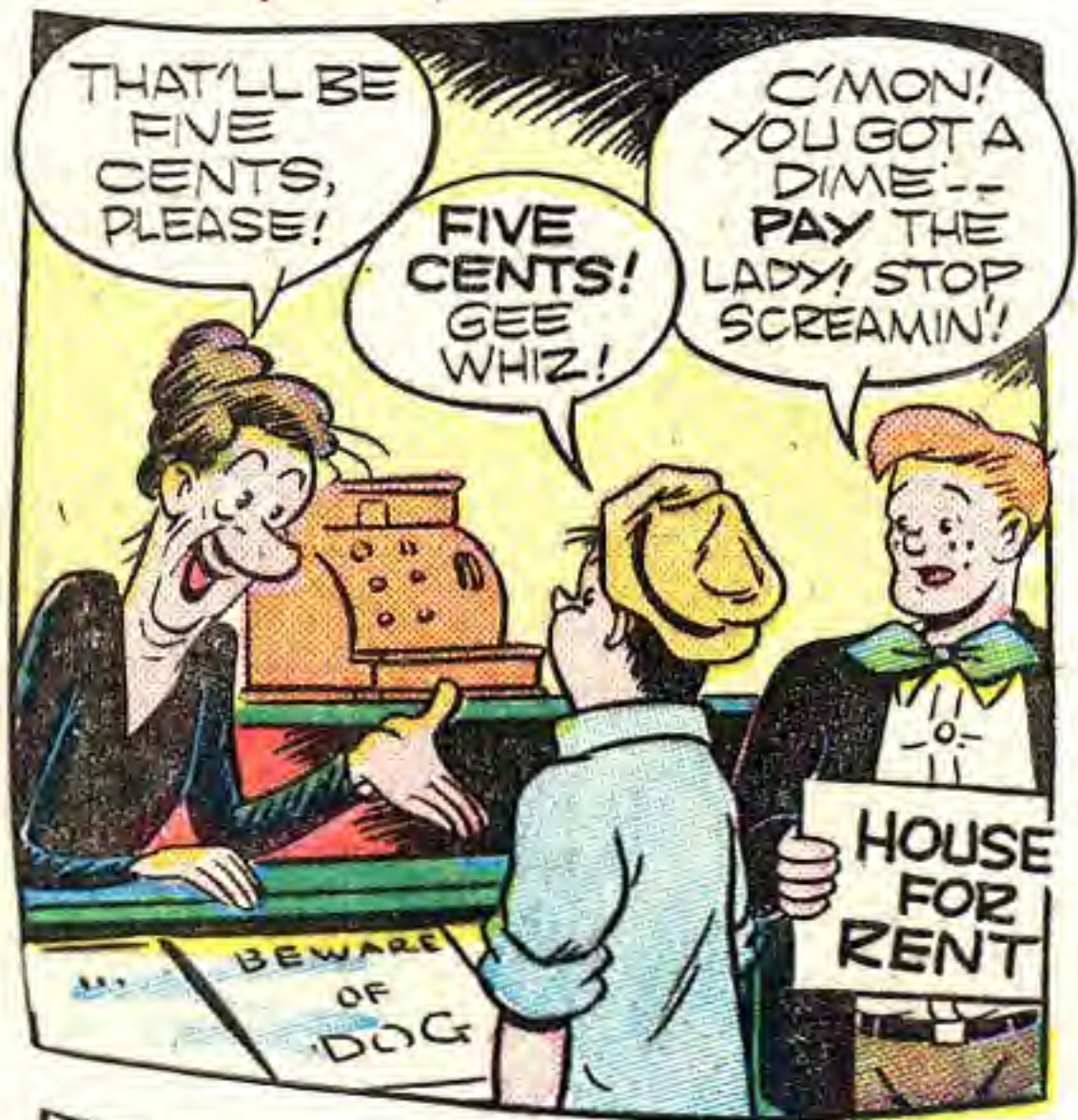
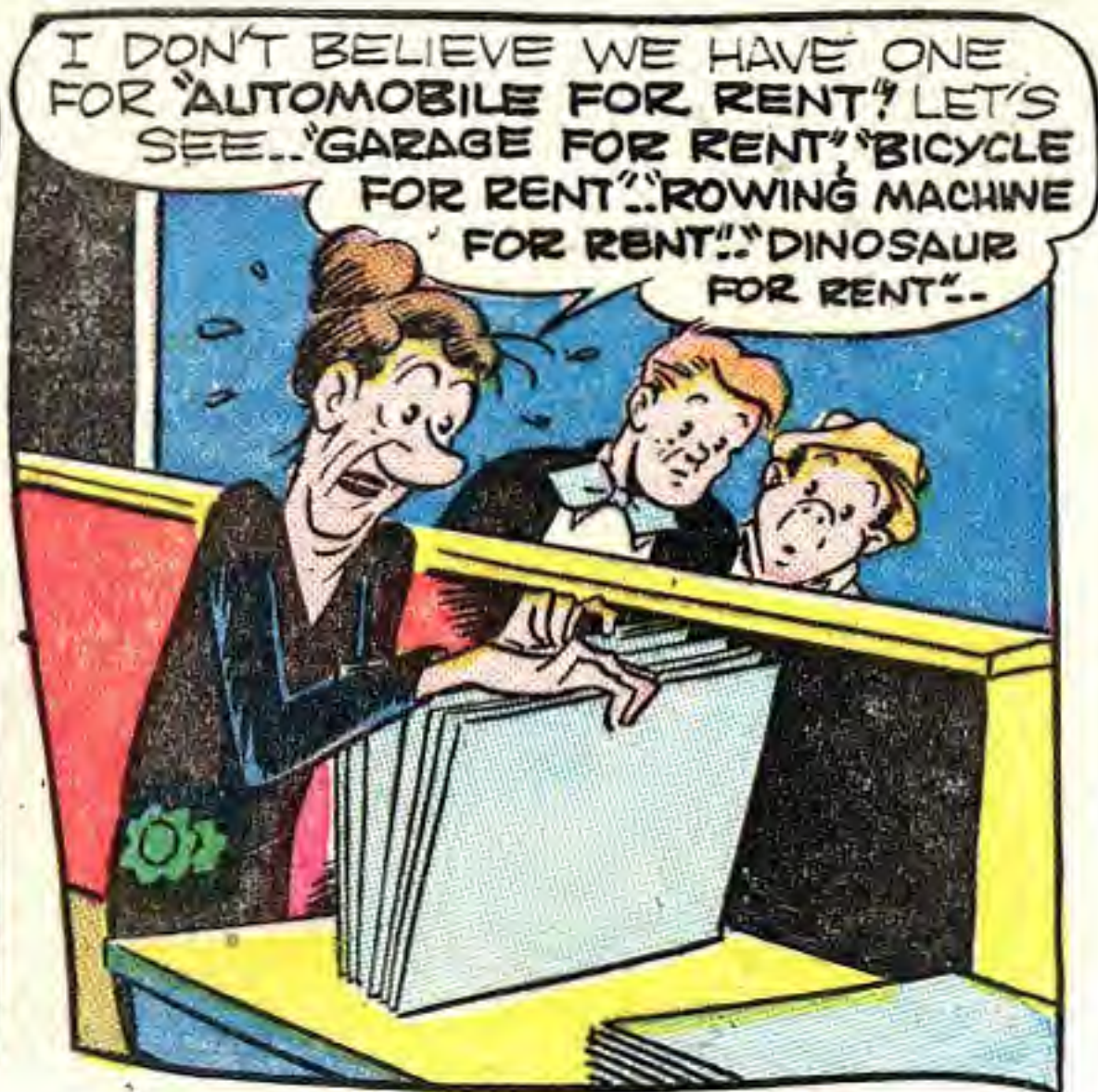
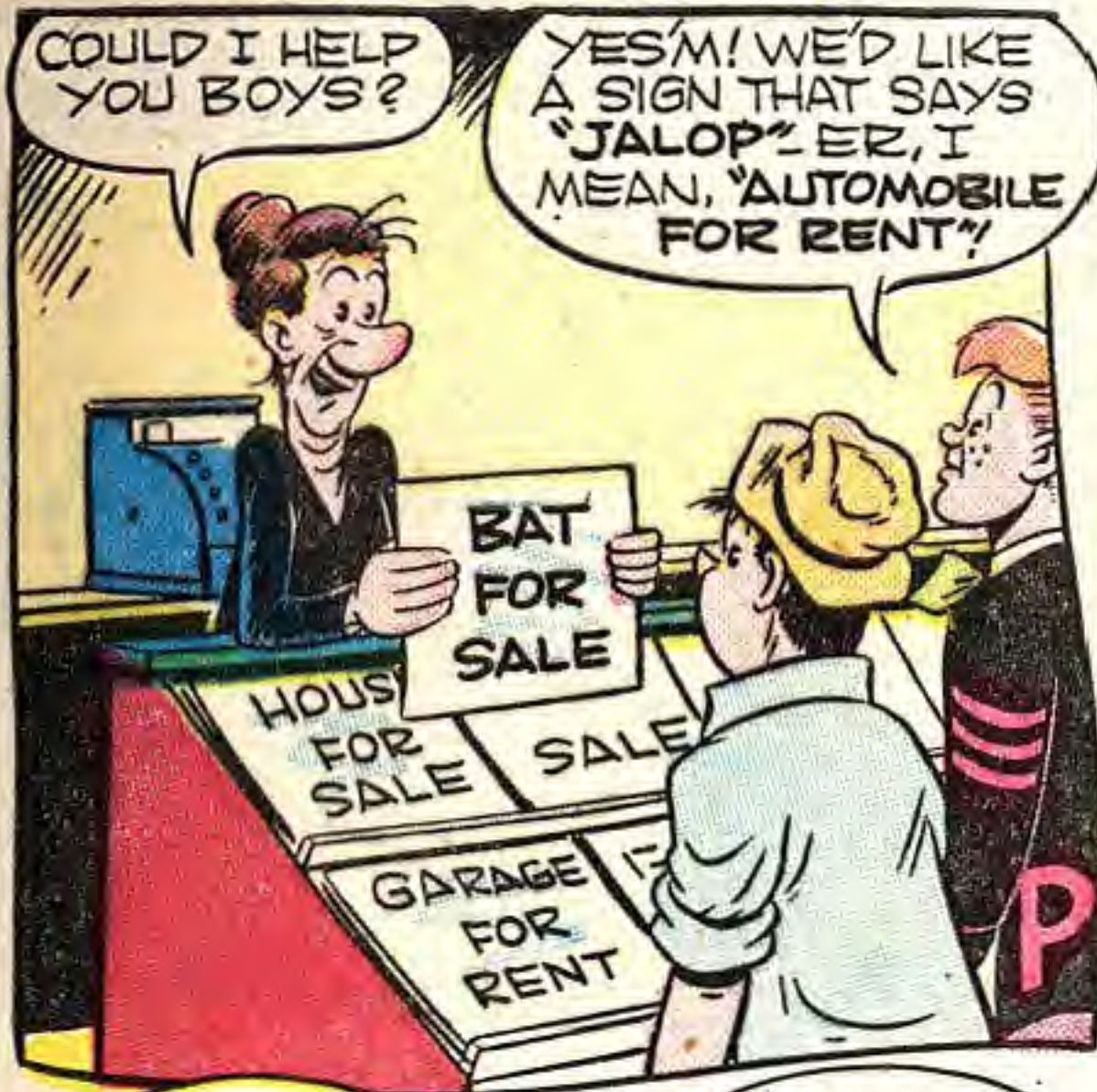
SURE! THERE'S PLENTY KIDS THAT WOULD BE PLENTY GLAD TO RENT YOUR HOP-UP!

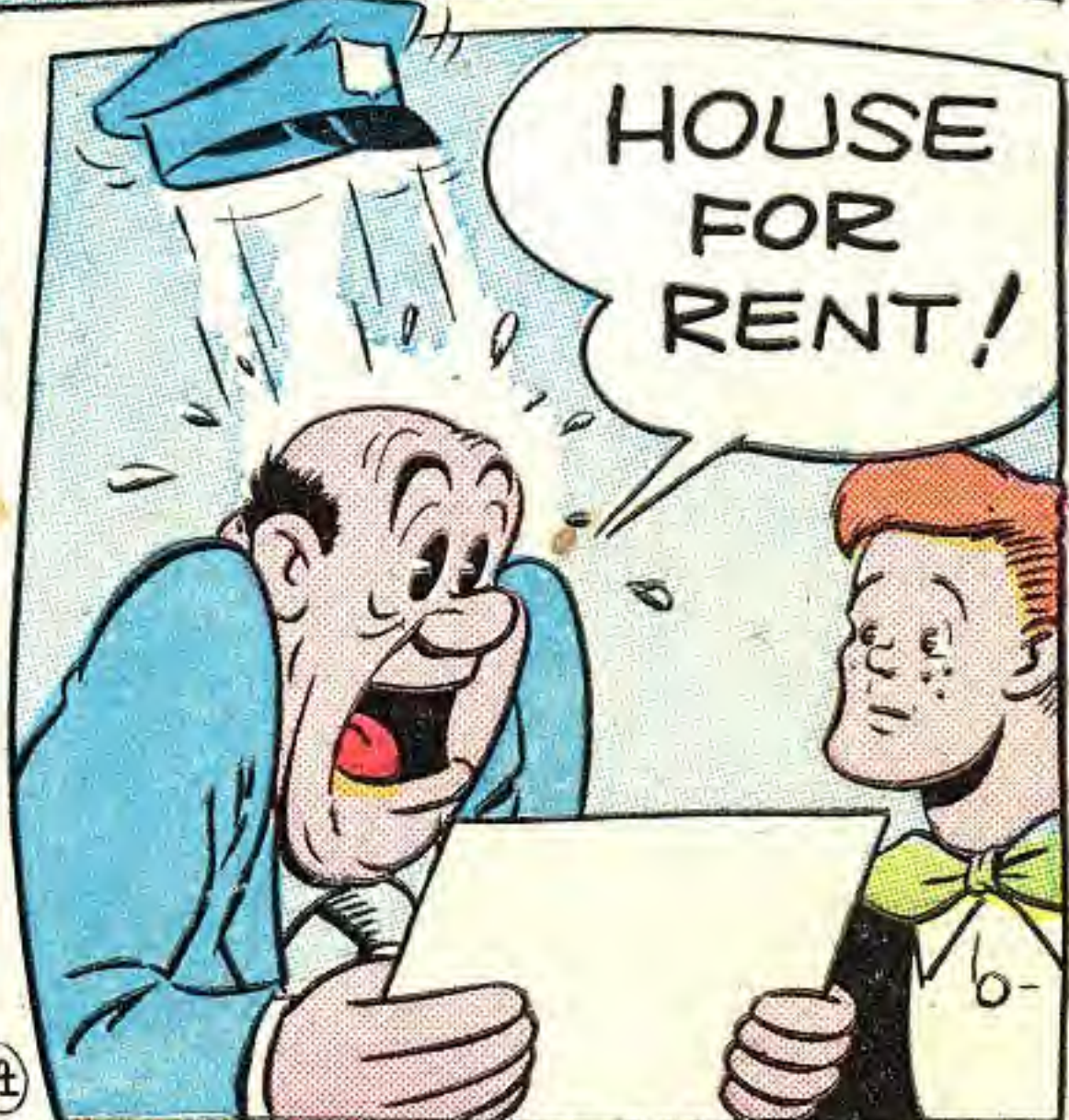
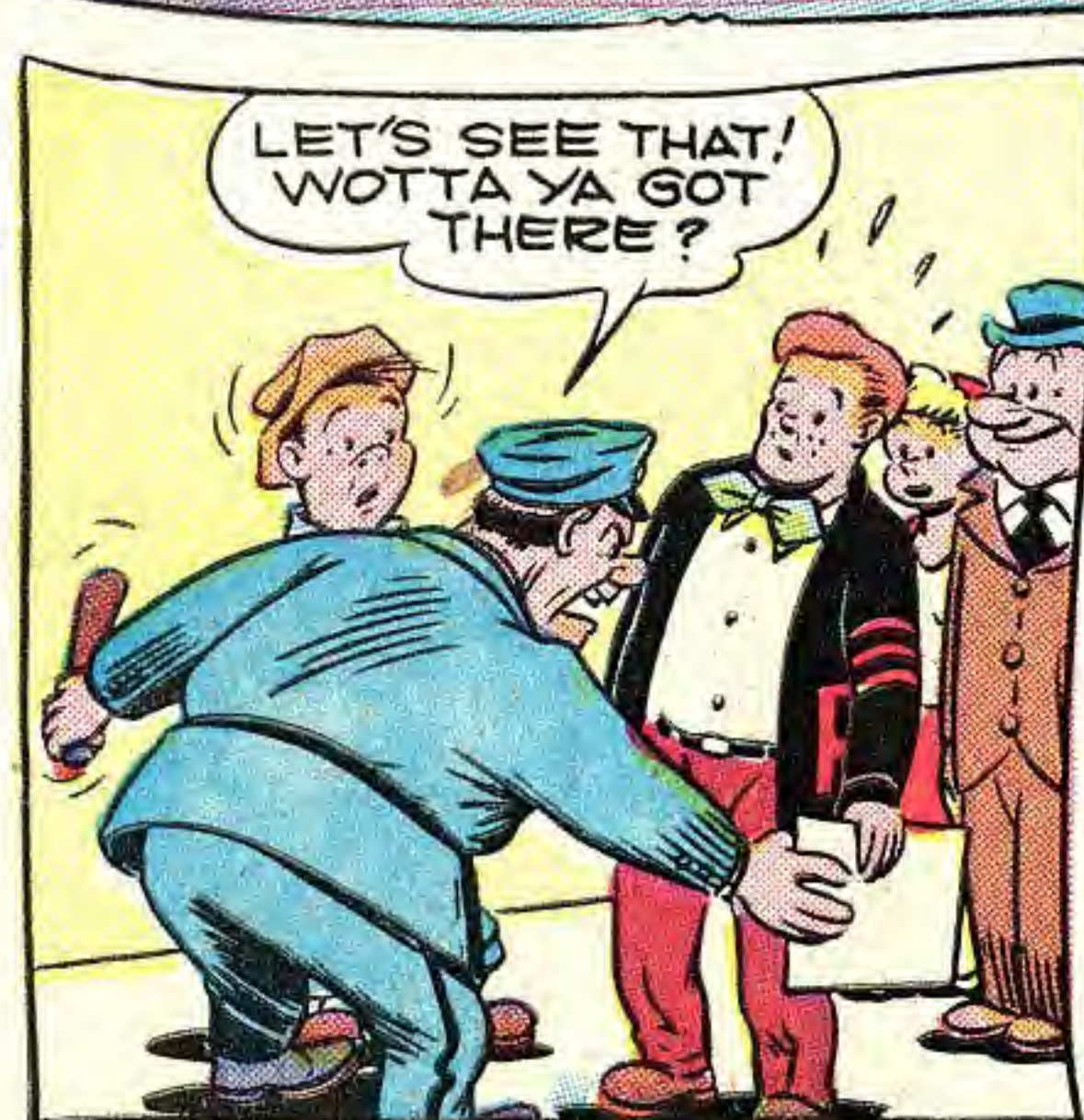
HMM... MAYBE YOU GOT SUMP'N AT THAT!

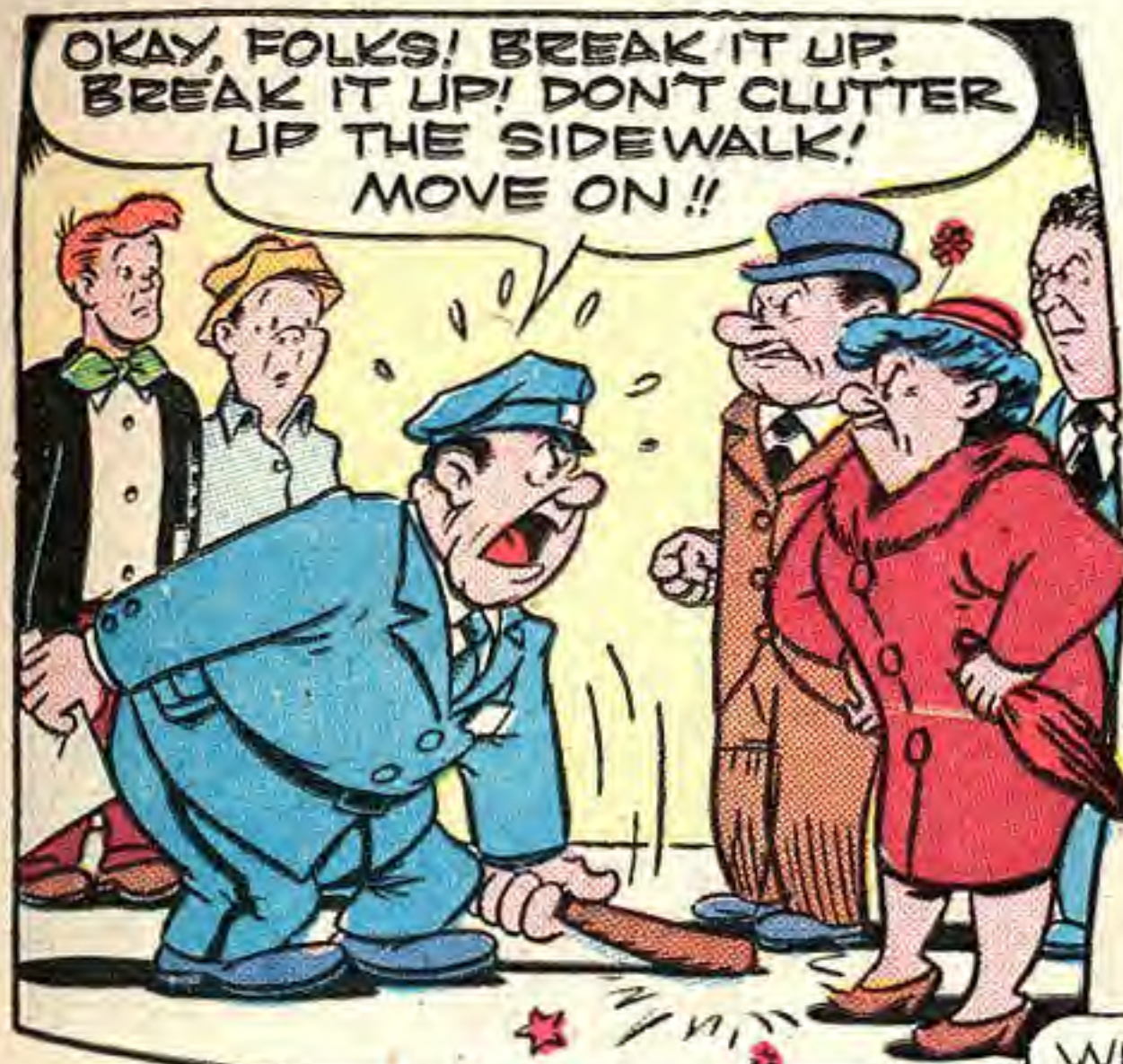
I ALWAYS LIKE TO LISTEN TO THESE KIDS! NO MATTER HOW OLD YOU ARE, YOU CAN ALWAYS LEARN SOMETHING!

WE COULD PARK IT RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF THE "SWEET TOOTH". WITH A "FOR RENT" SIGN ON IT!









OKAY, FOLKS! BREAK IT UP, BREAK IT UP! DON'T CLUTTER UP THE SIDEWALK! MOVE ON!!



YOU JUST WANT TO RENT THAT HOUSE FOR YOURSELF AND MAKE ME GET OFF THE STREET!

I SAW THAT SIGN FIRST, YA BIG FLATFOOT!

I SAW IT FIRST!



WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT AN' CATCH BURGLARS INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TAKE A HOME AWAY FROM A POOR DEFENSELESS LADY!

TAKE THAT!

I GOT A WIFE AN' SIX KIDS!

I SAW IT FIRST!

THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK!

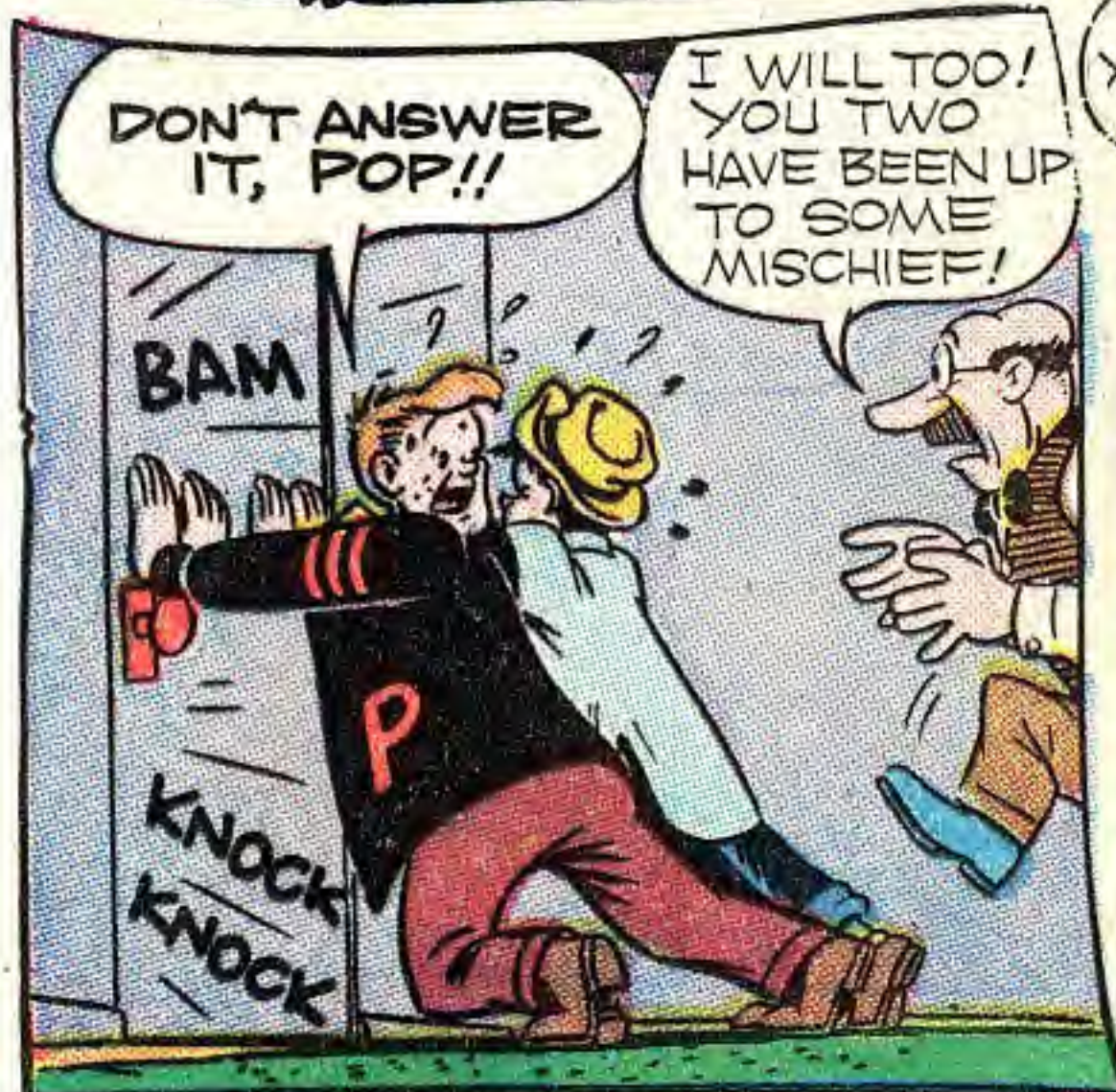
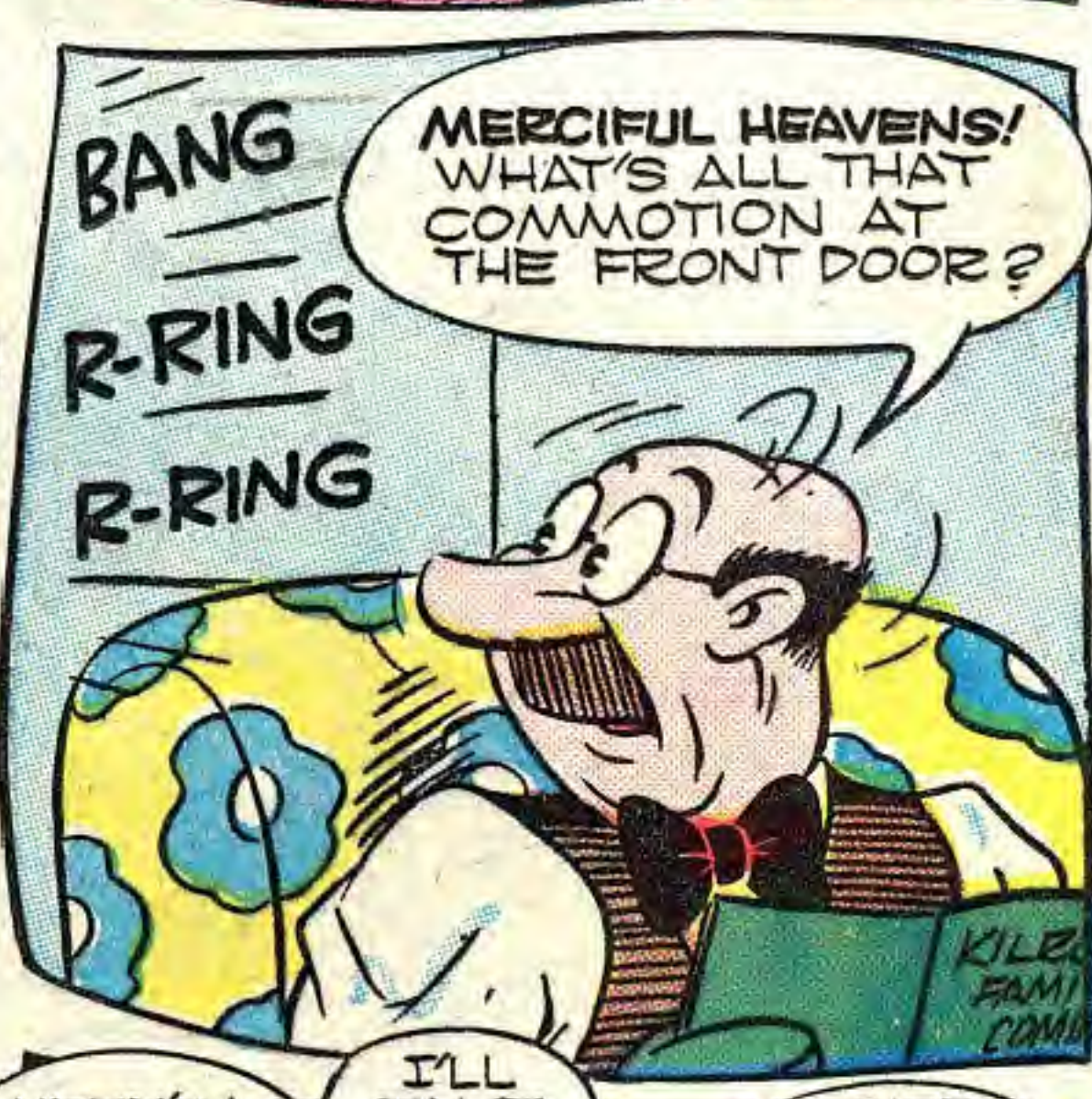
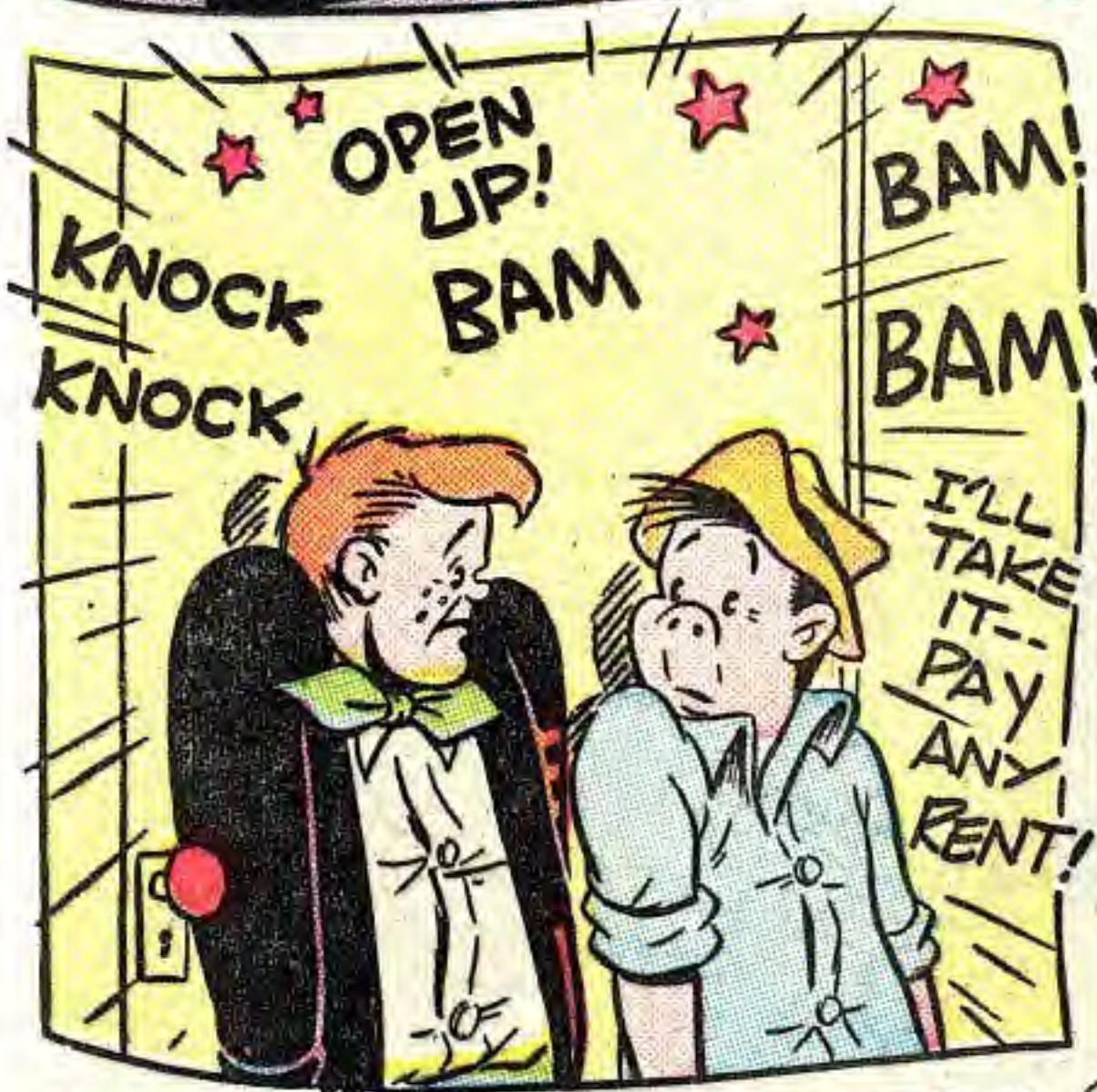
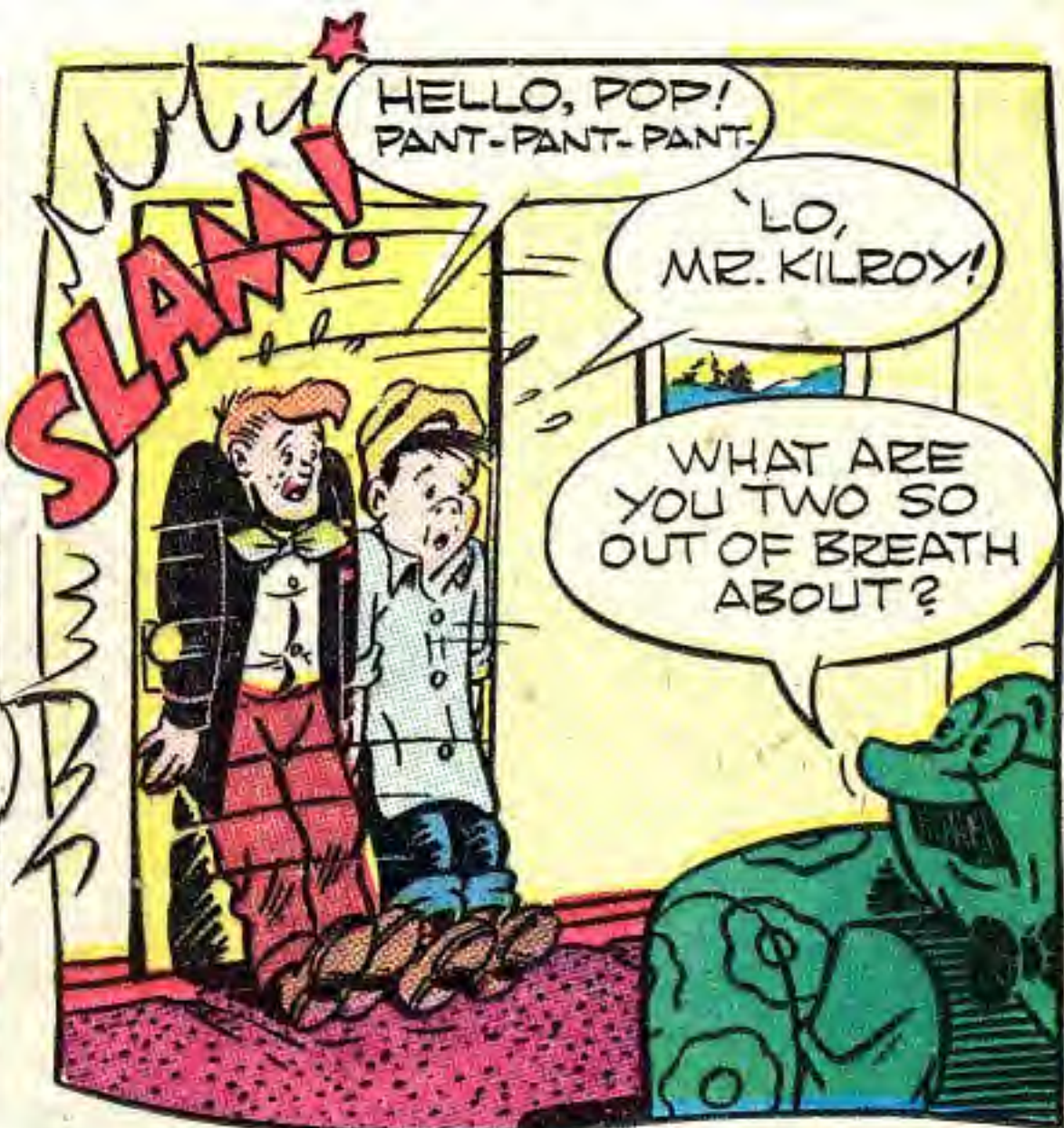
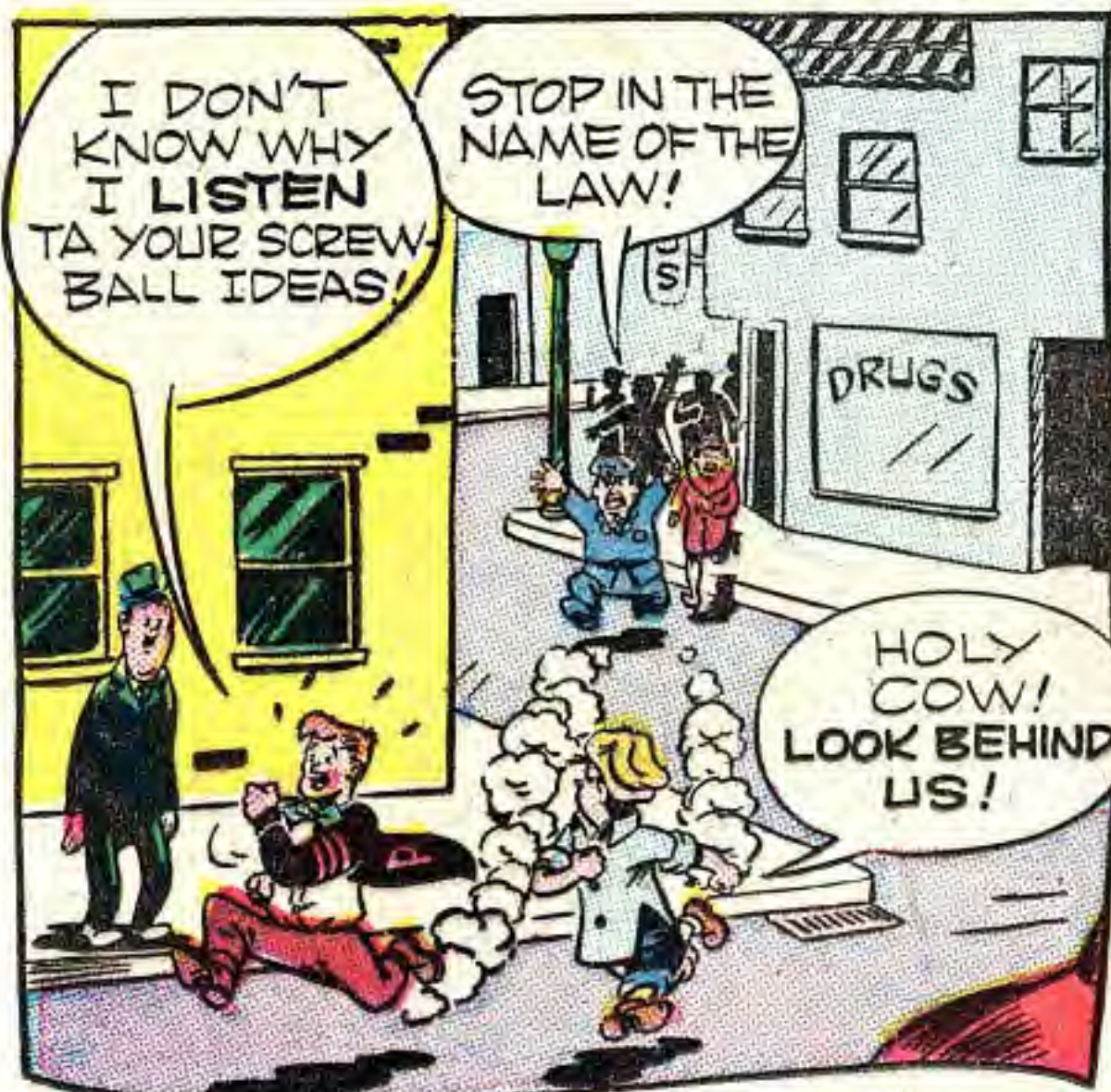
IT'S MINE!

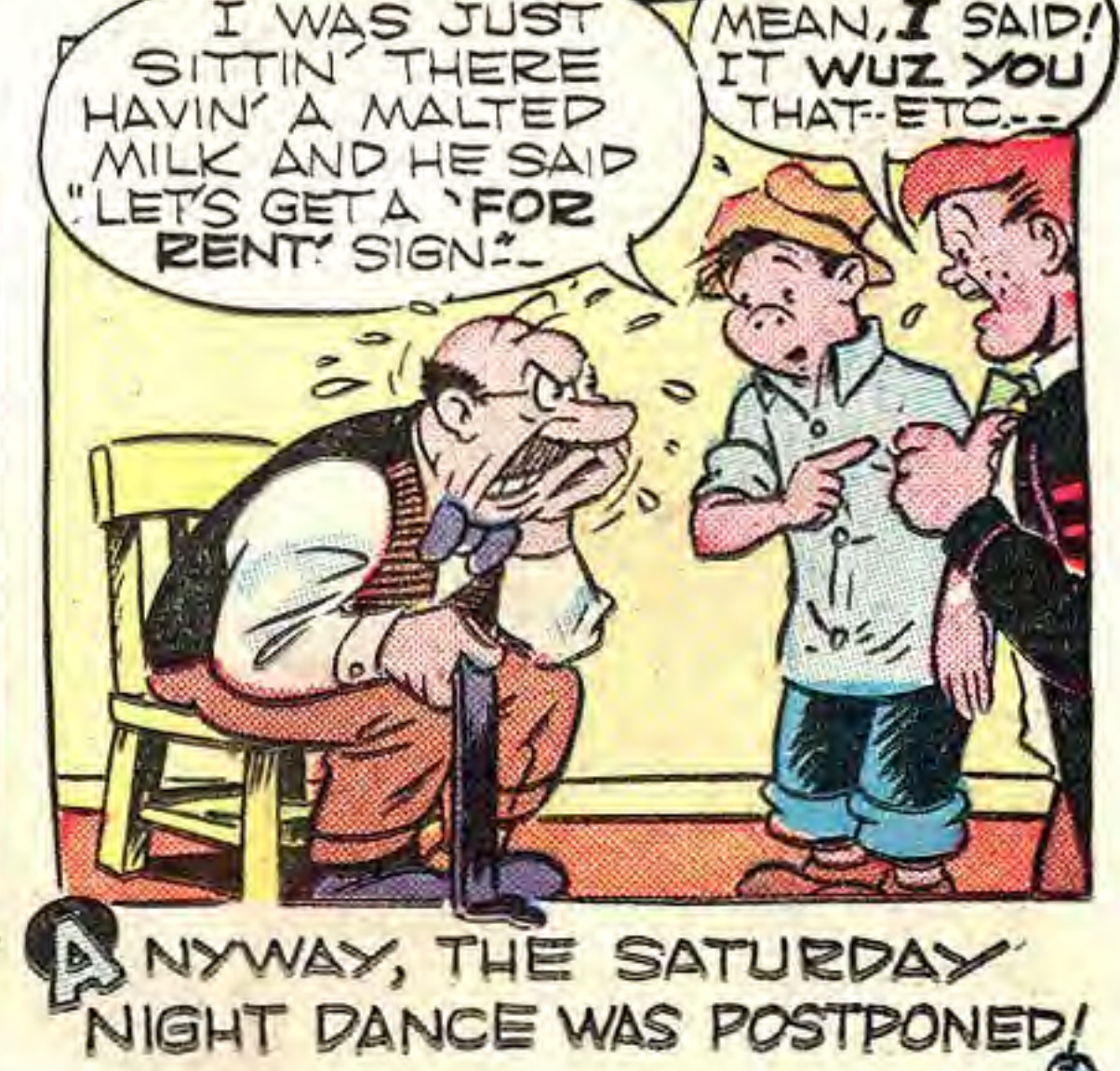
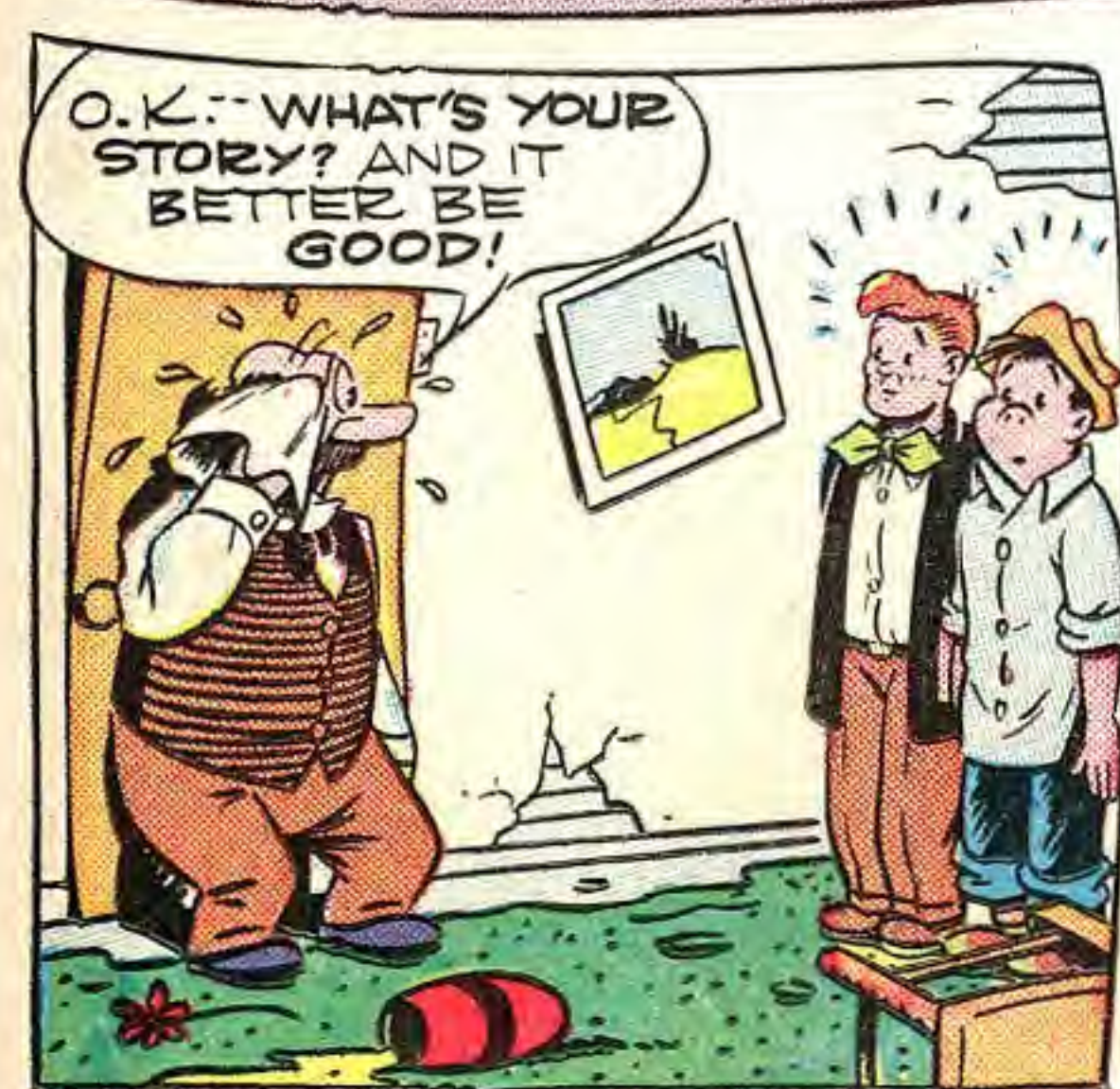
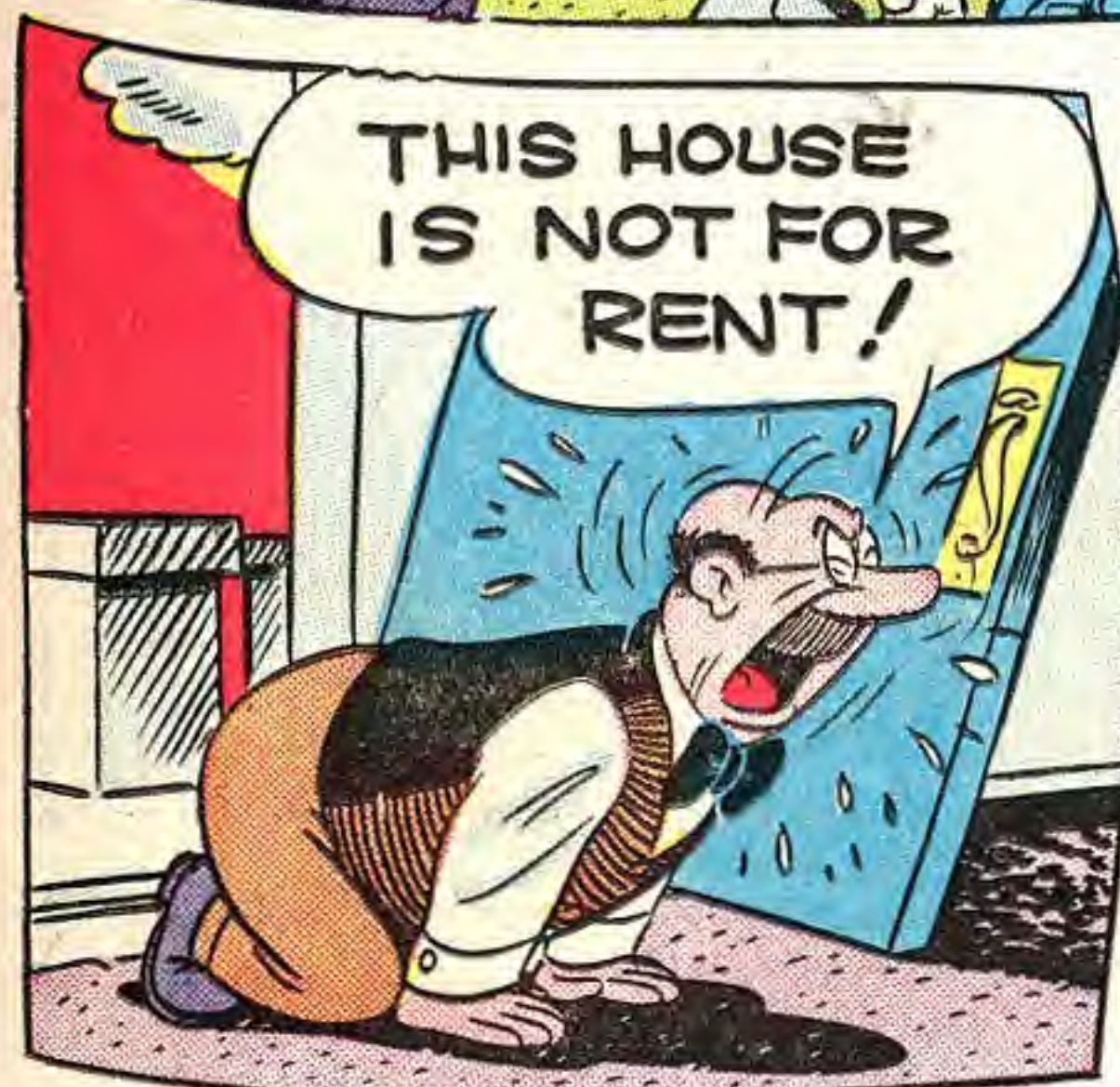
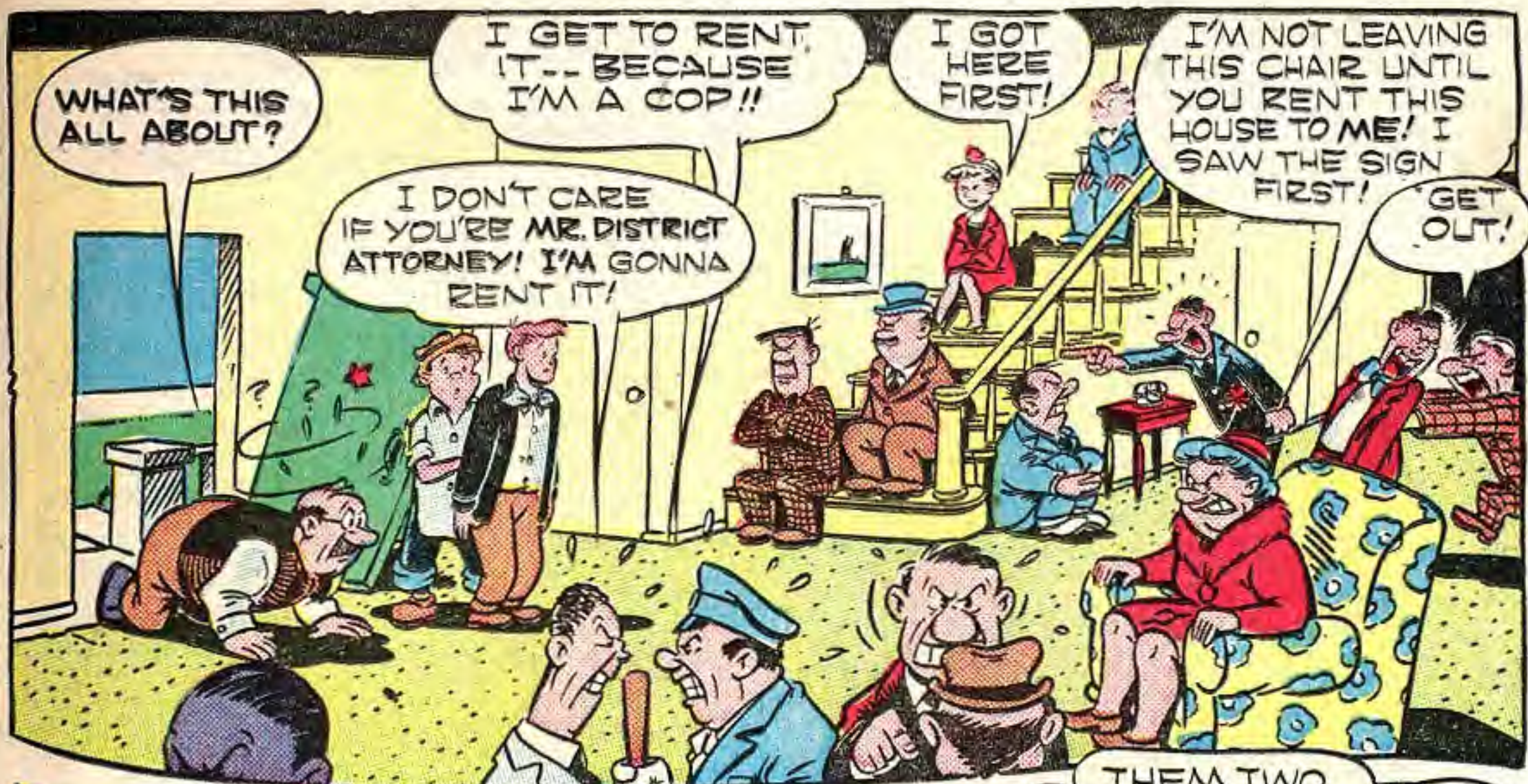


WE BETTER GET OUTTA HERE!



LOOK--THOSE TWO KIDS THAT HAD THE HOUSE FOR RENT ARE RUNNING AWAY!





ANYWAY, THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE WAS POSTPONED!

Little Sister, **BIG** PROBLEM

AND I say," Mrs. Kilroy's voice was vehement, "that you are not going alone!"

Natch tried to plead with his mother. "But Judy's out of town, mom," he reasoned. "She'd be hurt if I took someone else to th' dance—that's why I'm goin' stag!"

"And I say," Mrs. Kilroy retorted, "that you are not going alone! You're going to escort your little sister!"

"Katie?" Natch's voice was a sharp squeak. "That little pest? Gee whiz, mom, be reasonable! Nobody takes his sister to a dance and besides, Katie's nothin' but a little drip!"

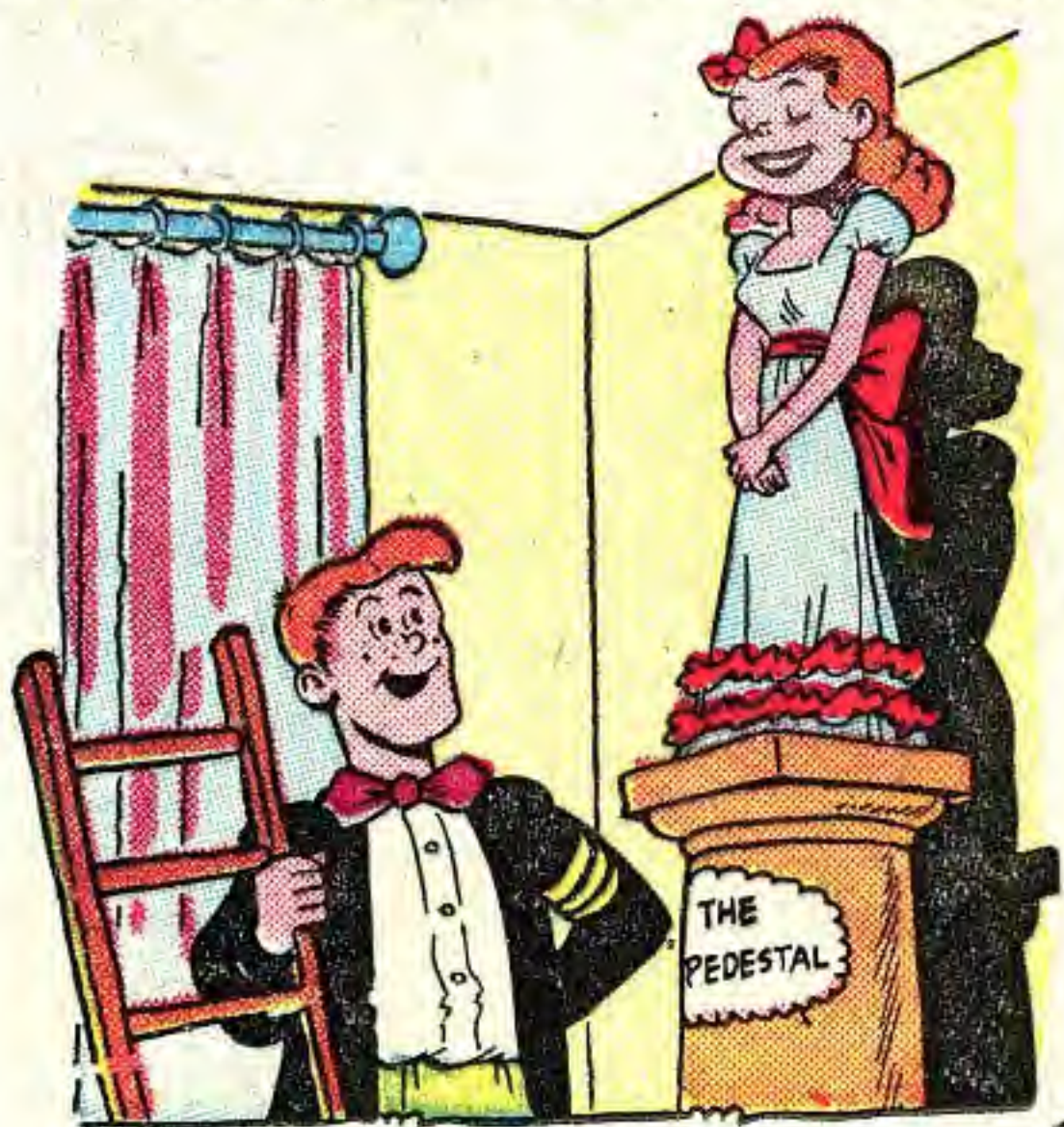
"Shame on you, Natch Kilroy!" his mother said. "What kind of brother are you? Here's your very own sister, lonely, with nothing to do and you—"

"All right, all right," Natch gave in wearily, "I know I'm gonna lose this round anyhow! Tell the little goon to get ready!"

"I am ready, Natch," Katie said shyly. "See? I've got my new dress on, and my new wedgie flats and my new—"

"Then c'mon!" Natch ordered, without so much as a glance at his little sister. "It's gettin' late!"

In complete silence, Natch and Katie walked to the school gym, where the dance had started an hour ago. Natch was annoyed beyond words. To think that he, practically a grown man, an adult, should be subjected to the shame of his kid sister's company!



She—she was such a *kid*! No more'n a baby, and he would have to introduce her to th' crowd and dance with her and see to it that she had a good time. *Phooey!*

"C'mon, sad-sack," he said to her, when they reached the gym. "Wait right here for me. I've gotta comb my hair."

But when Natch, his hair slicked and shining, came back—Katie was gone! Worried, he started a survey of the huge gym floor, thinking to himself all the while, "The little pest! She had no business comin' here anyhow! She—"

Suddenly, Natch stopped short. There, right in the center of the floor, was Katie, dancing with—dancing with—the captain of the football team! As he watched, Natch saw another boy cut in. Why, that was—Red Watkins, captain of the basketball team! Before Katie could dance many more steps, another boy cut in—and another—and another!

Natch could hardly believe his eyes. You'd think there was a severe girl shortage or somethin', that's how popular Katie was! And, come to think of it, she wasn't a bad-lookin' chick—sorta cute, in fact. Of course, she was kinda annoying at home, with the telephone an' cluttering up the bathroom and her wacky radio shows, but—

Natch tried to understand it, but couldn't. Instead, he joined the dancers and the rest of the evening seemed to float away in a haze of music and laughter, and suddenly, it was time to go home!

Again, Natch looked around for Katie—but she seemed to be gone! No, wait a minute. *There* she was, in a cluster of eager, laughing boys, all of them clamoring to take her home!

"Let me, Katie!"

"No, me!"

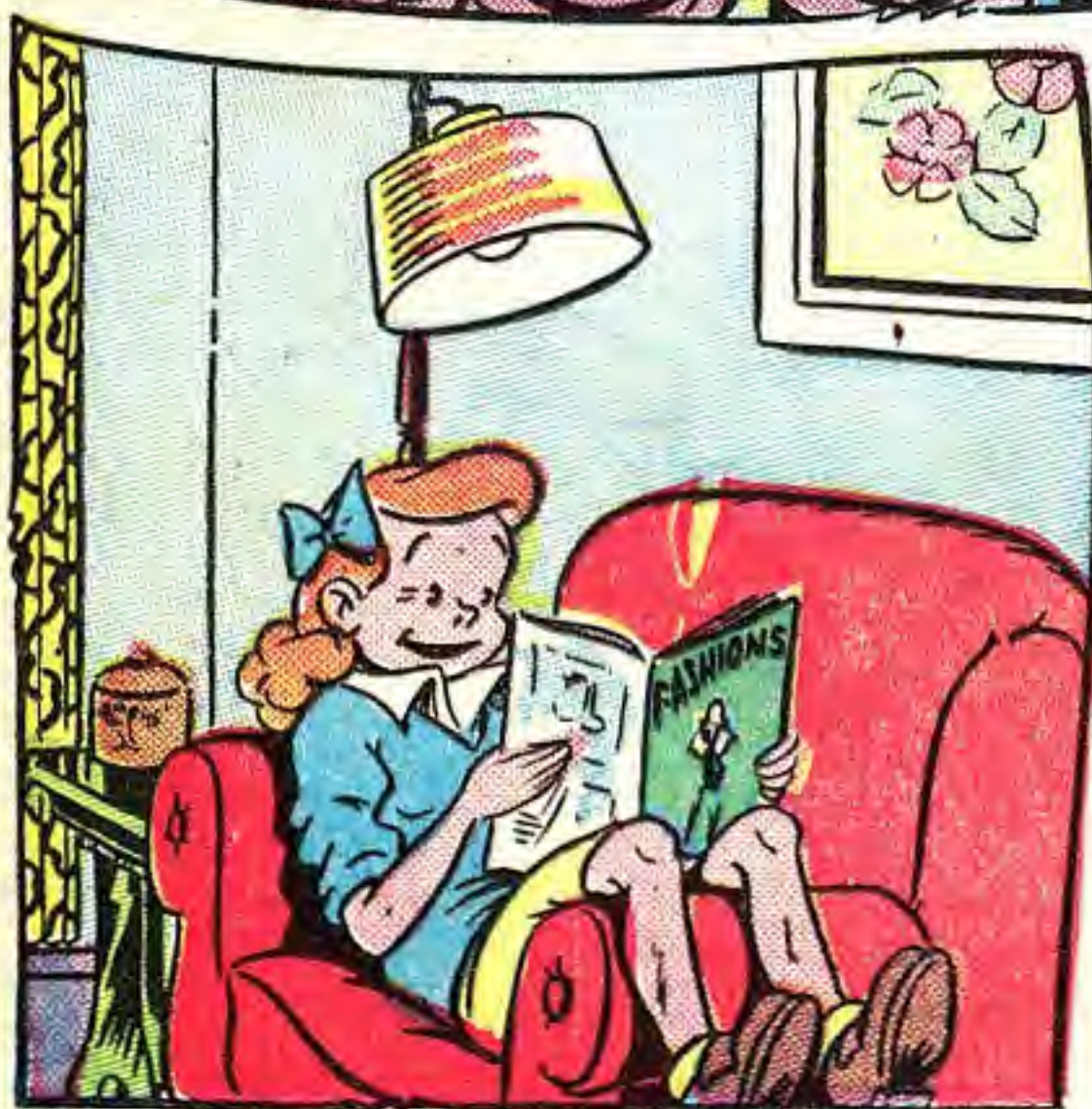
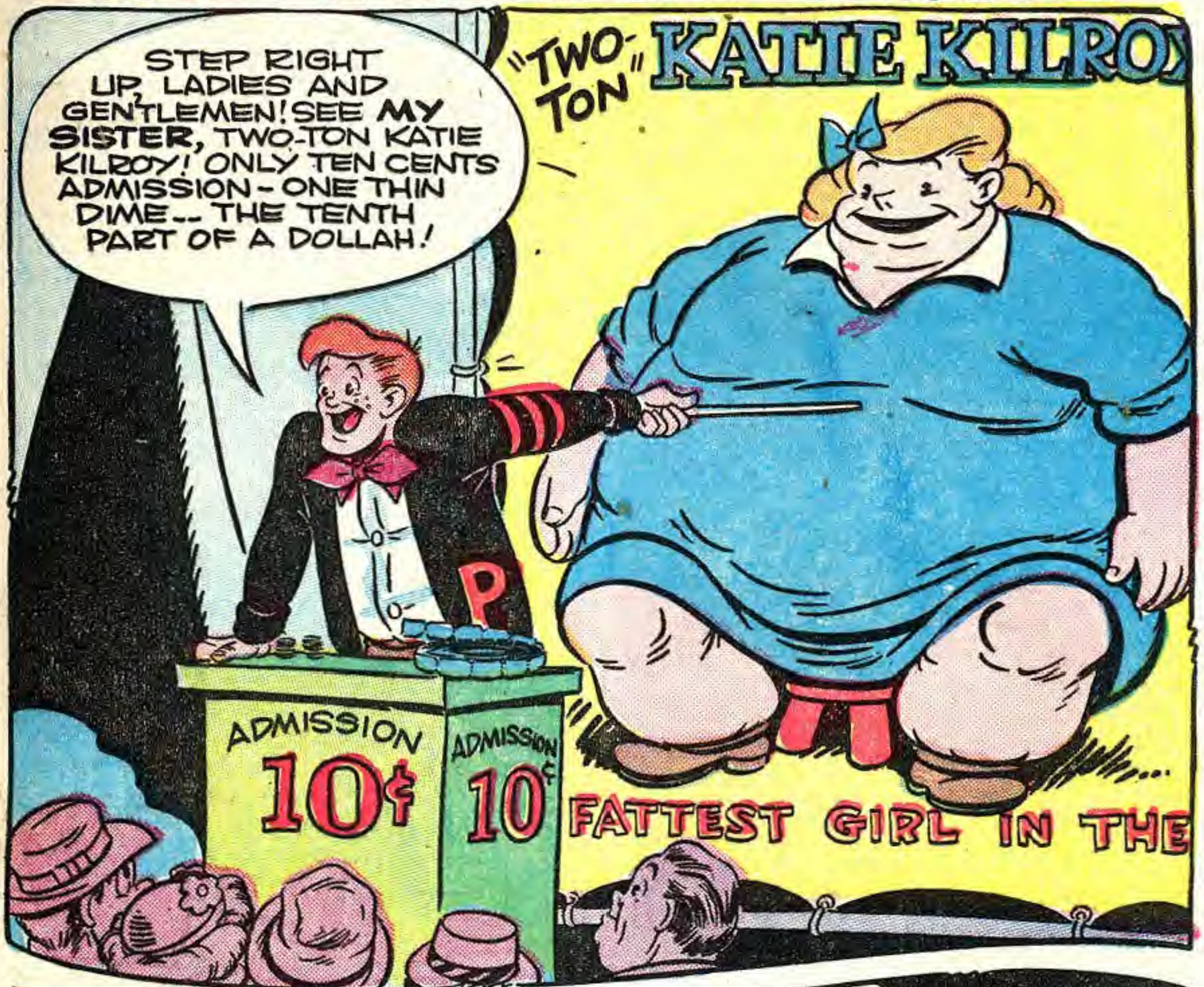
"I saw her first!"

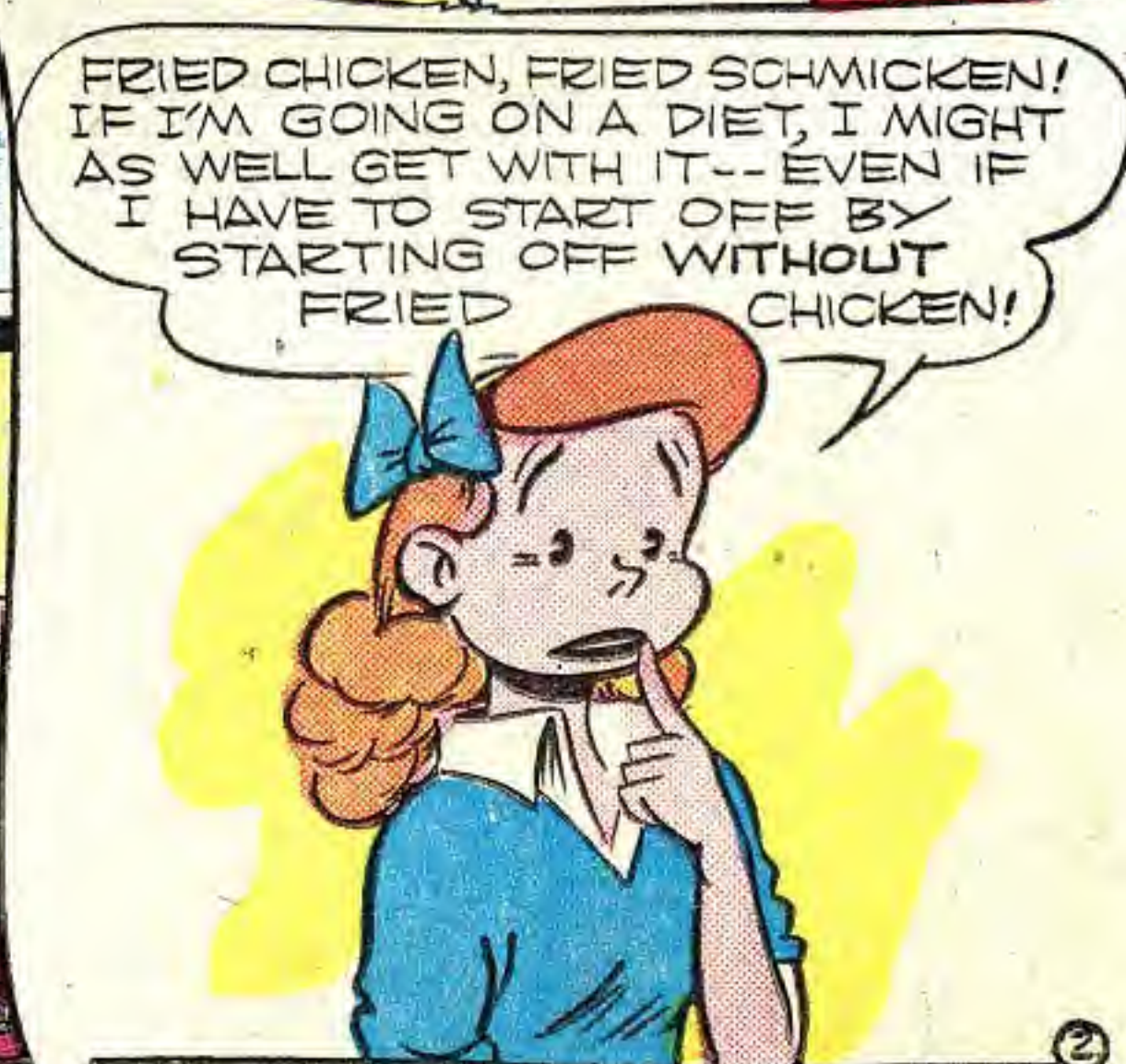
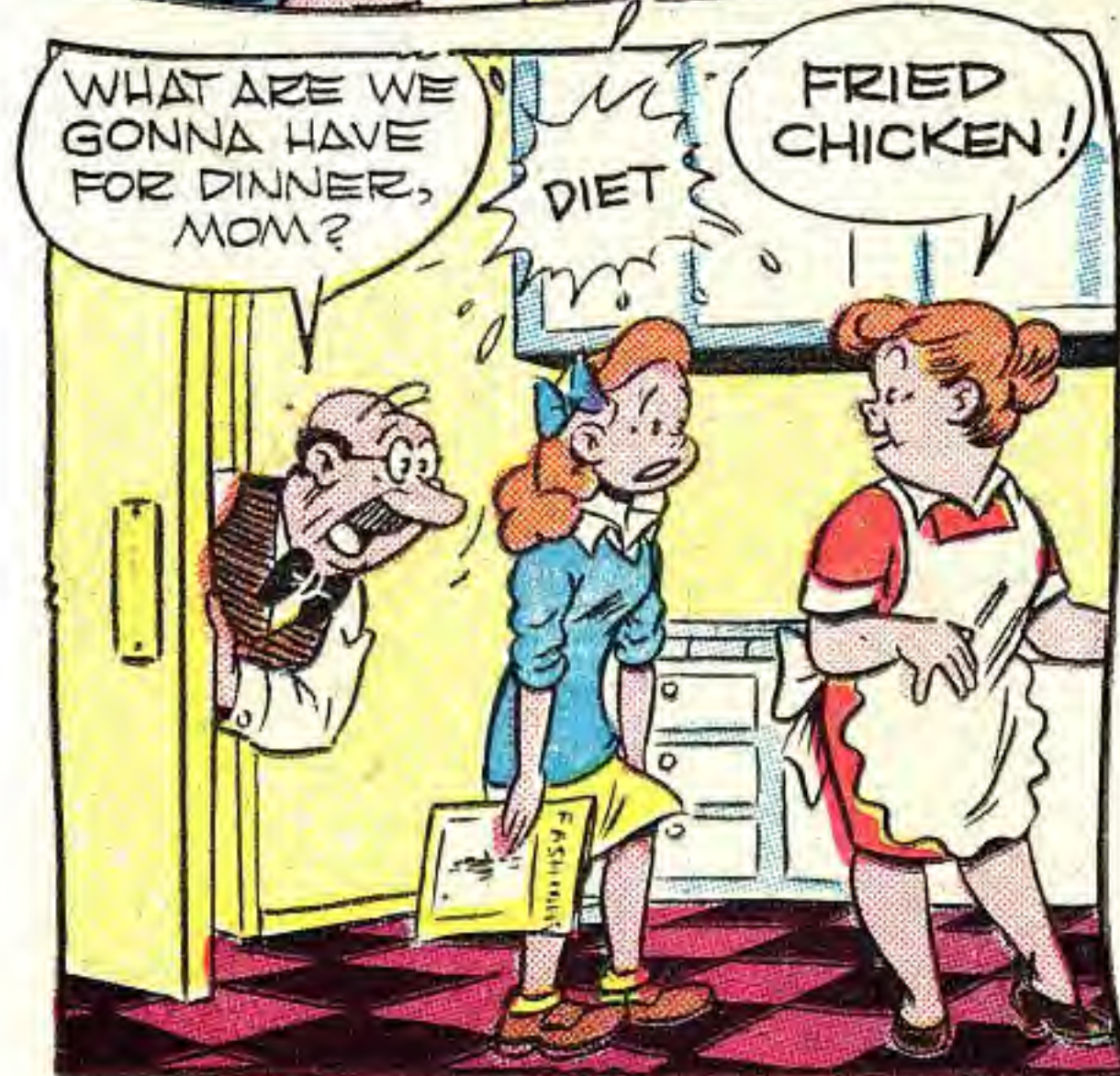
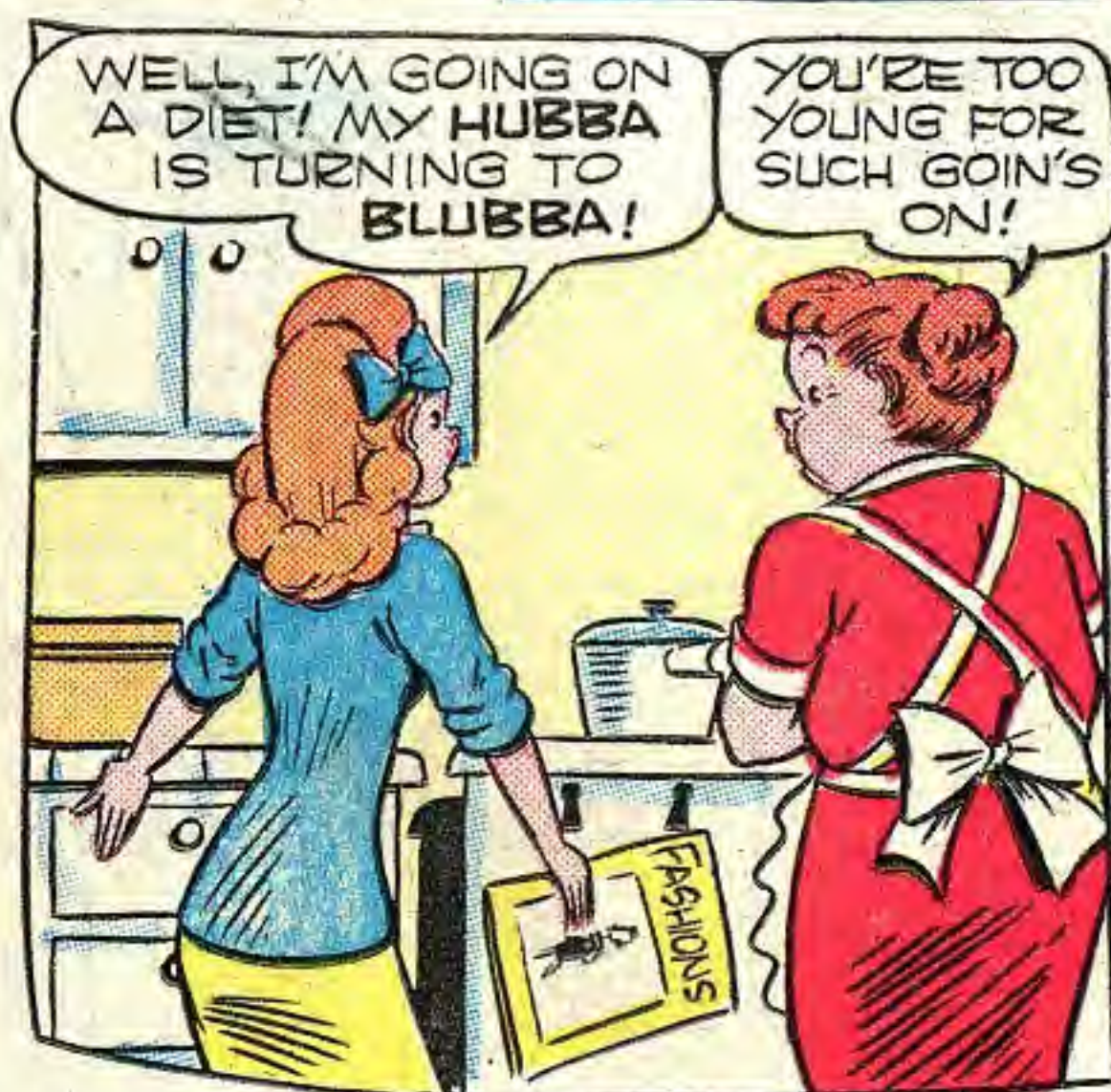
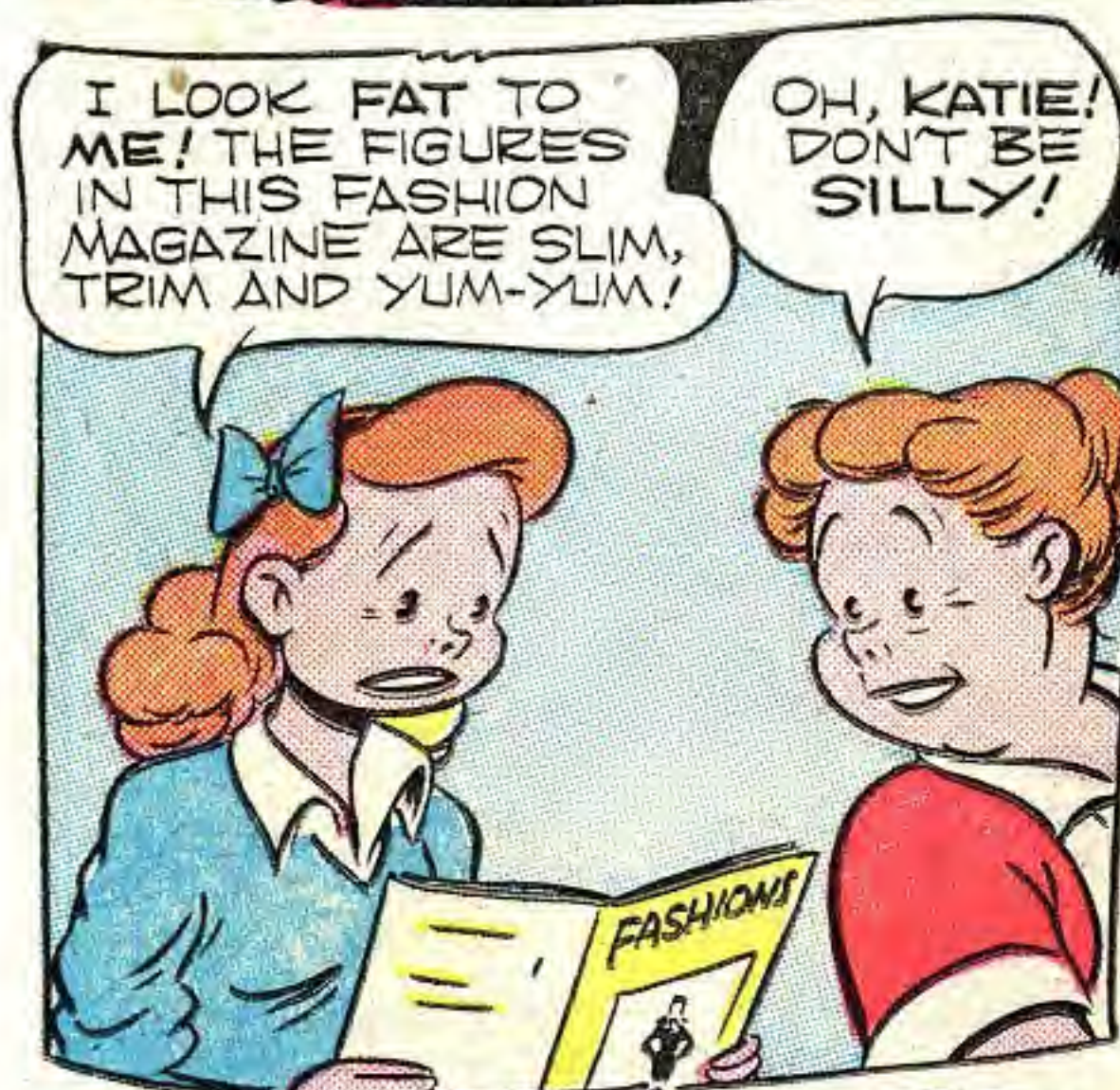
Determinedly, Natch strode across the floor and took Katie's arm firmly in his. "Blow, wolves," he ordered the boys. "I'm takin' Katie home—*myself!*"

"Aw, Natch," Red Watkins protested, "we can't let this little dreambeam go to waste! You can't take her home!"

"Why not?" Natch asked proudly, holding on to Katie. "I'm her *brother*, ain't I?"

The **KILROYS** in **"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM"**





LATER

THAT
NIGHT--

GOSH! I'M HUNGRY!
I CAN'T SLEEP! MAYBE
I SHOULDA HAD JUST
A LITTLE BIT OF
CHICKEN!



ONE BITE OF CHICKEN
COULDN'T PUT ANY WEIGHT ON ME!
THINK I'LL SNEAK DOWN AND
PAY THE ICE BOX A VISIT!

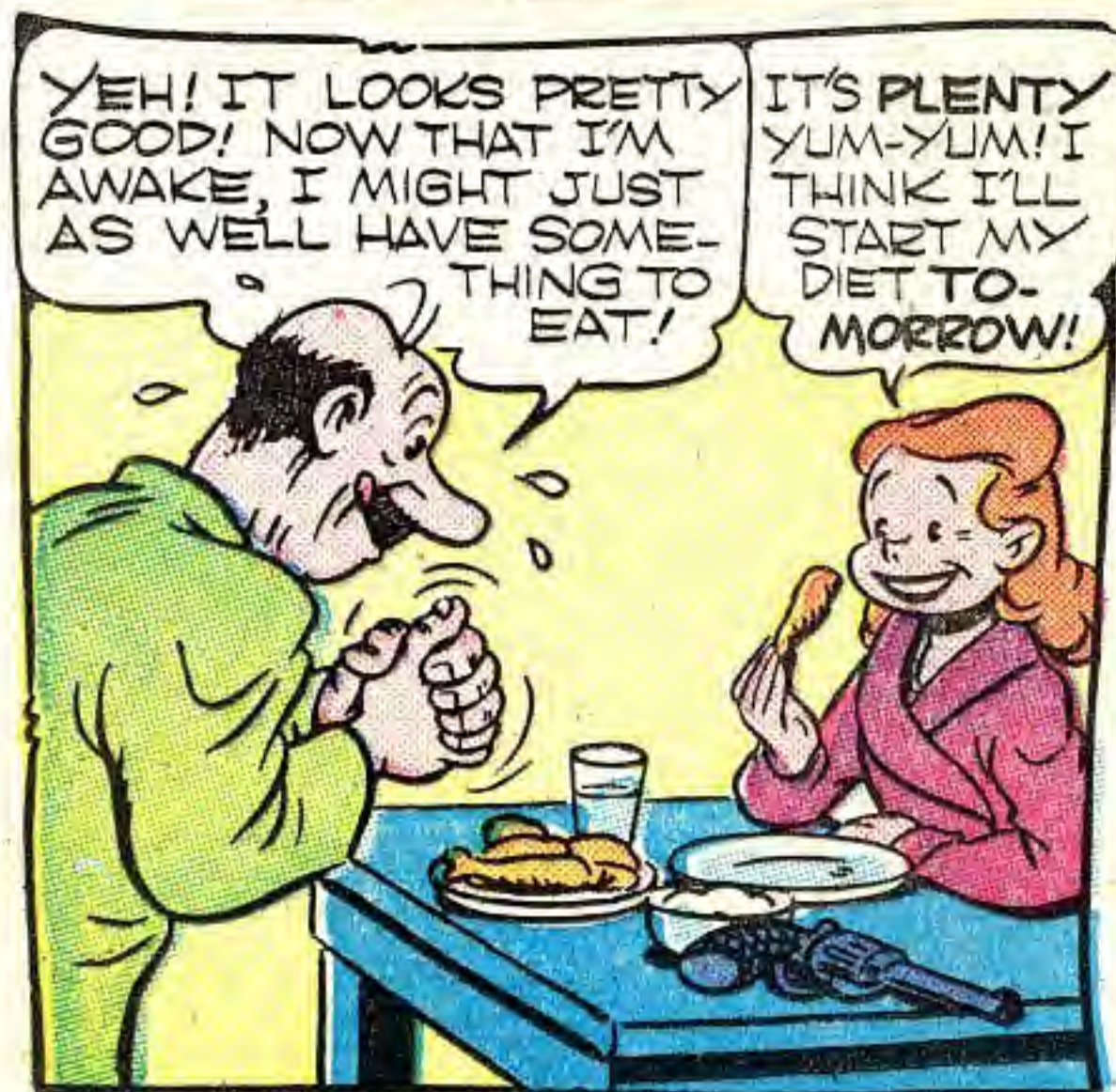
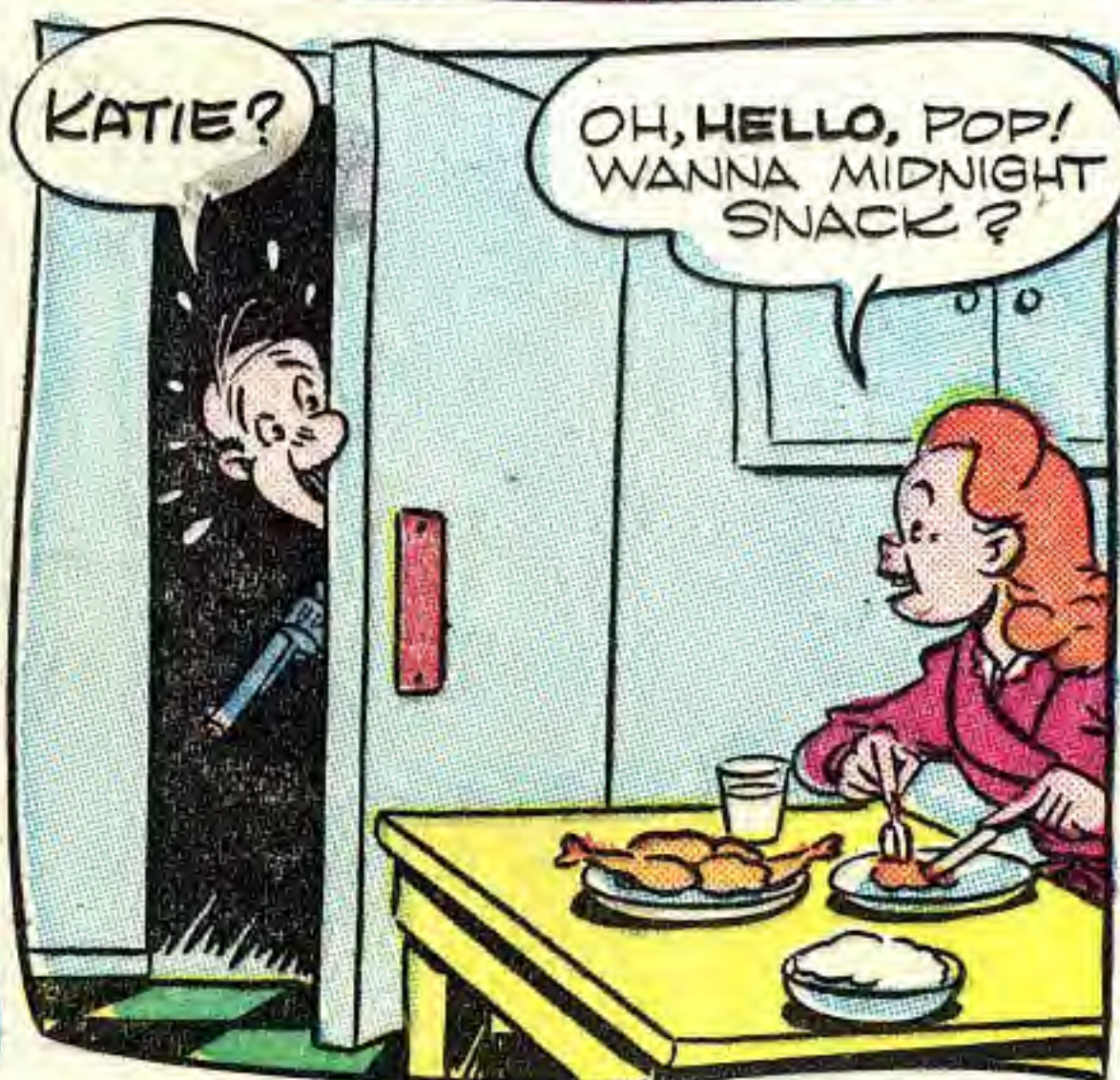
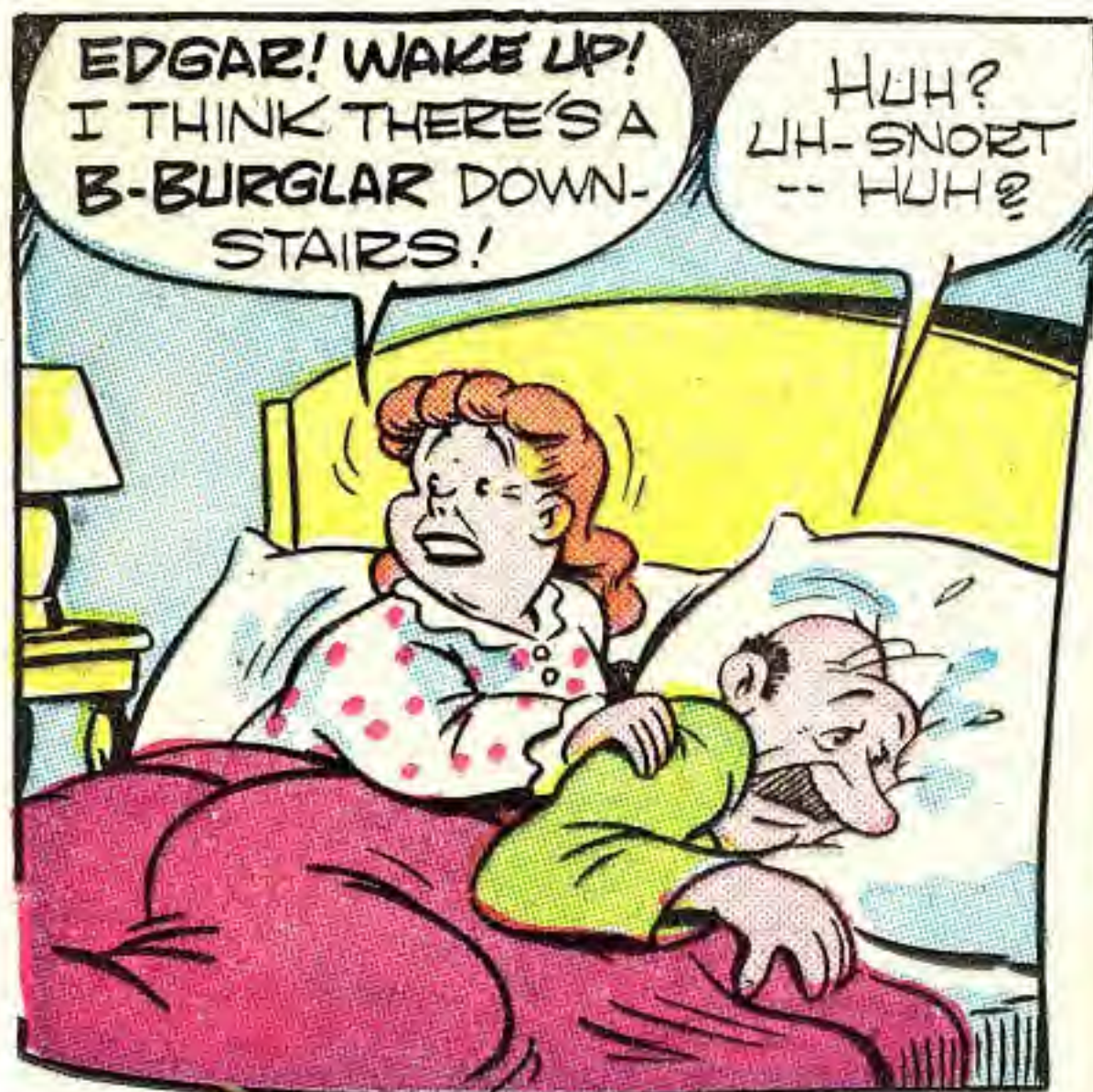


GOSH! HOW MUCH
NOISE CAN I MAKE?



WHAT WAS
THAT?

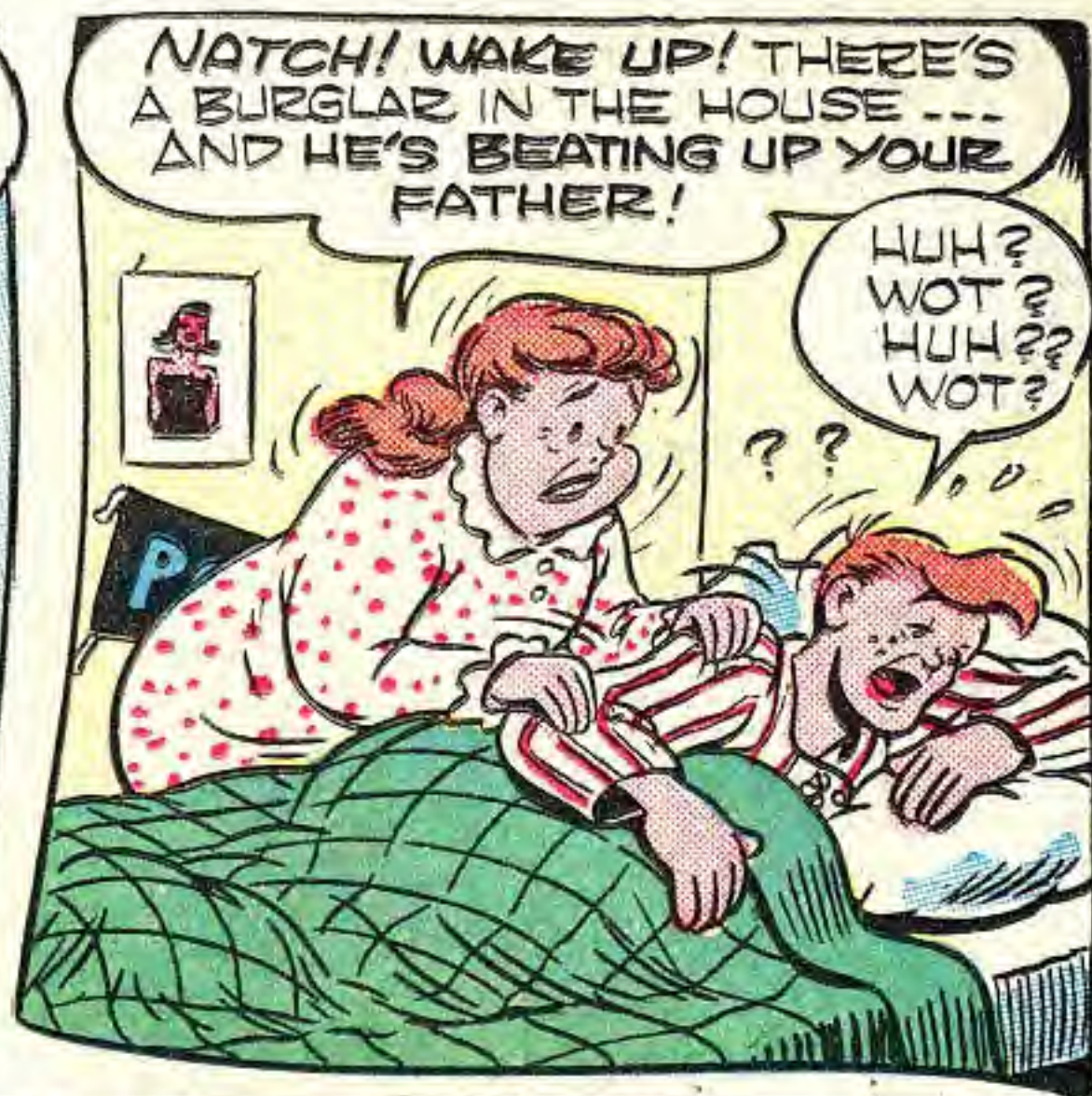






GOOD GRIEF!
THE BURGLAR
MUST HAVE
ASSAULTED
POP!

OH OH
OUCH!



NATCH! WAKE UP! THERE'S
A BURGLAR IN THE HOUSE ---
AND HE'S BEATING UP YOUR
FATHER!

HUH?
WOT?
HUH??
WOT?



HANG ON TO 'IM,
POP! HERE I
COME!

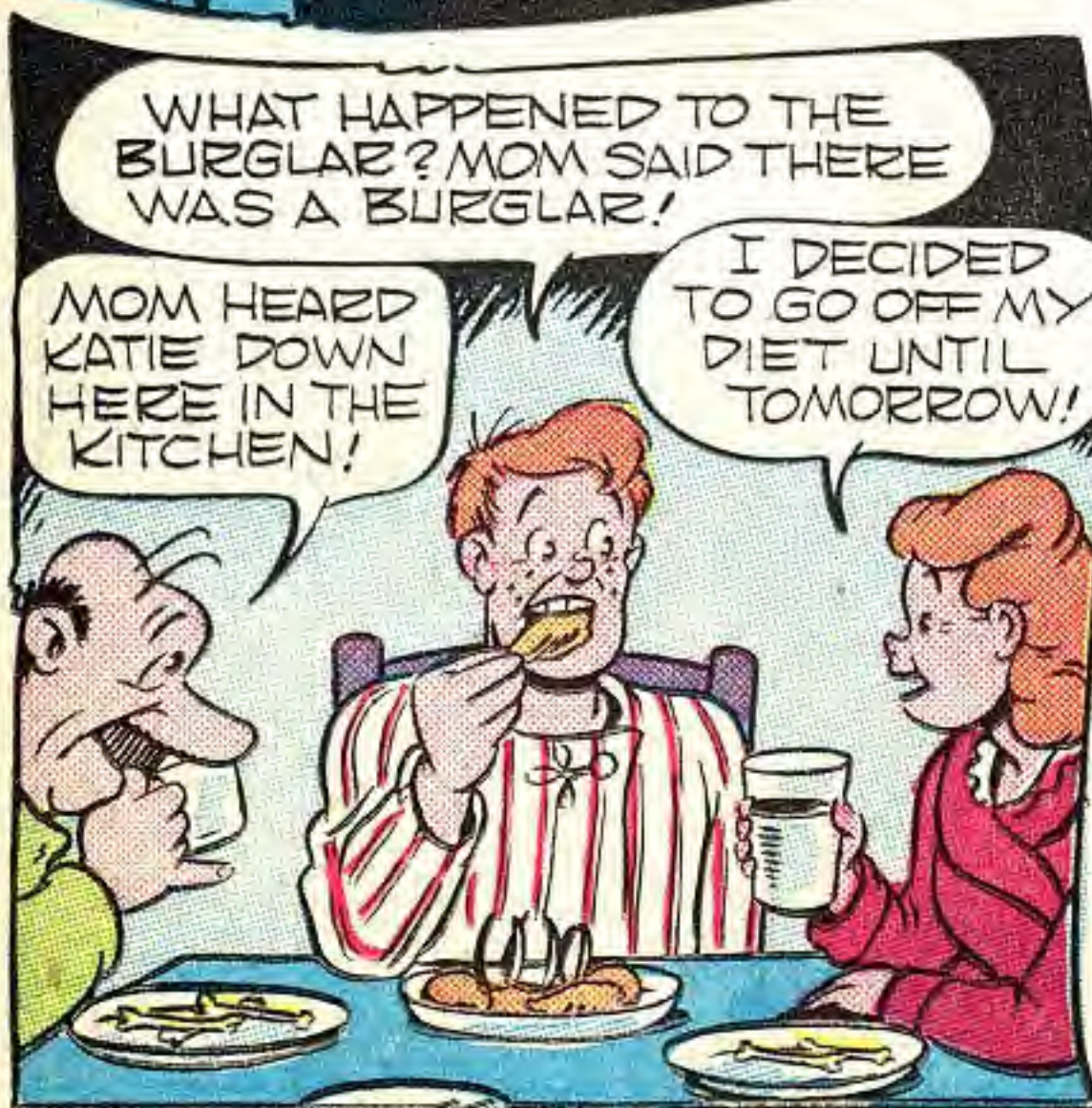
BE
CAREFUL,
NATCH!



HERE I AM! WHERE
IS THE --- THE --- SAY!
WOT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

WANT
SOME
CHICKEN,
NATCH?

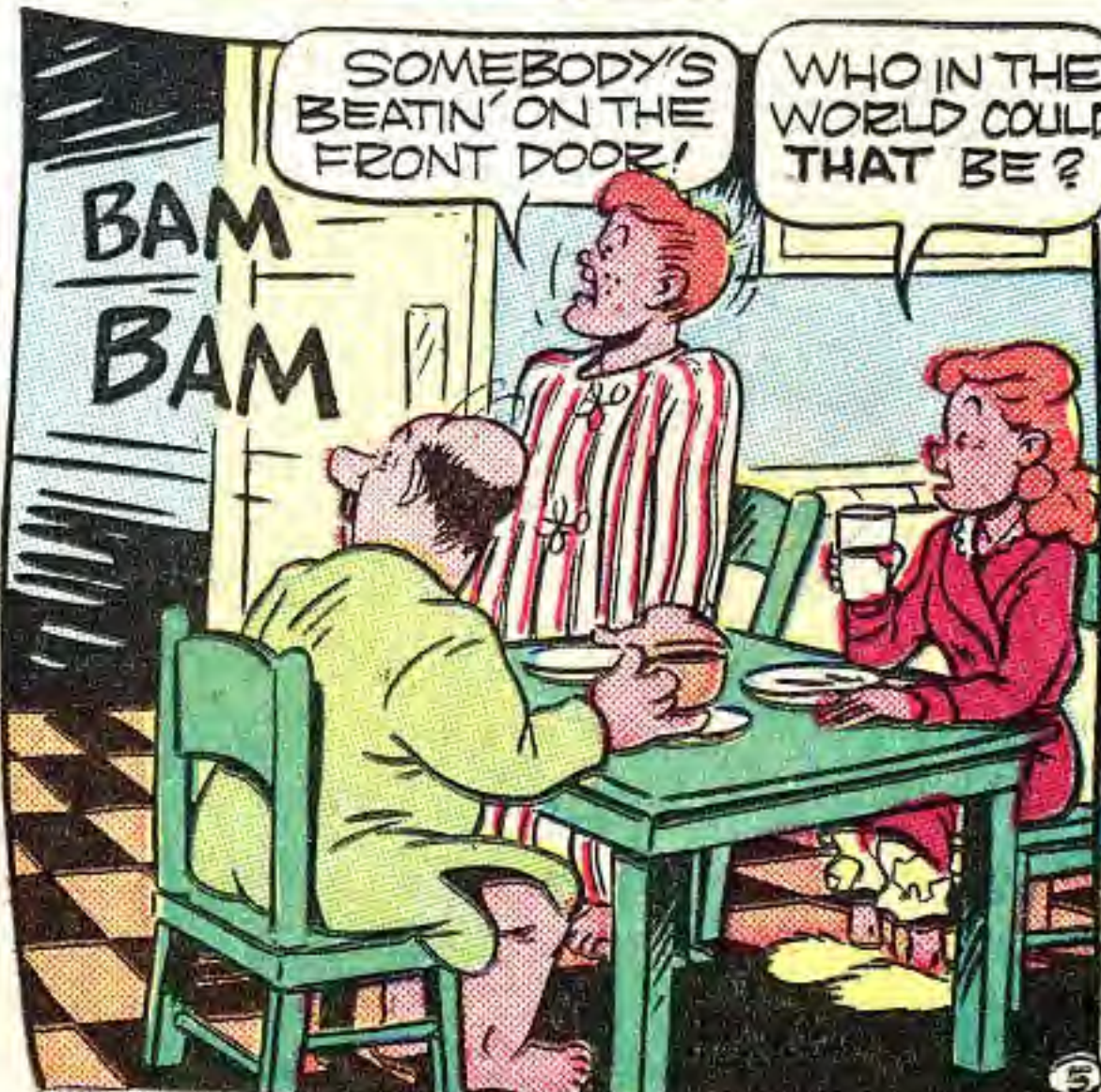
'LO,
NATCH!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
BURGLAR? MOM SAID THERE
WAS A BURGLAR!

MOM HEARD
KATIE DOWN
HERE IN THE
KITCHEN!

I DECIDED
TO GO OFF MY
DIET UNTIL
TOMORROW!



SOMEBODY'S
BEATIN' ON THE
FRONT DOOR!

WHO IN THE
WORLD COULD
THAT BE?

BAM
BAM



OH, DEAR! I JUST KNOW SOMETHING DREADFUL IS HAPPENING TO NATCH AND POP! WHAT'LL I DO? -- WHAT'LL I DO??



WHO'S THERE?

THE POLICE!
OPEN UP!!



OKAY, BURGLAR. REACH!

DON'T SHOOT!
DON'T SHOOT!



DON'T SHOOT?
HEAVENS! THE BURGLAR'S GONNA SHOOT POP!



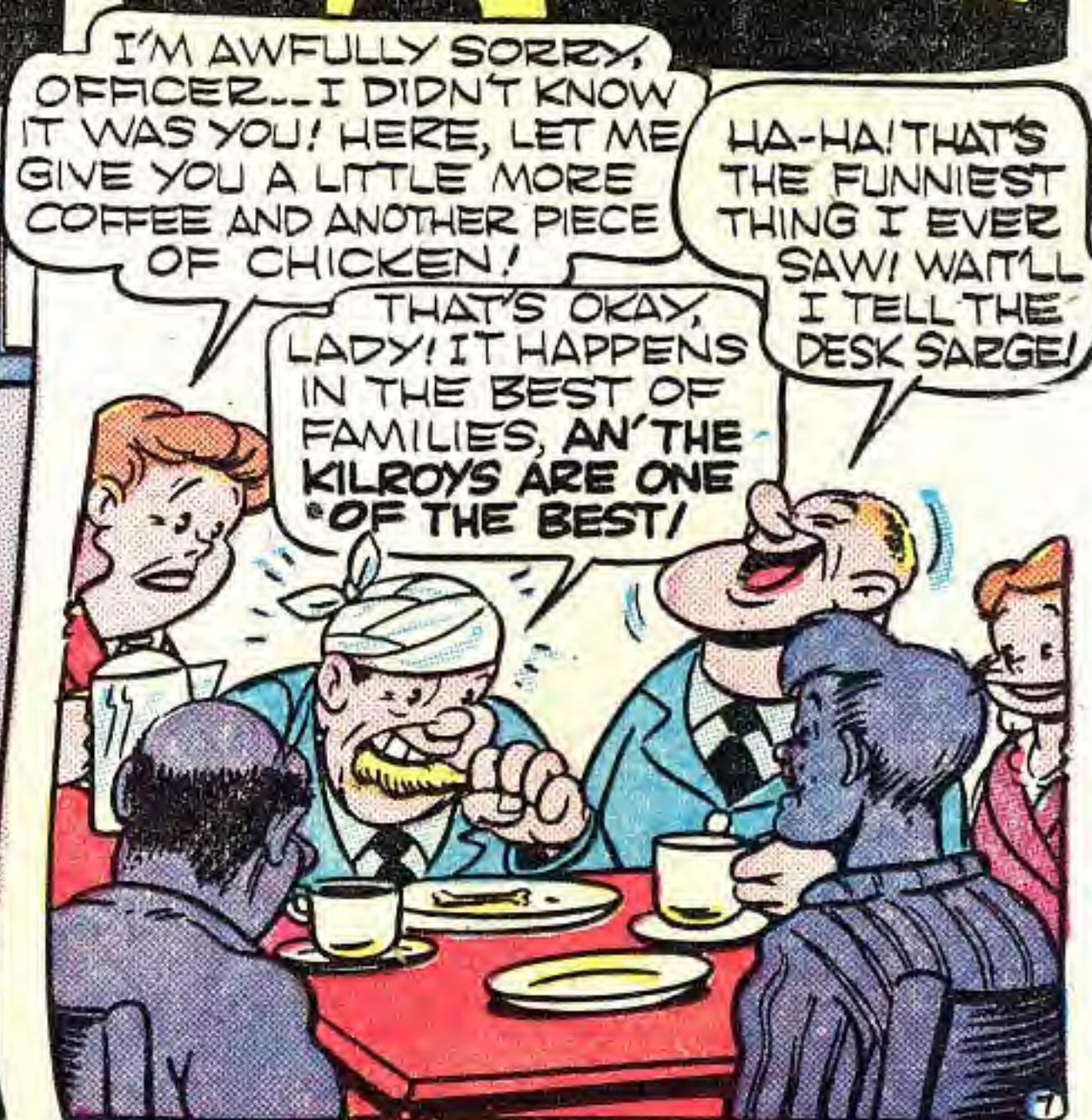
I'M NO BURGLAR... I LIVE HERE! I'M J. EDGAR KILROY!!

BUT WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A BURGLAR AT THIS ADDRESS! WOT'S THE BIG GAG?

M-M-M!
COFFEE!

OH, IT WAS MY WIFE! SHE JUST THOUGHT SHE HEARD A BURGLAR... BUT IT WAS MY DAUGHTER, RAIDING THE ICE BOX!





PEACE... It's WONDERFUL!

JUDY and Natch sat close together on the park bench. Natch breathed a deep sigh of contentment. "Gosh, Judy," he said, "it's swell to have ya back again. I sure missed you!"

"Did you?" Judy asked a bit coldly. "Y'know somethin', Natch? If I didn't think quarreling was the most childish thing, positively *infantile*, I'd mention that coke date you had with Jane while I was gone!"

"Gee, Judy, I'm glad ya feel that way about it—quarreling, I mean! It's *awful* dumb for two grown-ups ta get into a fight, isn't it? That's how come I never said anything about your bowling date with Fuzzhead Collins!"

"You never said anything!" Judy's voice was a bit indignant. "I should hope not! Only mere babes would squabble and argue. That's why I won't say anything about how surprised I was that you took Jane. She's such a *funny-looking* girl!"

"If it wasn't plain juvenile," Natch said loftily, "I could mention that Fuzzhead's no beauty either—the egghead!"

"Is that so?" Judy sprang to Fuzzhead's defense. "He's a very nice boy—with very good manners!" she added pointedly.

"Listen, Judy," Natch edged away from her on the bench, "I'm beginning to get peeved. I mean I don't like your attitude!"

"You don't like *my* attitude, Natch Kilroy?" Judy's voice was definitely angry now. "Well, let me tell you something—"

"Oh, yeah?" Natch asked sarcastically. "You listen to *me*! Do you know what I think of a girl who goes out with another man when her *real* boyfriend—I mean, when she's sort of got a boyfriend already—and she goes out on a date with someone else without even having the courtesy to—"

"Courtesy!" Judy interrupted scornfully. "After what you did, I should think you didn't know the *meaning* of that word! Just because I had to go out of town on a visit, you thought you could take *advantage*—I mean you've probably *always* liked Jane and—"

"A lot you know!" Natch was quite furious by this time. "You don't know *anything*!"

"I know all I want to know!" Judy was angry enough to cry. "Why, I could just—could just—" She raised her hand, as though to smack Natch's cheek.

Self-protectively, Natch reached out to clutch Judy's wrists—and just then, Jackson, eyes wide with surprise, strolled past the park bench.

"Tsk, ts!" he clucked, stopping and taking in the scene. "Can I believe my eyes? Are these two little love birds—*quarreling*?"

"Don't you *dare* hit me!" Judy cried, ignoring Jackson completely.

"Don't you—" Natch began, clinging to her wrists.

"Shame on *both* of you!" Jackson said, trying to come between them. "I'm astonished to—ouch! Hey—*cut it out! Leggo!* Judy—stop pulling my hair! Natch, quit it!"

All Natch's and Judy's pent-up anger was vented on poor, innocent Jackson! Judy tugged violently at his hair, while Natch, kicking out, felt the toe of his saddle shoe connect with the seat of Jackson's slacks!

"C'mon, Judy," Natch said to his girl. "It looks like he's trying to make trouble for us!"

"You bet!" Judy answered quickly, slipping her hand through Natch's arm. "Quarreling! We wouldn't *dream* of such a childish thing! He's only trying to separate us!"

For a moment, they both stared scornfully at Jackson and then, heads together, they ambled off into the park. Rubbing his head in bewilderment, Jackson could hear Judy's disdainful voice.

"Quarreling?" she was saying. "I *should* say *not*!"



"Natch" in "The Sleepwalker"



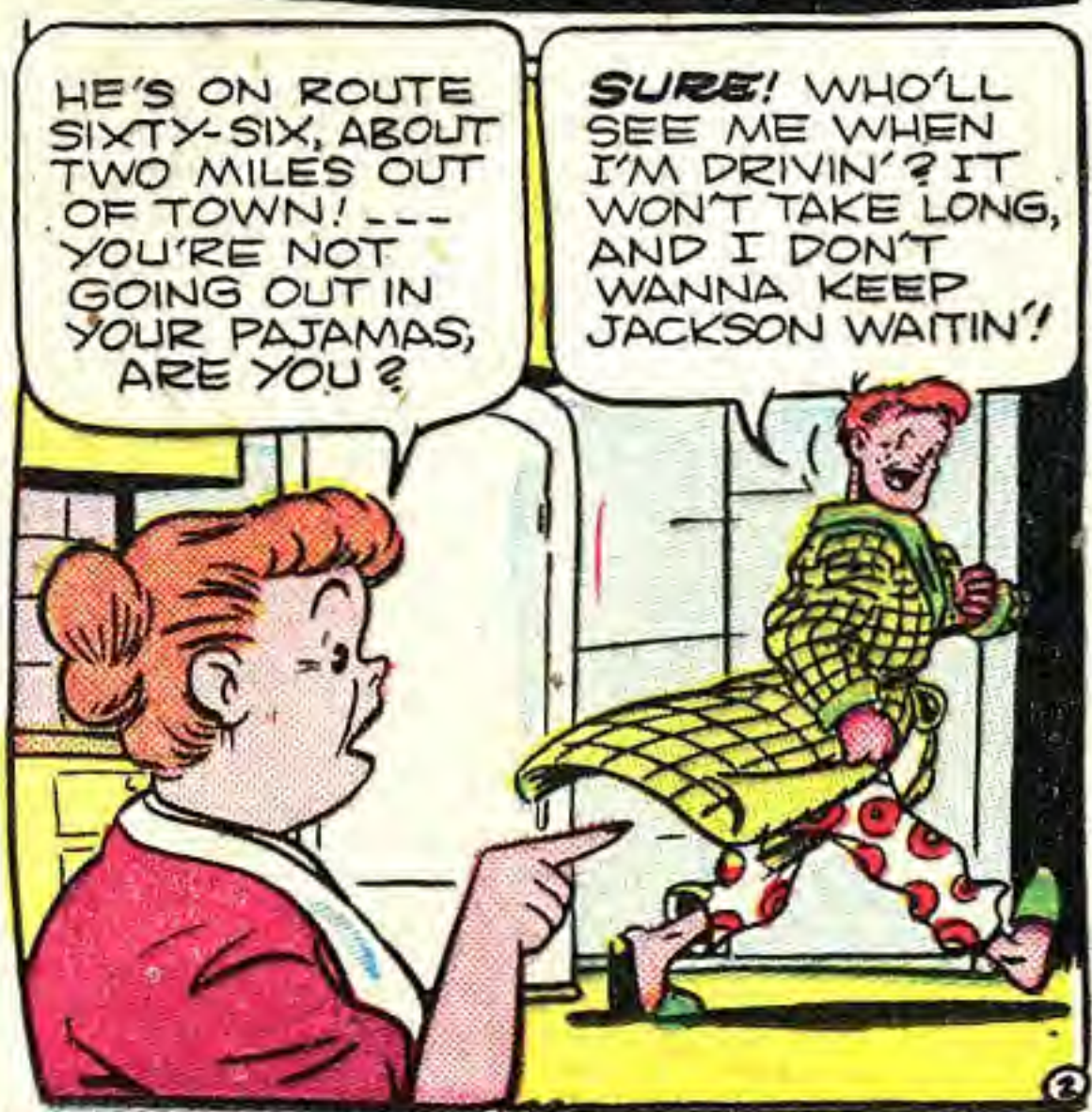
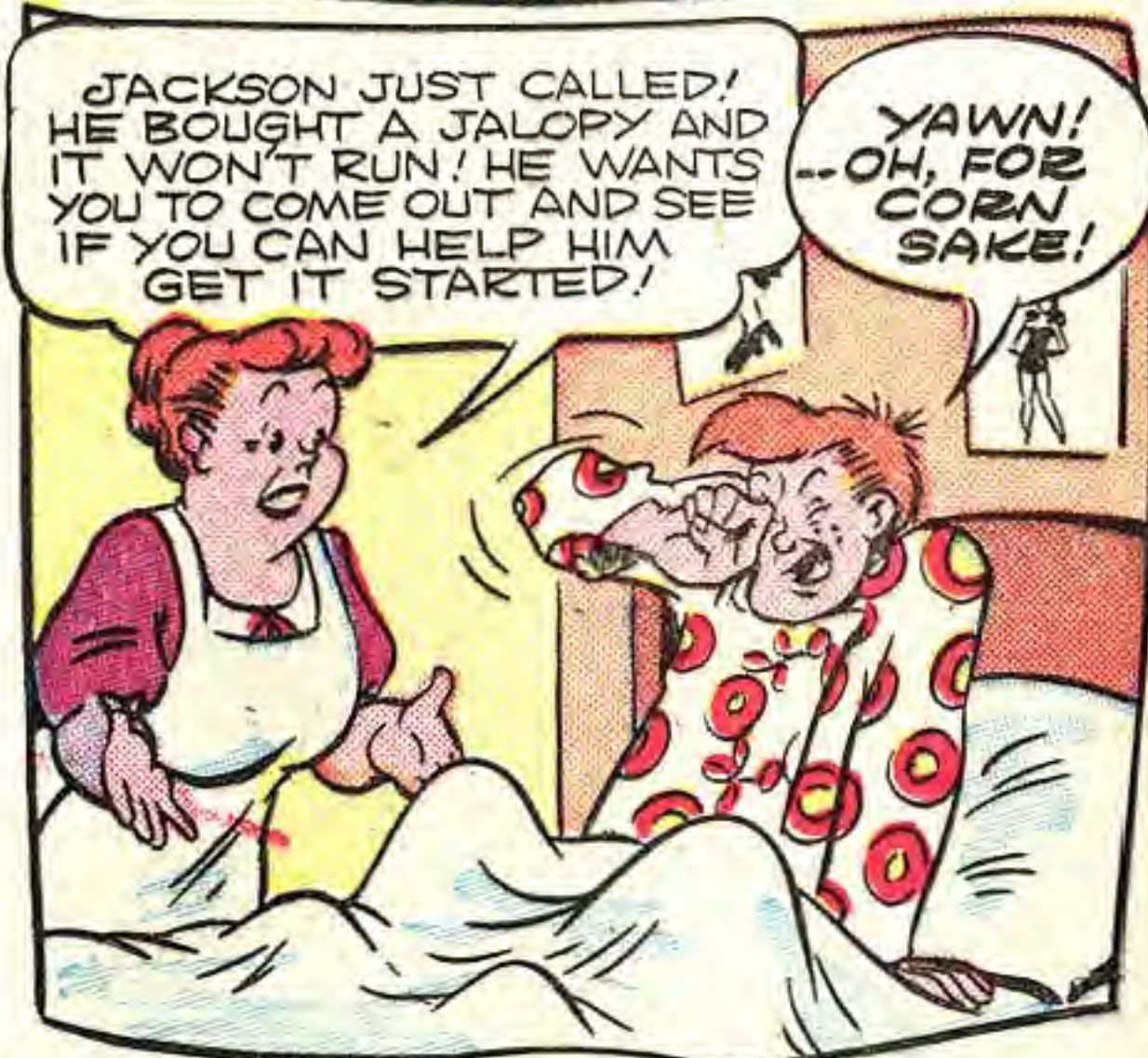
MY GOODNESS,
THE PHONE!!
WHO COULD BE
CALLING AT SEVEN-
THIRTY IN THE
MORNING?

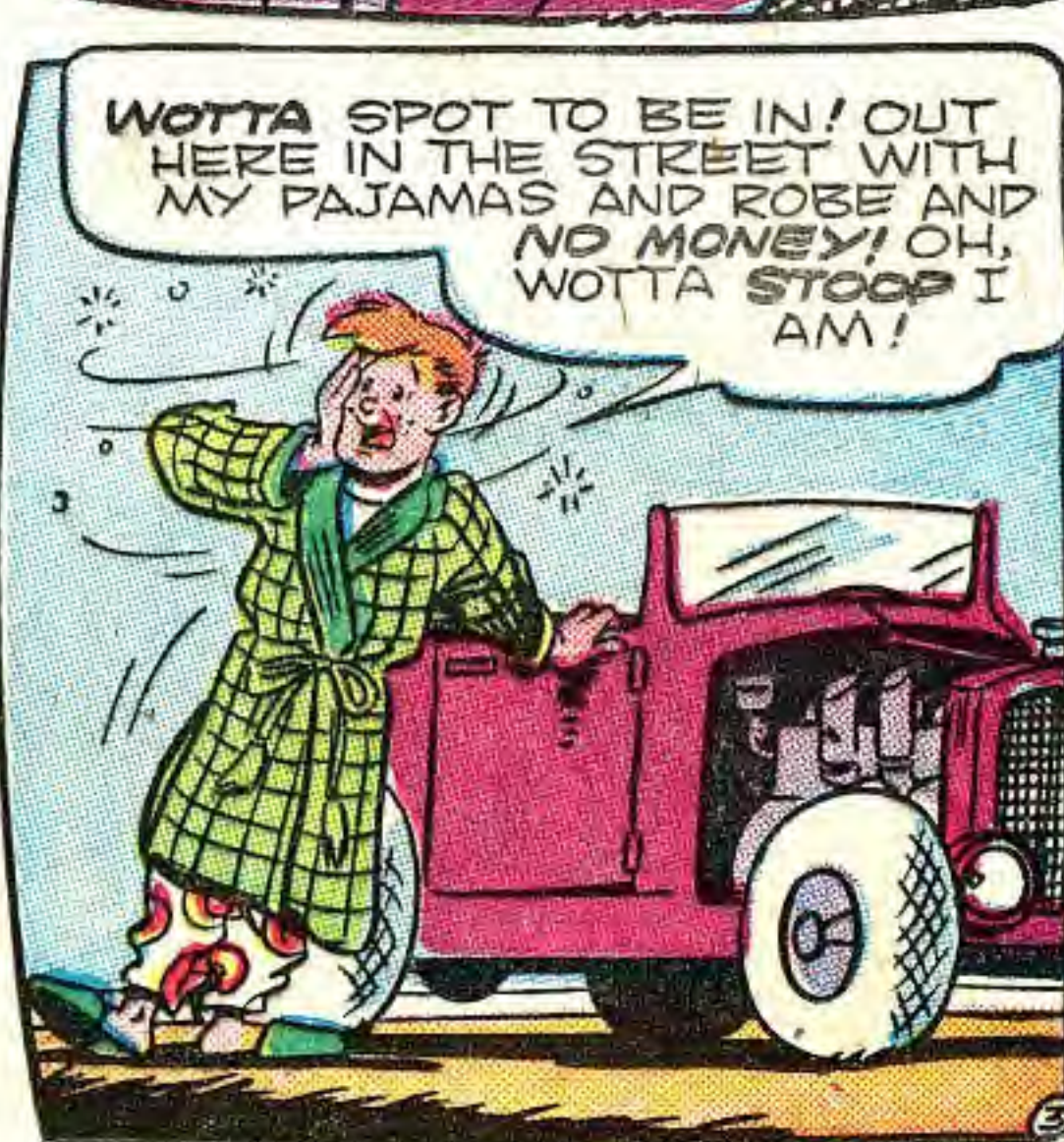
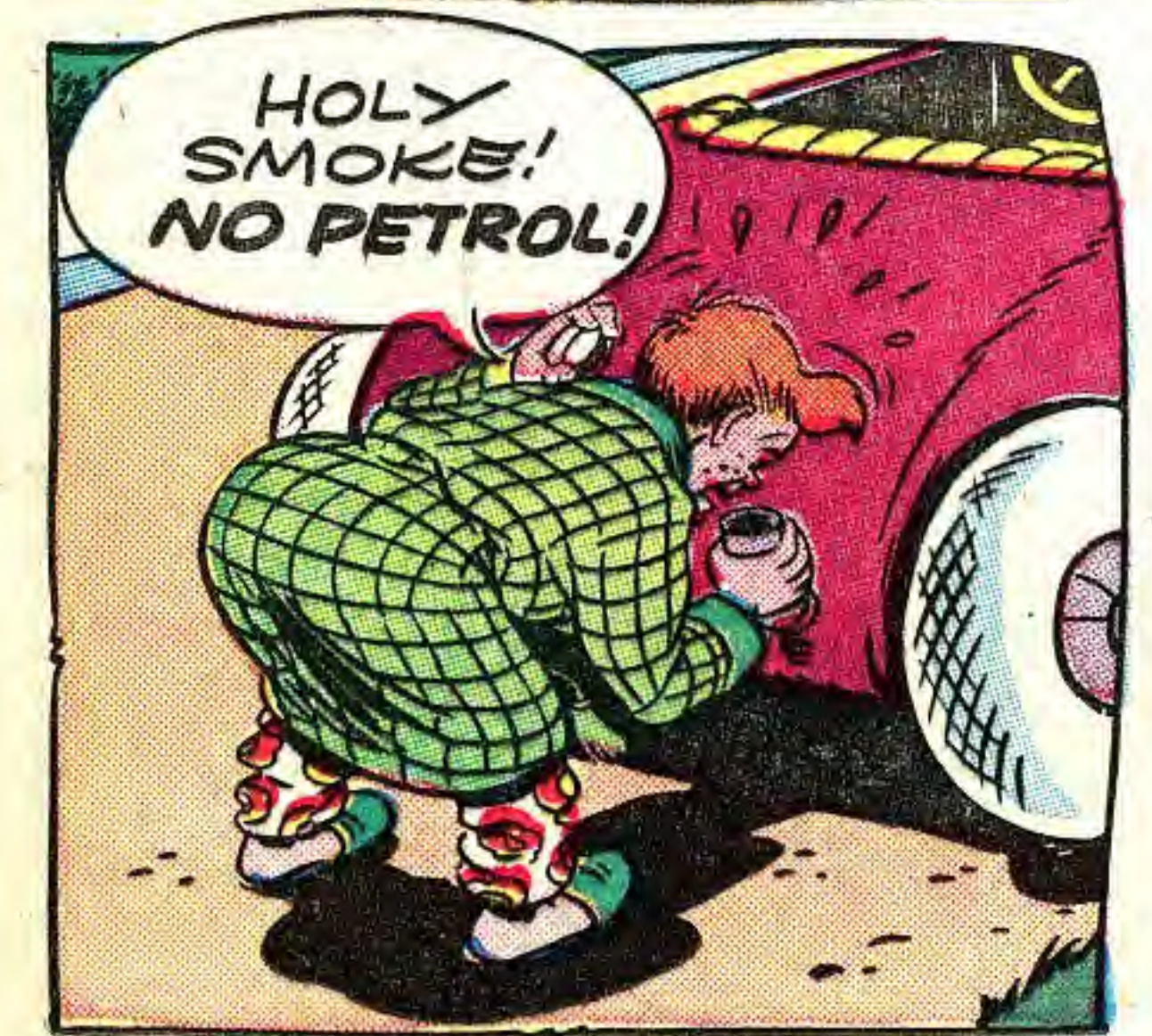
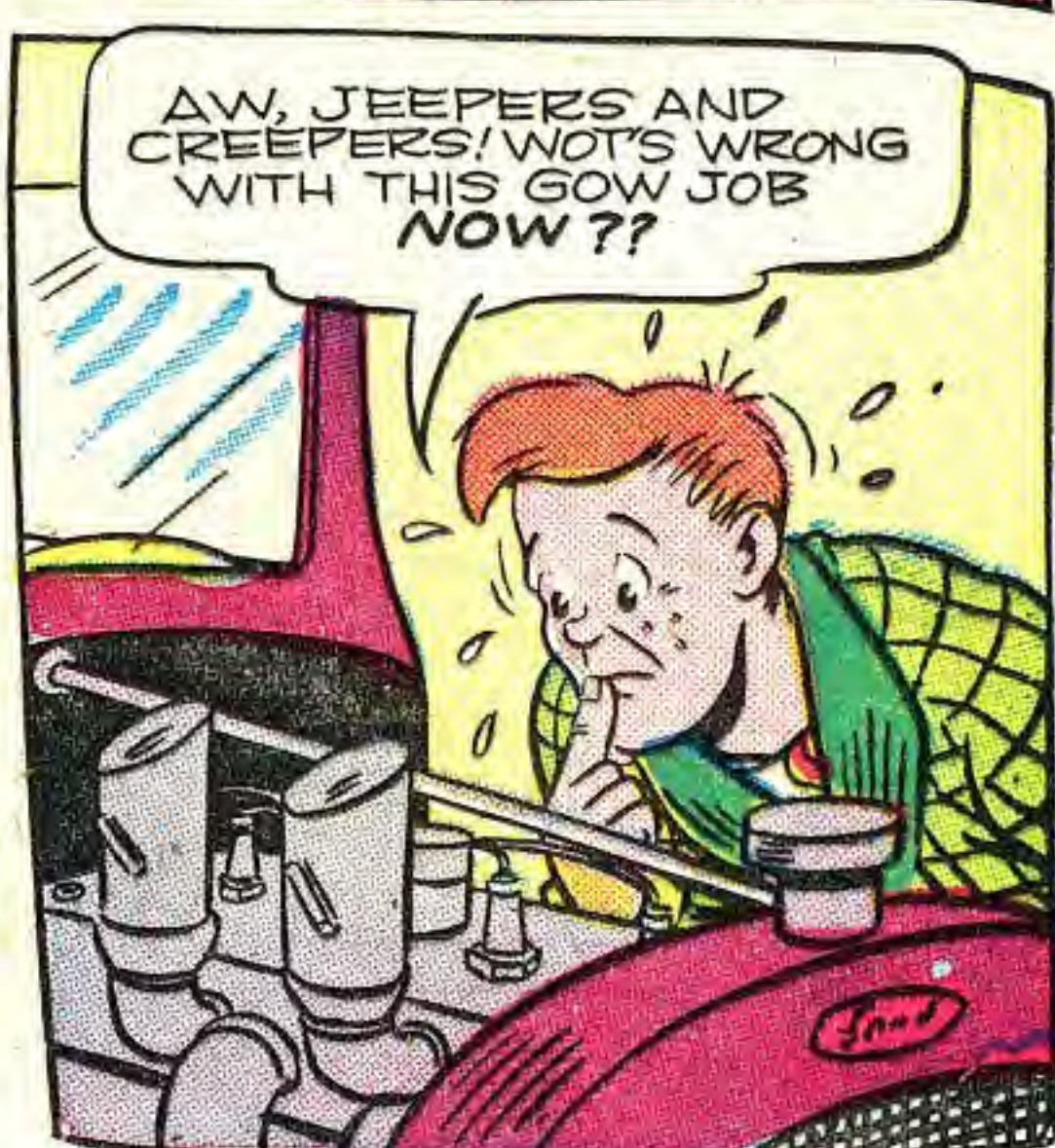
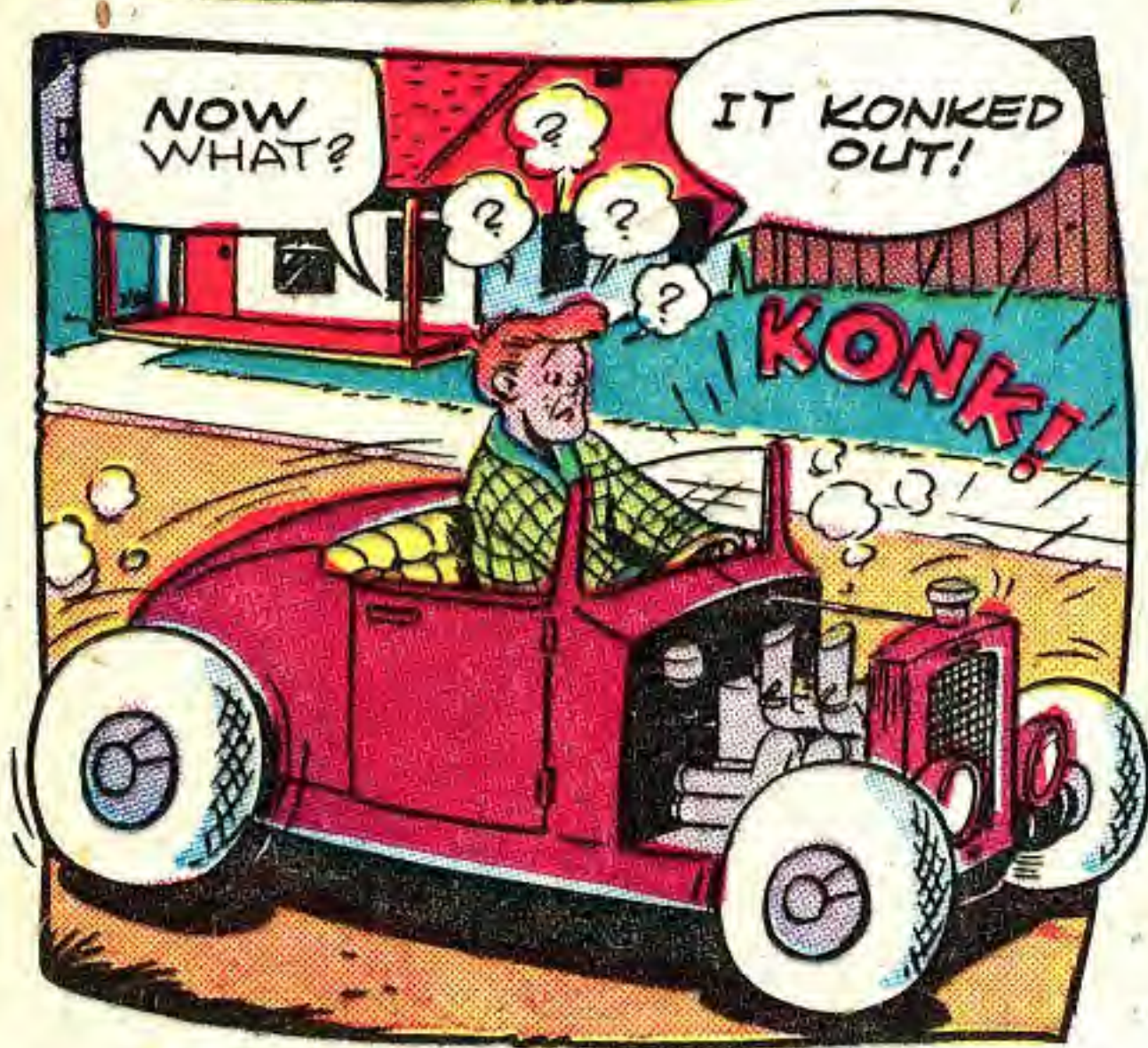
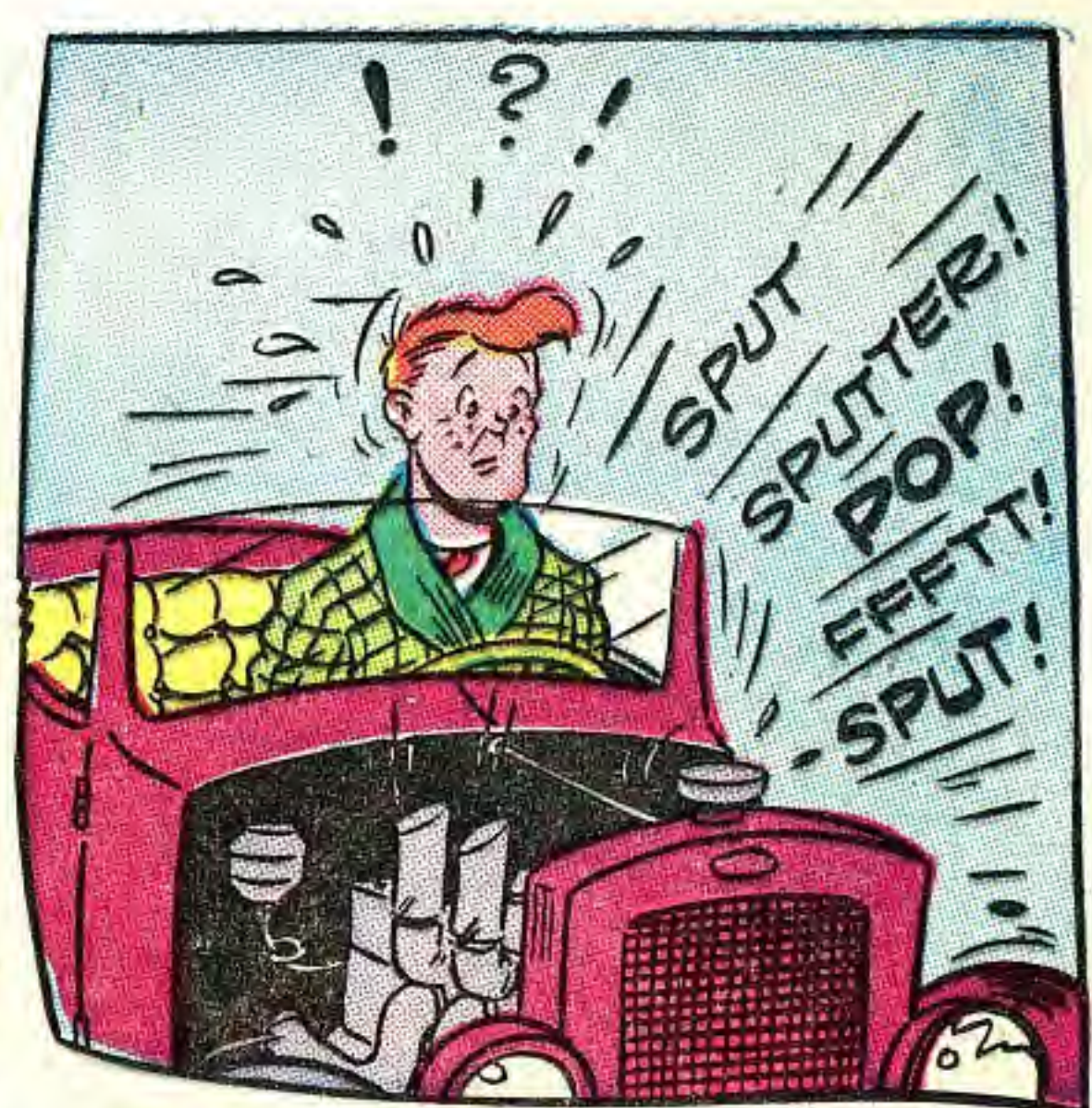
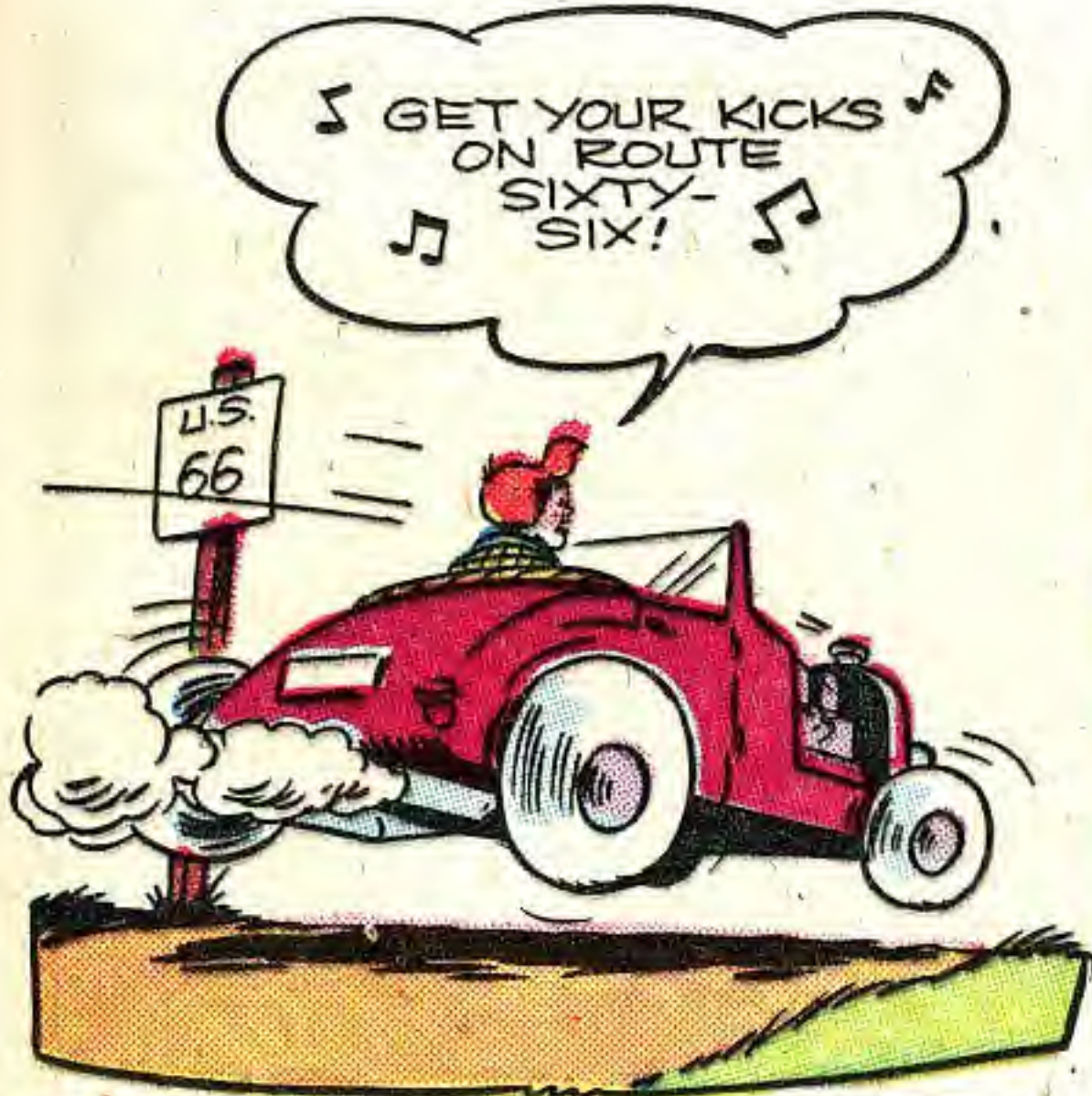
RING!
RING!

HELLO?

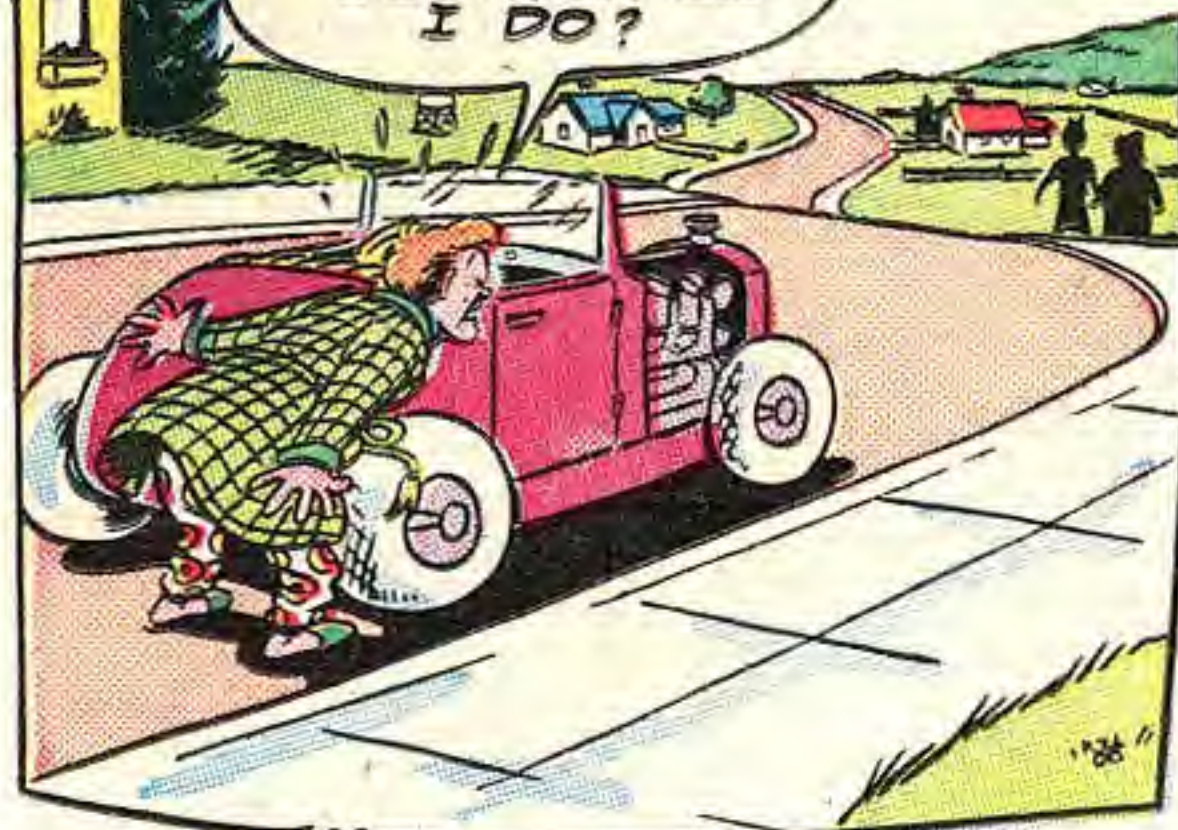
HELLO, MIZ KILROY?
THIS IS JACKSON!
COULD I SPEAK
TO NATCH,
PLEASE?



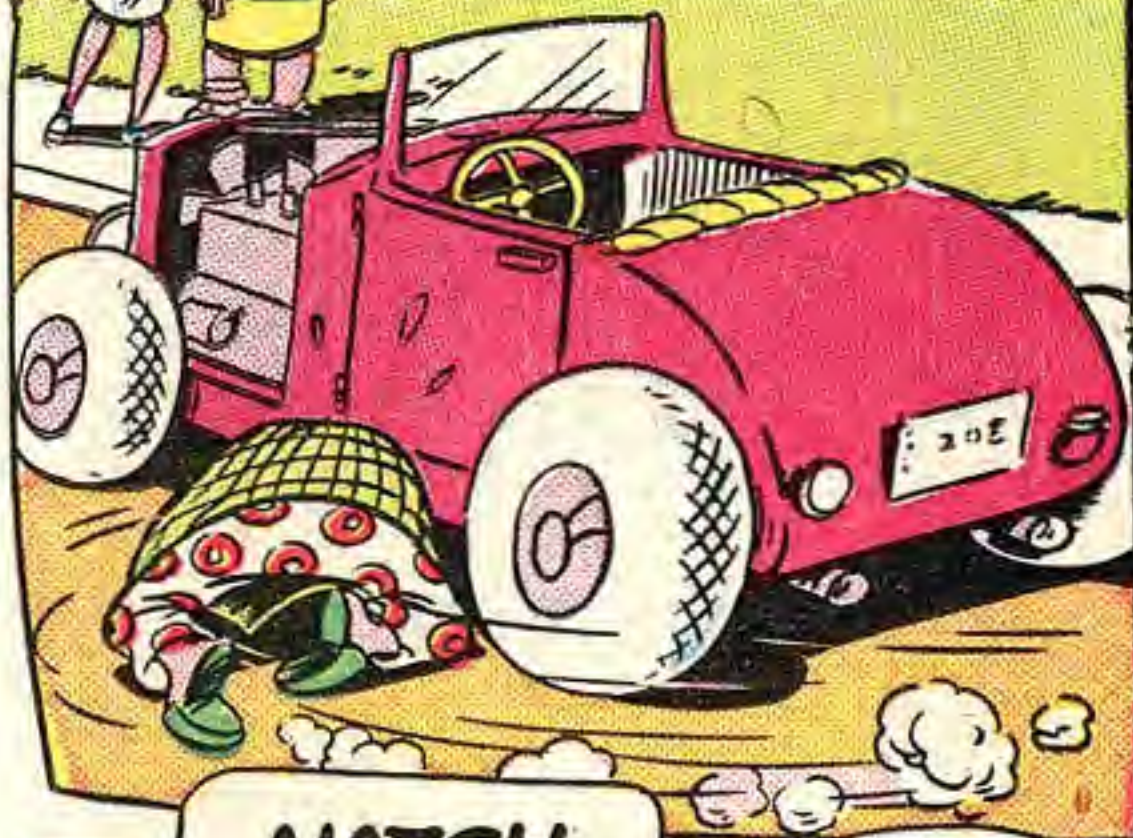




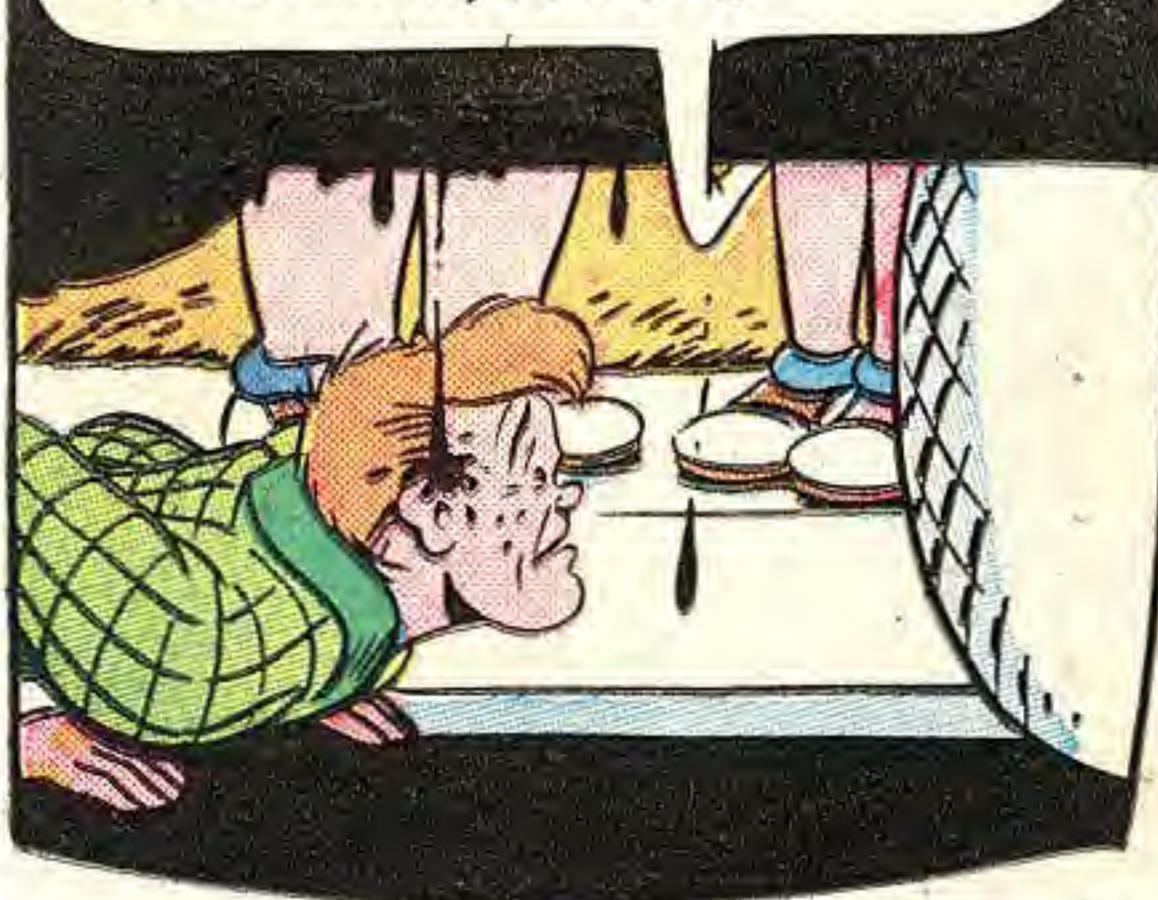
OH, GREAT!
HERE COMES JUDY
AND HER GIRL
FRIEND-- AND
ME IN MY SLEEP
SUIT! WOT'LL
I DO?



WHY, THAT'S
NATCH'S JALOPY!
I WONDER
WHERE HE
IS?

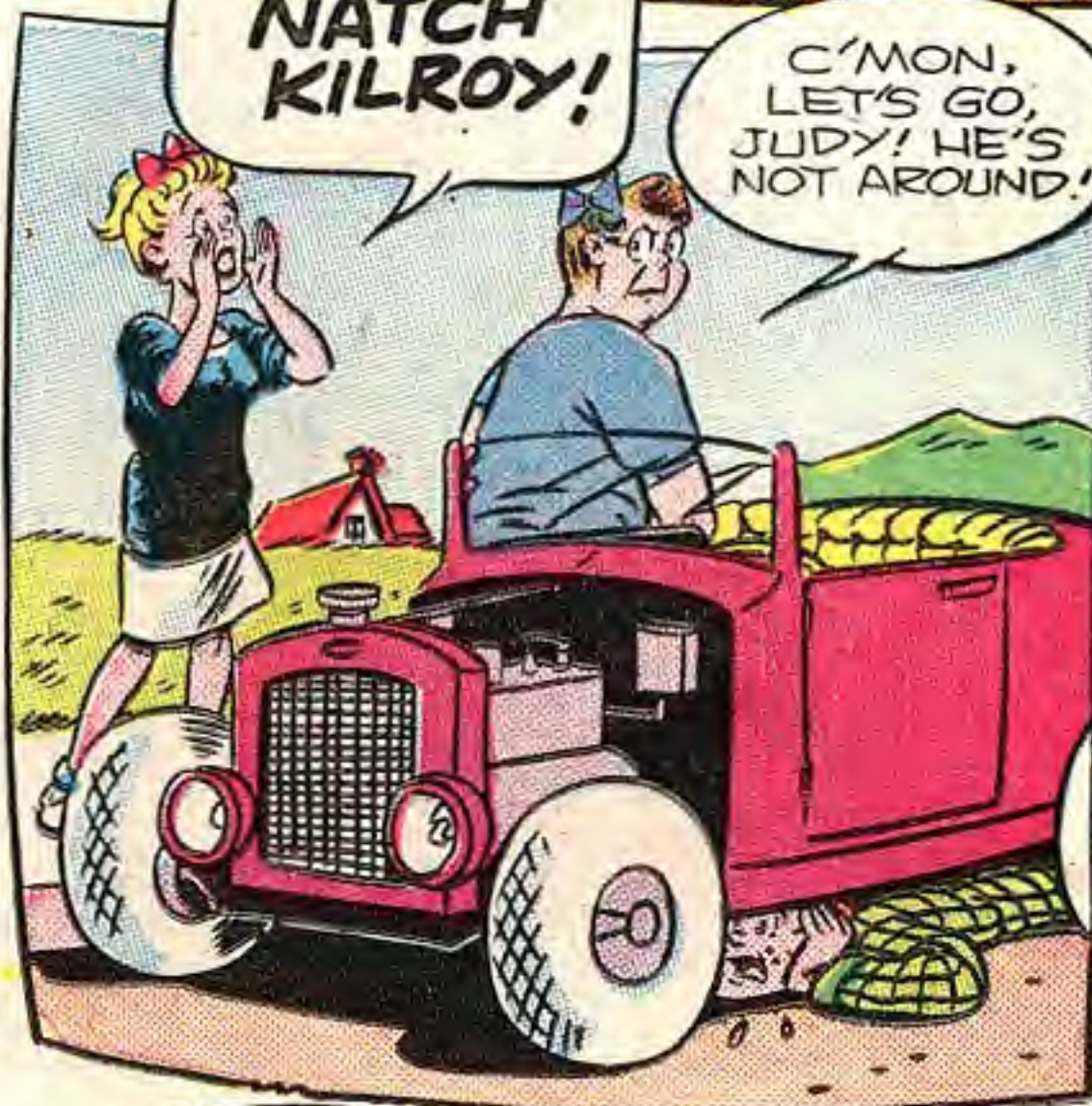


NATCH MUST BE AROUND
HERE **SOMEWHERE**-- HE NEVER
LETS HIS HOT ROD OUT OF HIS
SIGHT! OH, NATCH!



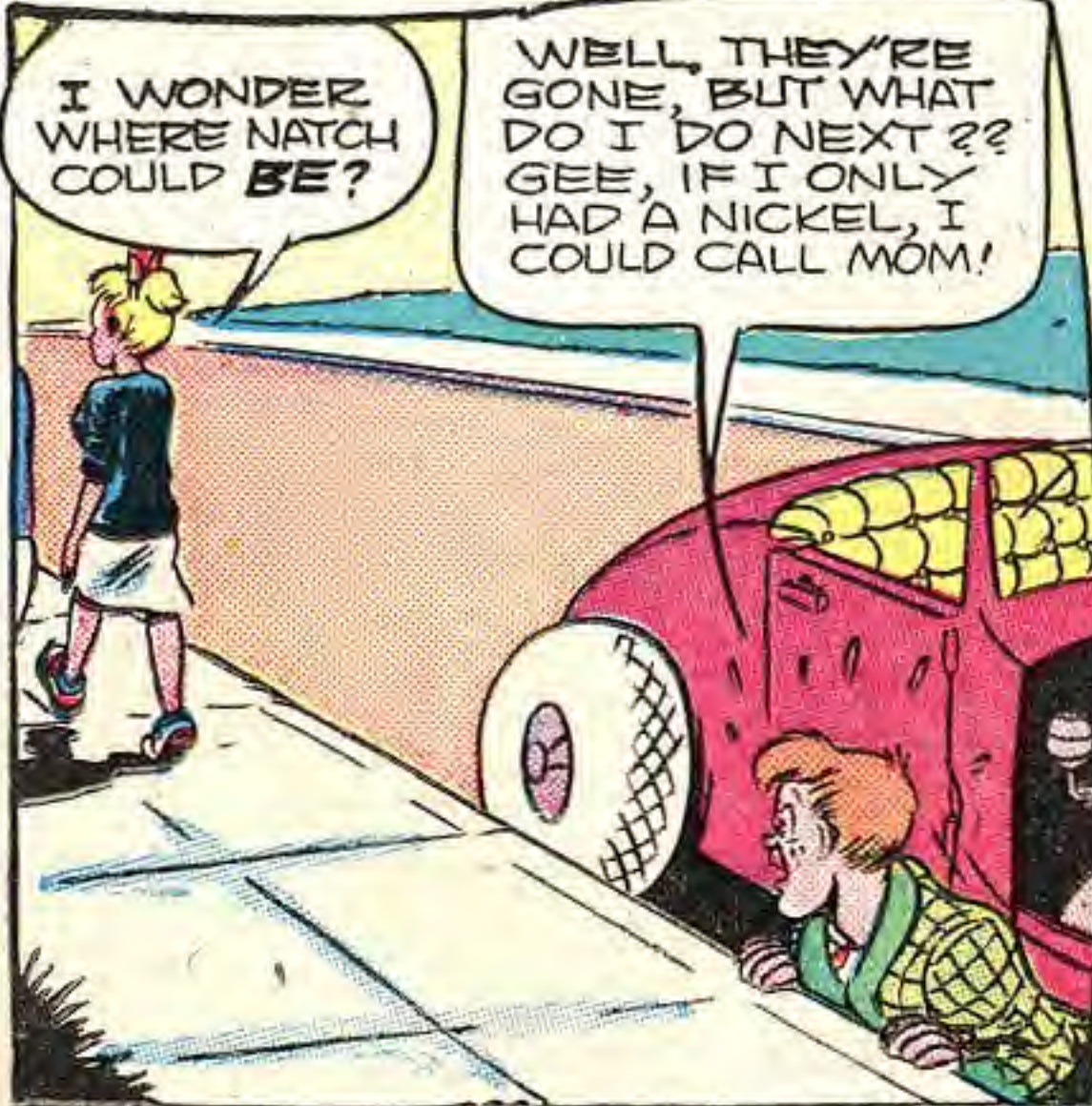
**NATCH
KILROY!**

C'MON,
LET'S GO,
JUDY! HE'S
NOT AROUND!



I WONDER
WHERE NATCH
COULD **BE**?

WELL, THEY'RE
GONE, BUT WHAT
DO I DO NEXT??
GEE, IF I ONLY
HAD A NICKEL, I
COULD CALL MOM!



OH, BOY!
JUST WHAT
I NEED! A
LADY'S HAT AND
SOME OLD HIGH-
HEEL SHOES!



I'LL JUST ROLL UP MY PAJAMA PANTS -- AND I CAN **WALK** HOME WITHOUT PEOPLE KNOWING I'M IN MY BATHROBE AND P.J.'S!

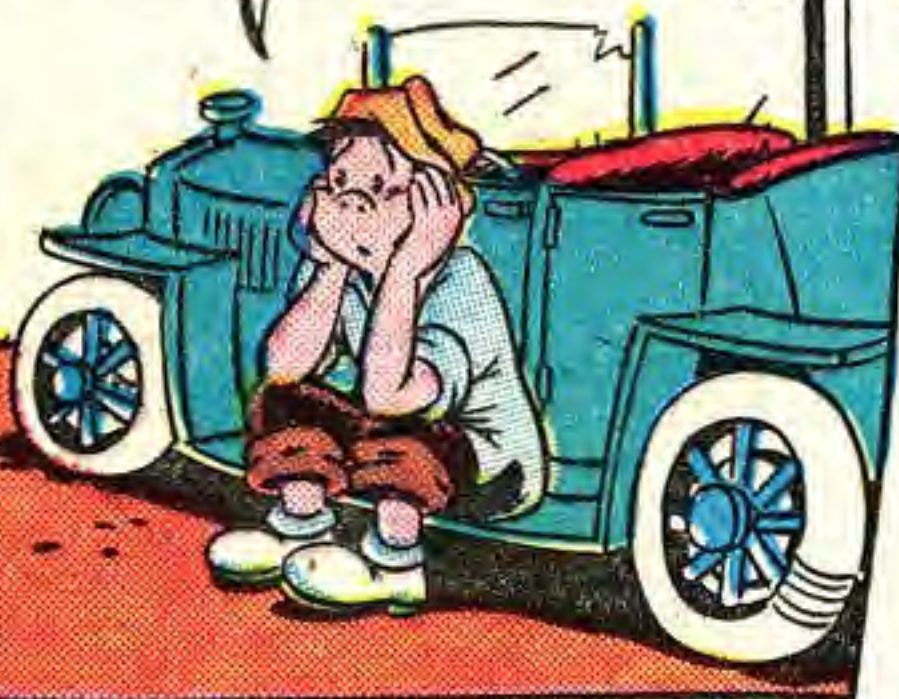


She's Engaged
She's lovely
She's Charming
She uses **SOAP!**

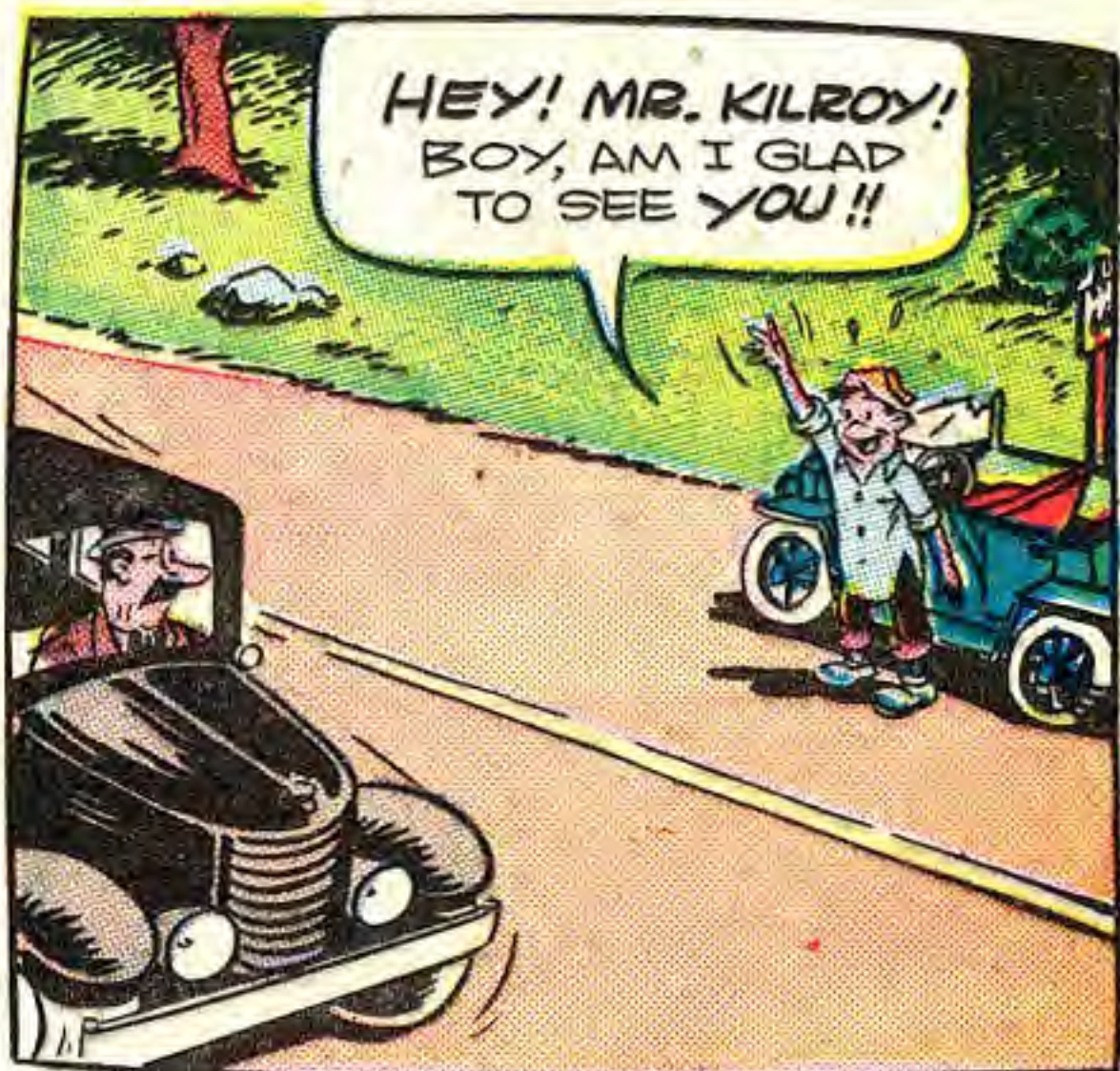


MEANWHILE

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO **NATCH**? HE SHOULD A' BEEN HERE A **LONG** TIME AGO!



HEY! MR. KILROY!
BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!!



WHERE'S NATCH? HIS MOTHER HAS BEEN WAITING BREAKFAST FOR **TWO HOURS**! WE THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU!!

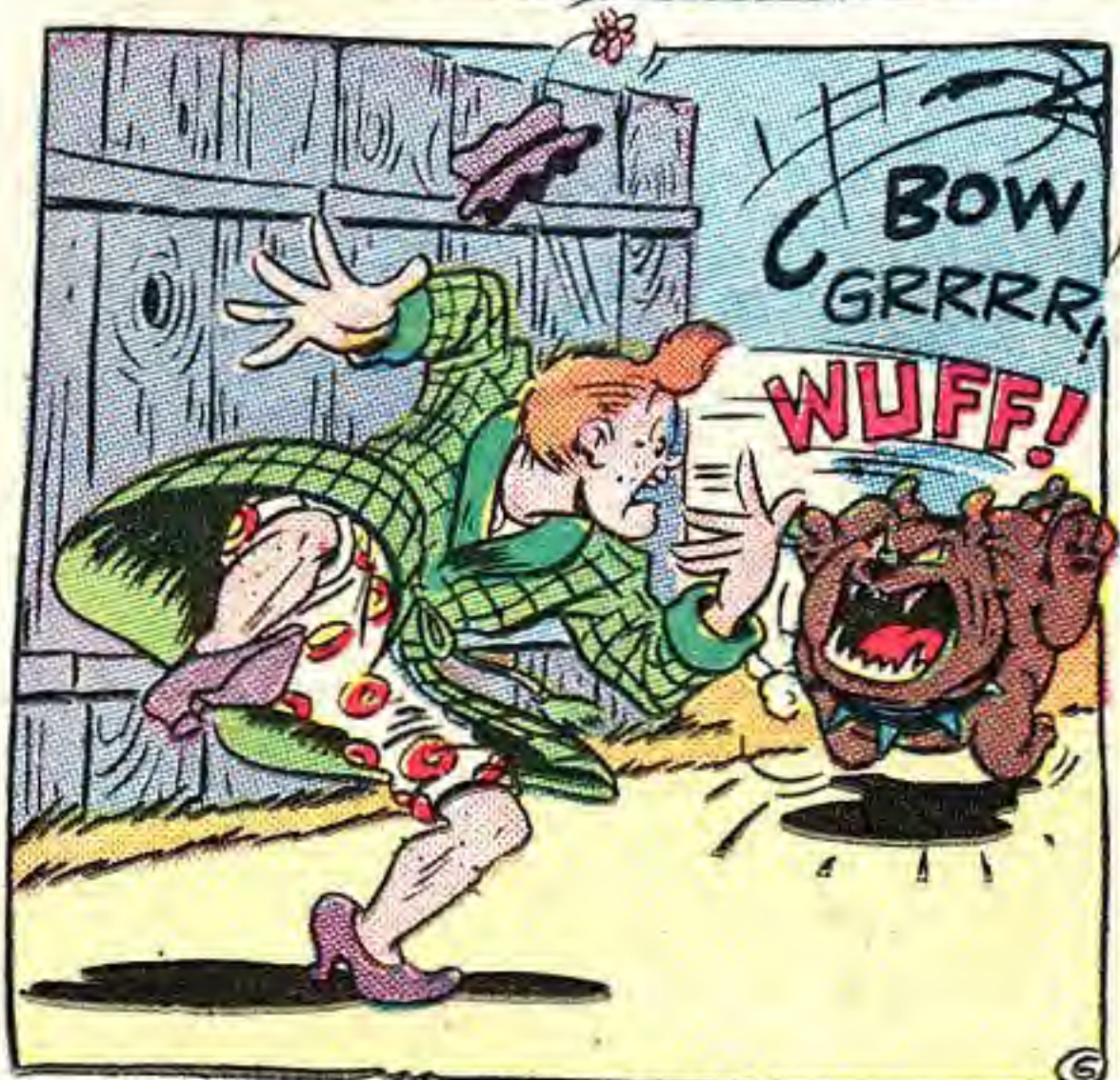
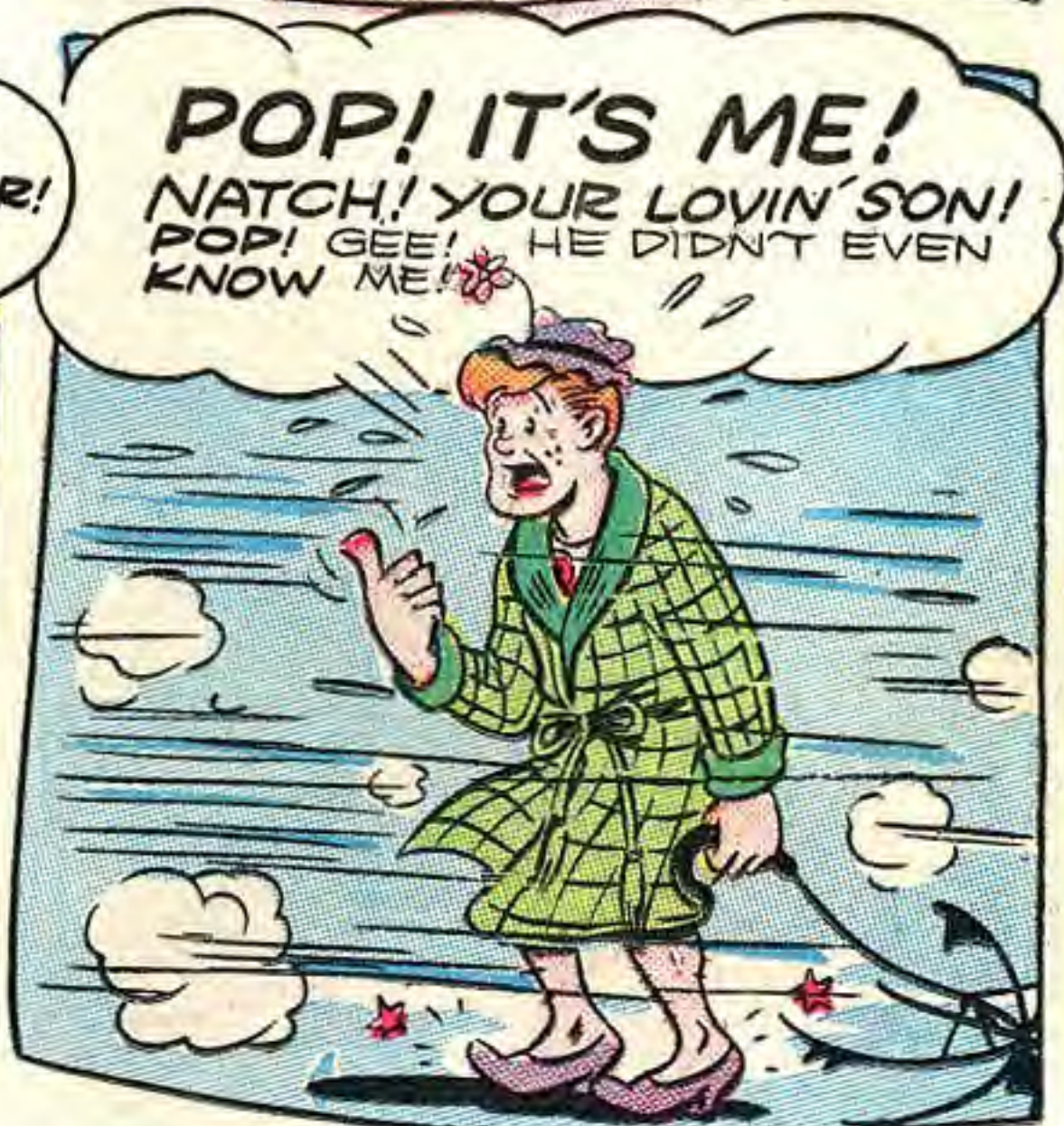
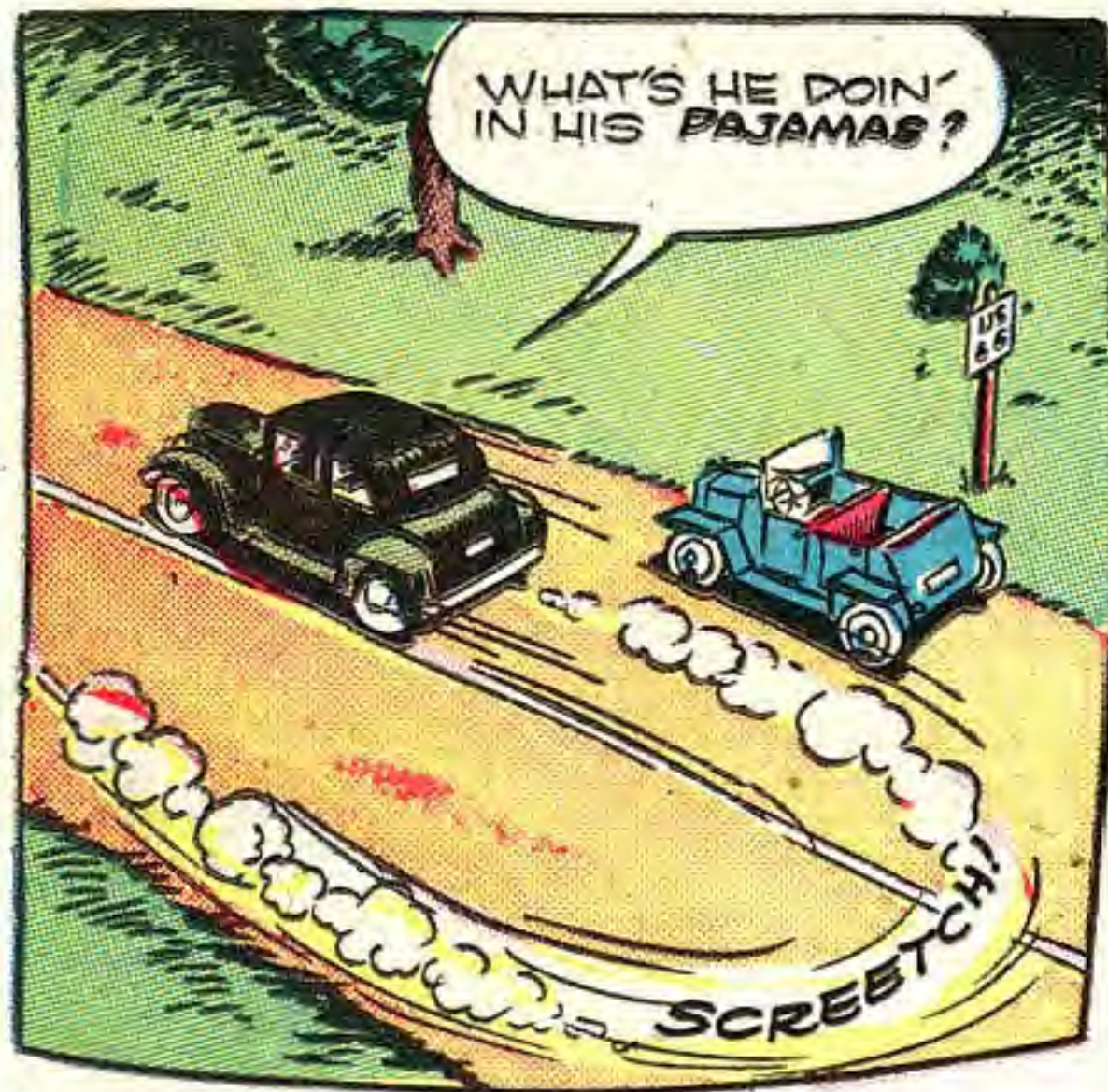
GOLLYSAKES! I DUNNO! I BEEN WAITIN' TWO HOURS TOO!



I SAW HIS JALOPY BACK ABOUT A MILE! WE BETTER FIND HIM ---- HE'S IN HIS **PAJAMAS** AND **BATHROBE**! WE CAN COME BACK FOR YOUR CAR LATER! C'MON ---- HOP IN!

PAJAMAS!

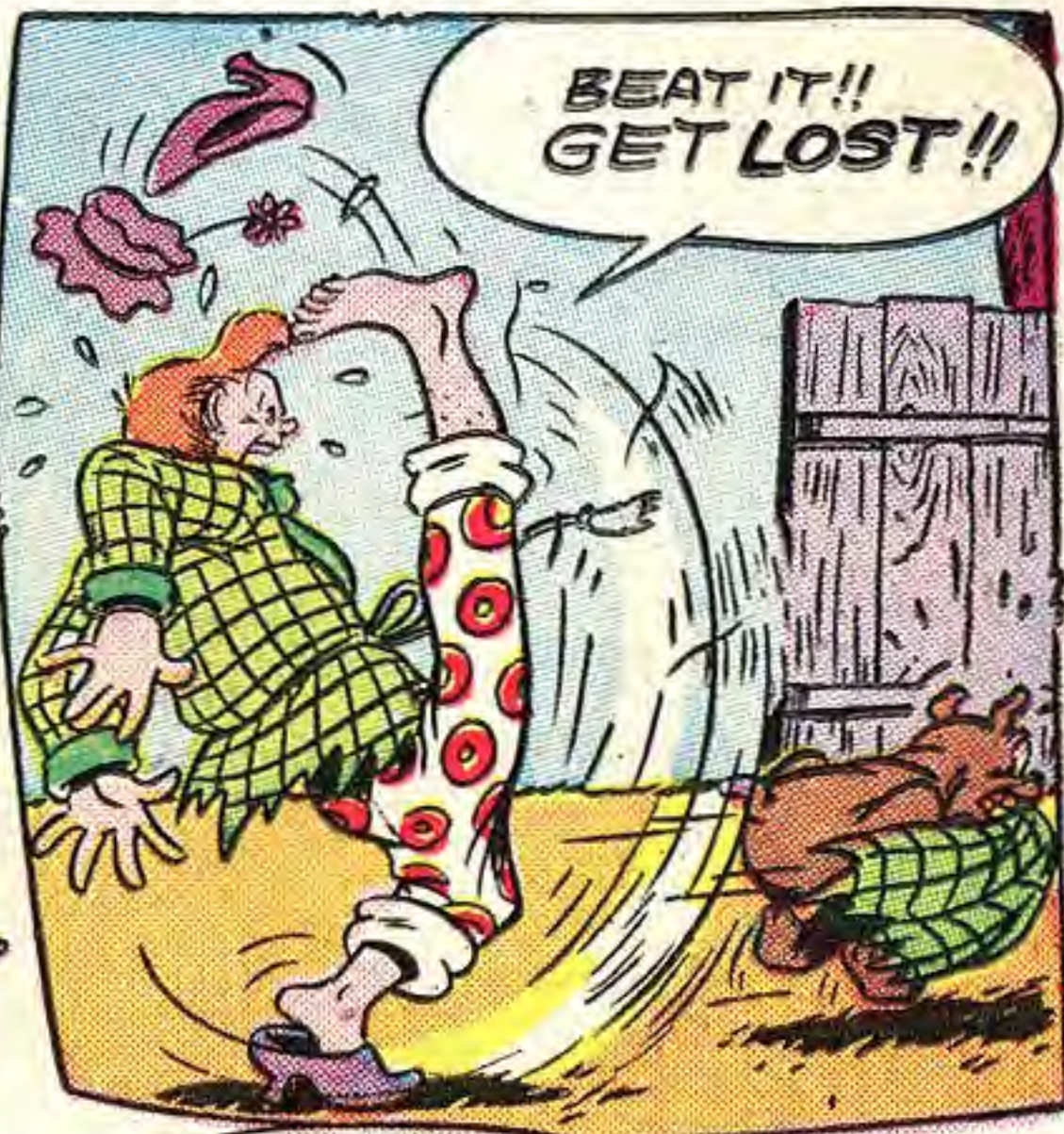




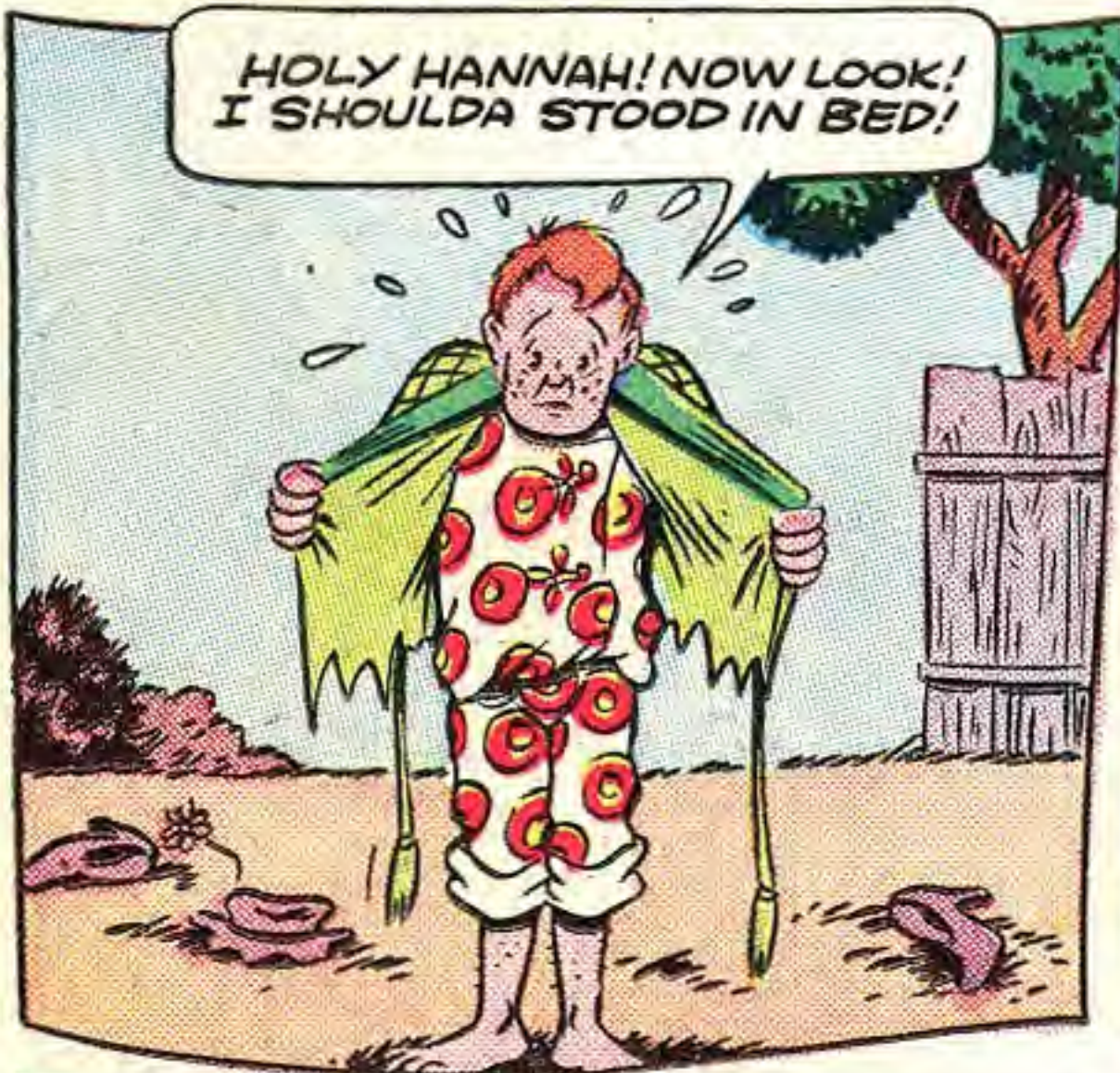
G'WAN --- BEAT IT, YA
DANG MUTT! I GOT ENOUGH
TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU!
LEGGO OF THAT!!
SCRAM!!



BEAT IT!!
GET LOST!!



HOLY HANNAH! NOW LOOK!
I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!



WHAT AM I
GONNA DO NOW?
---GOLLY! HERE
COMES A POLICE
CAR!!

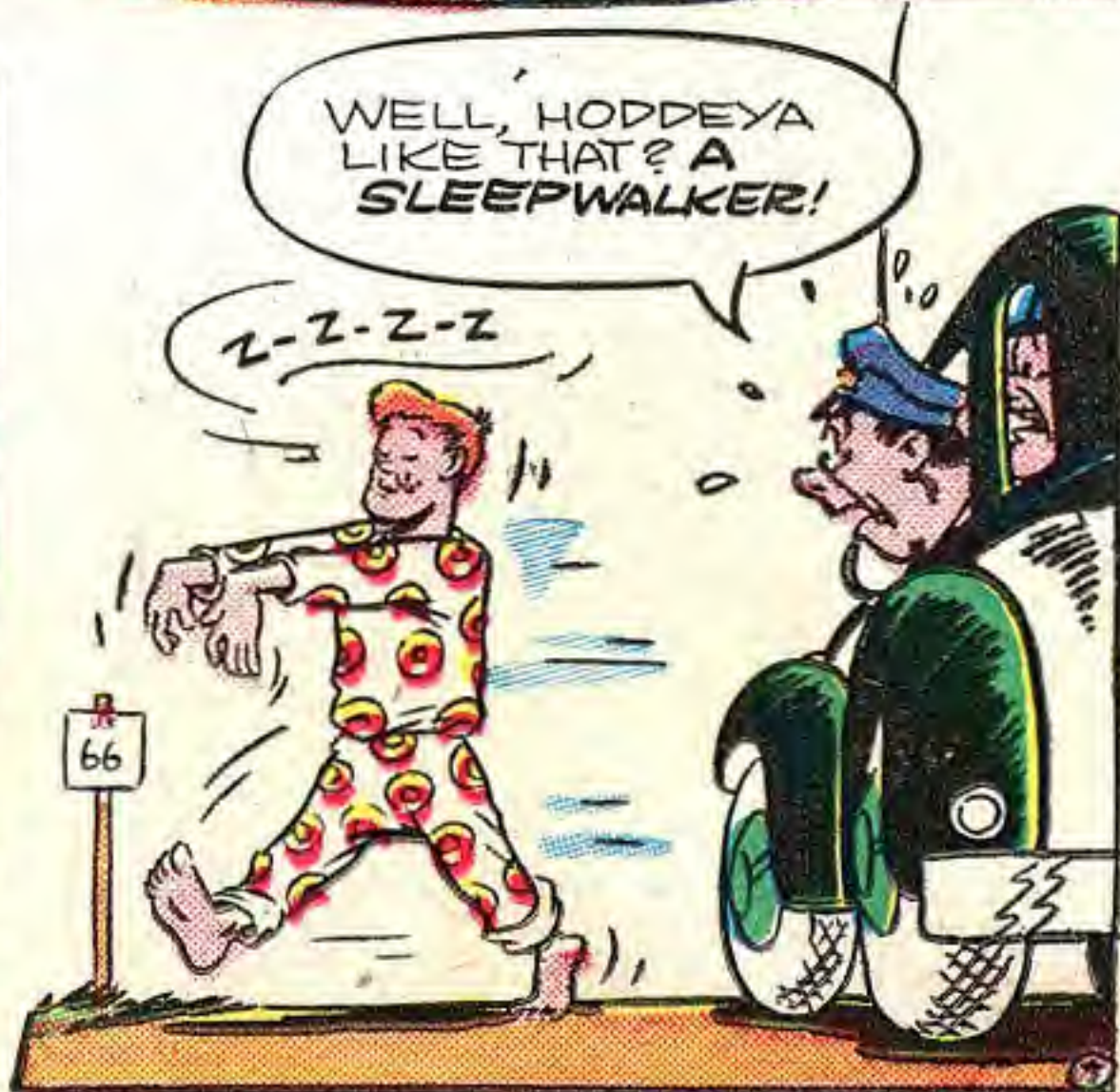


LOOK,
MIKE!

WELL, F'R CRYIN'
OUT LOUD! I'VE HEARD
ABOUT IT LOTS OF
TIMES, BUT THIS IS
THE FIRST
TIME I EVER
SAW IT!

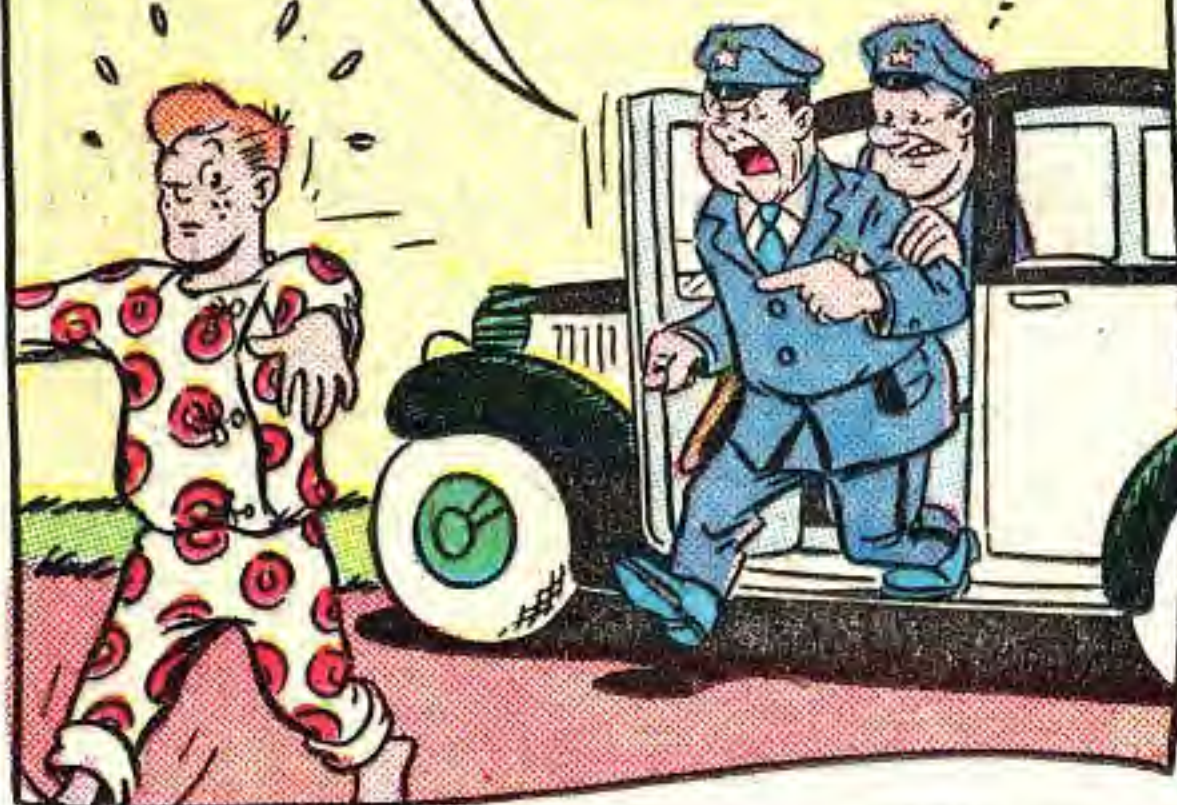


WELL, HODDEYA
LIKE THAT? A
SLEEPWALKER!



HEY, YOU!
WAKE UP!

DON'T WAKE HIM
UP, ED! SOMETIMES
WAKIN' A SLEEP-
WALKER KIN
PROVE FATAL!



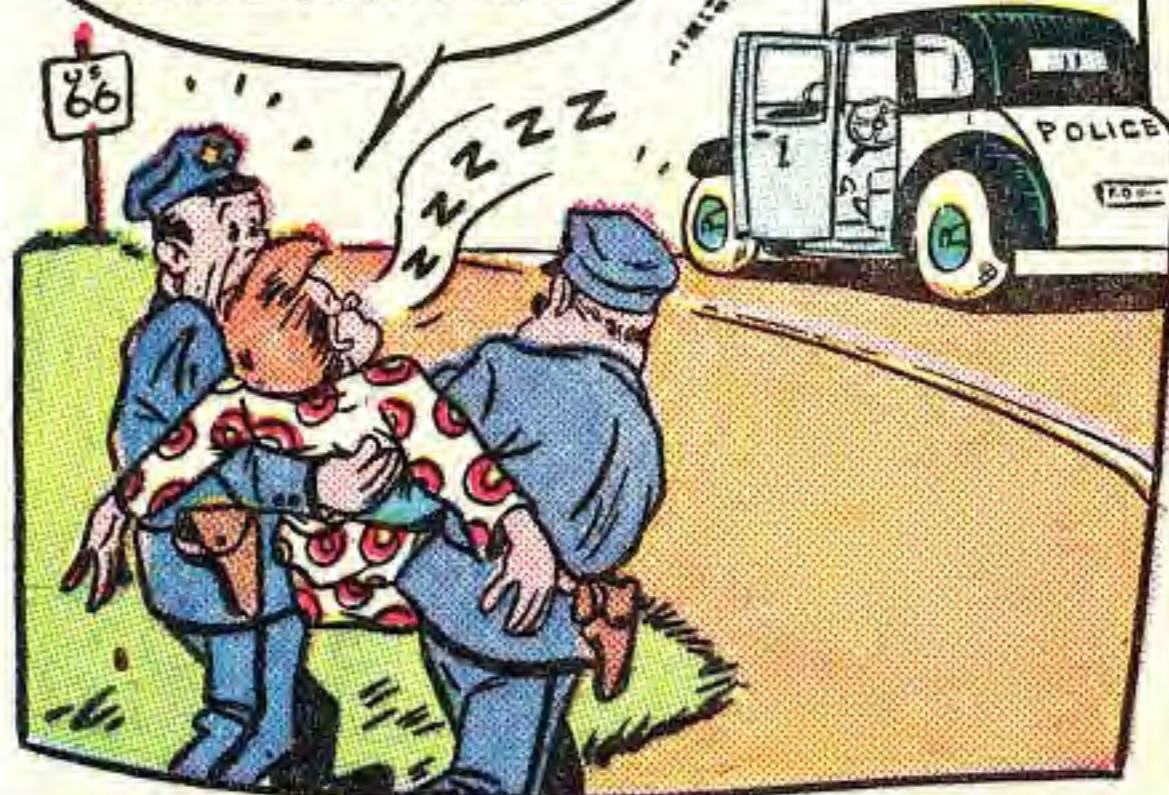
YEAH?
THEN WHAT'LL
WE DO??

I DUNNO! I
NEVER HAD A SLEEP-
WALKER CASE BEFORE!
MAYBE WE OUGHTA
PICK HIM UP LIKE A
BABY AND PUT HIM
IN THE
BACK
SEAT!



I-I HOPE HE
DON'T WAKE UP
AN' DIE! HIS
PAJAMAS ARE
LOUD ENOUGH TO
WAKE ANYTHING!

SH-H-H-H!



I WONDER WHAT
HE'S SMILIN' ABOUT?



WHAT'RE WE GONNA
DO WITH HIM? WE
CAN'T TAKE HIM TO
THE STATION-- IF
HE WOKE UP IN
JAIL, HE WOULD
DIE!

WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO RIDE
AROUND 'TIL
HE WAKES UP!
I WONDER
WHERE HE
LIVES?

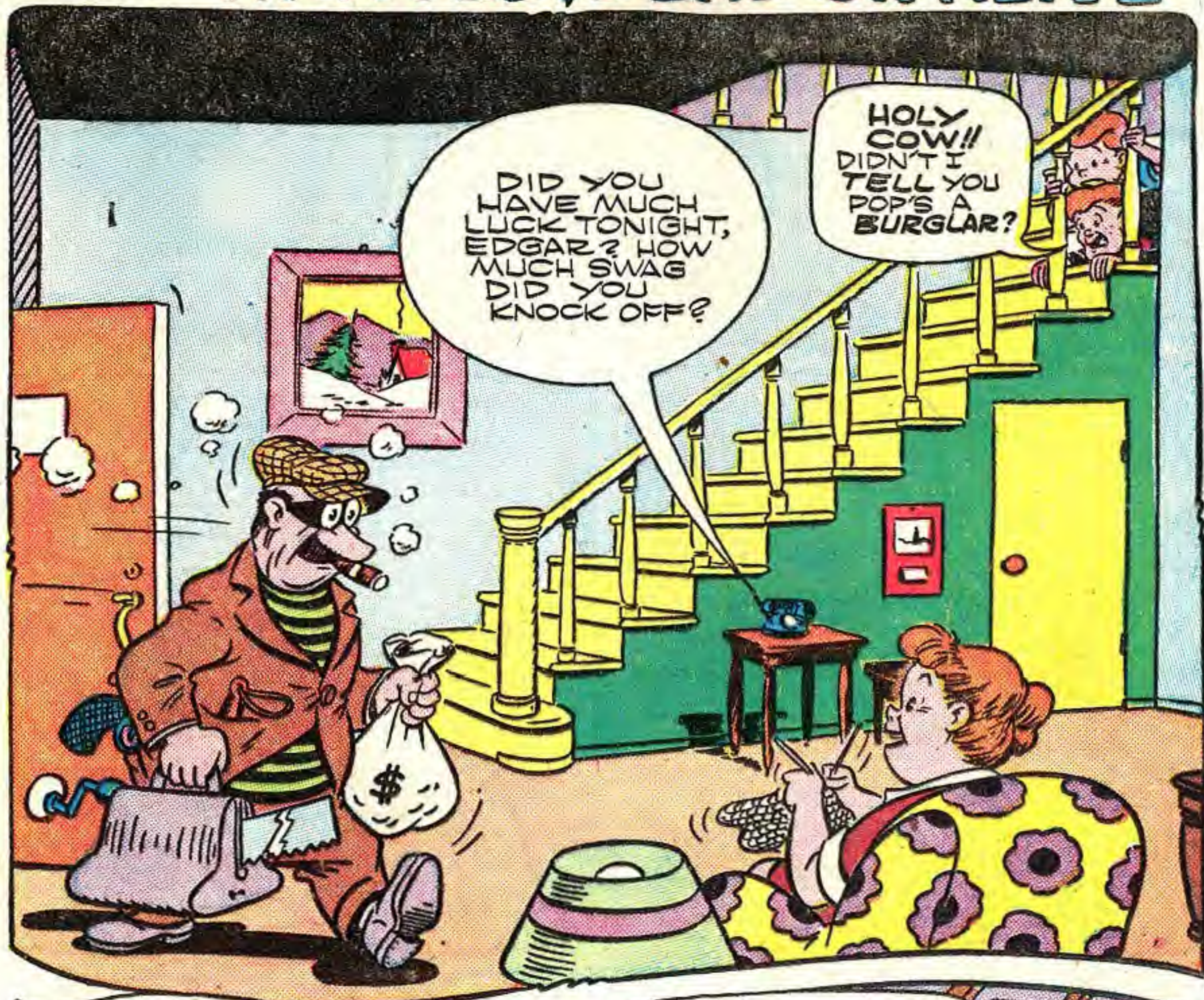


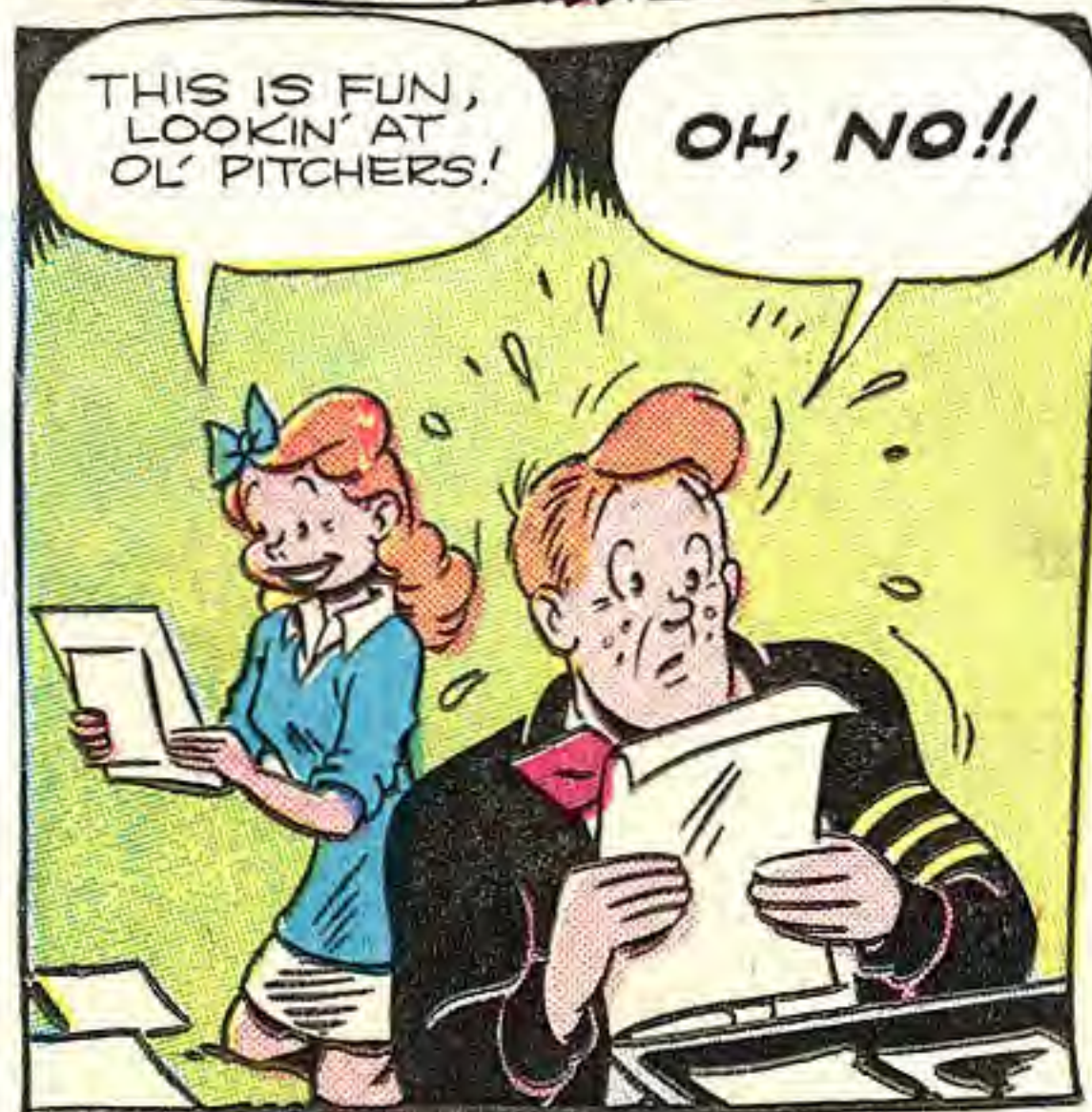
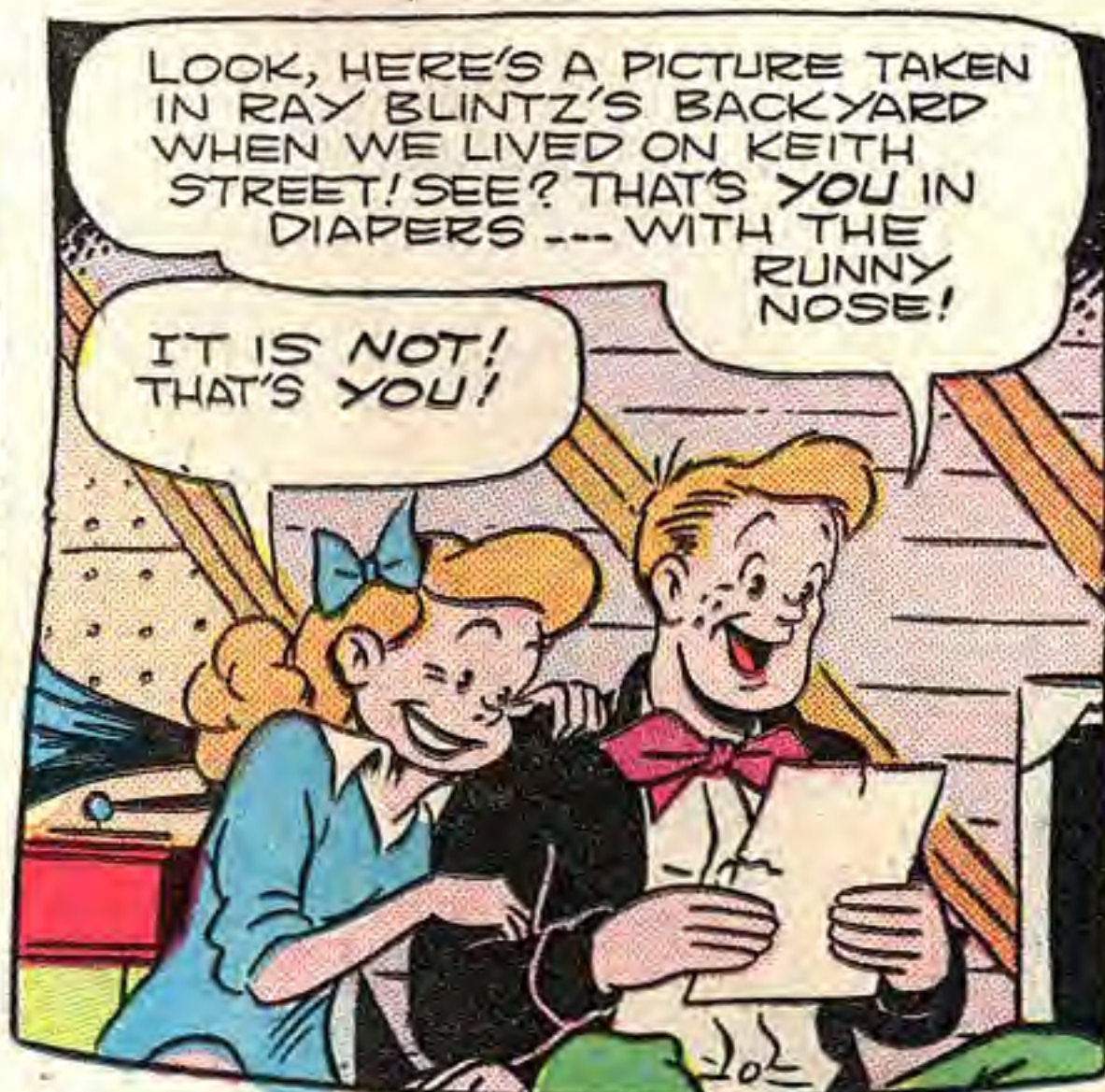
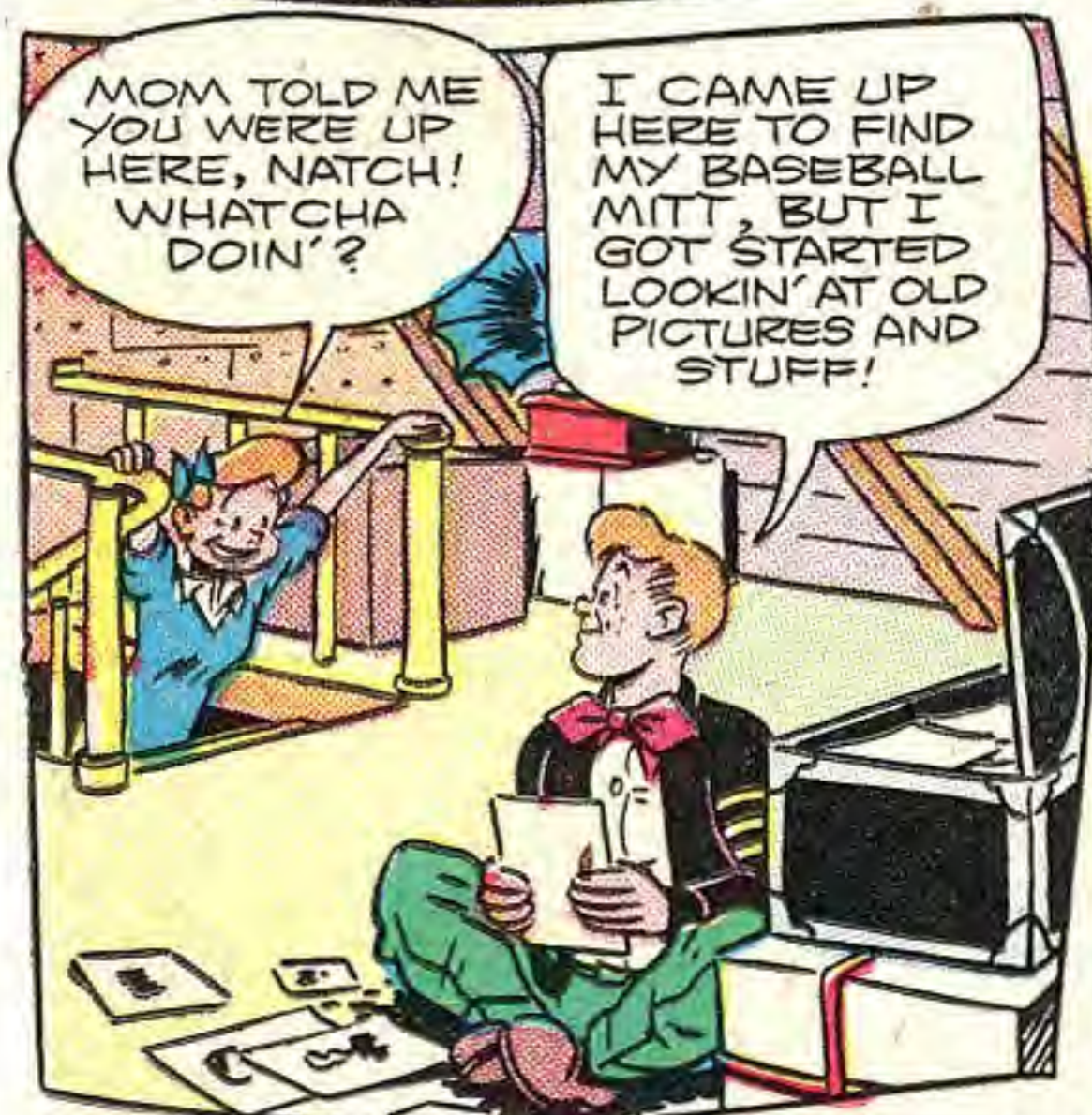
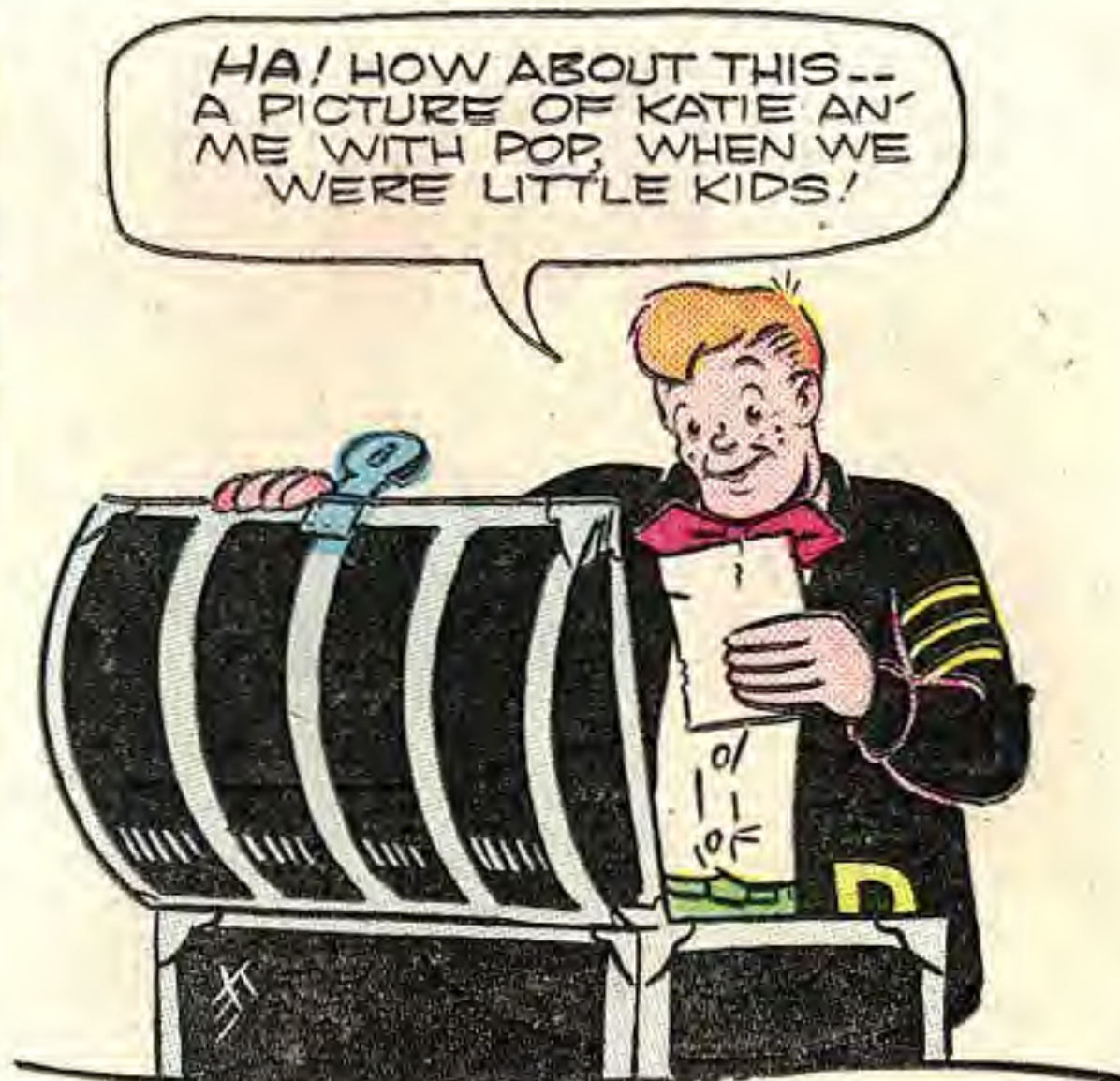
321 PINE STREET!
AN' STEP ON IT---
I'M LATE FOR
BREAKFAST!

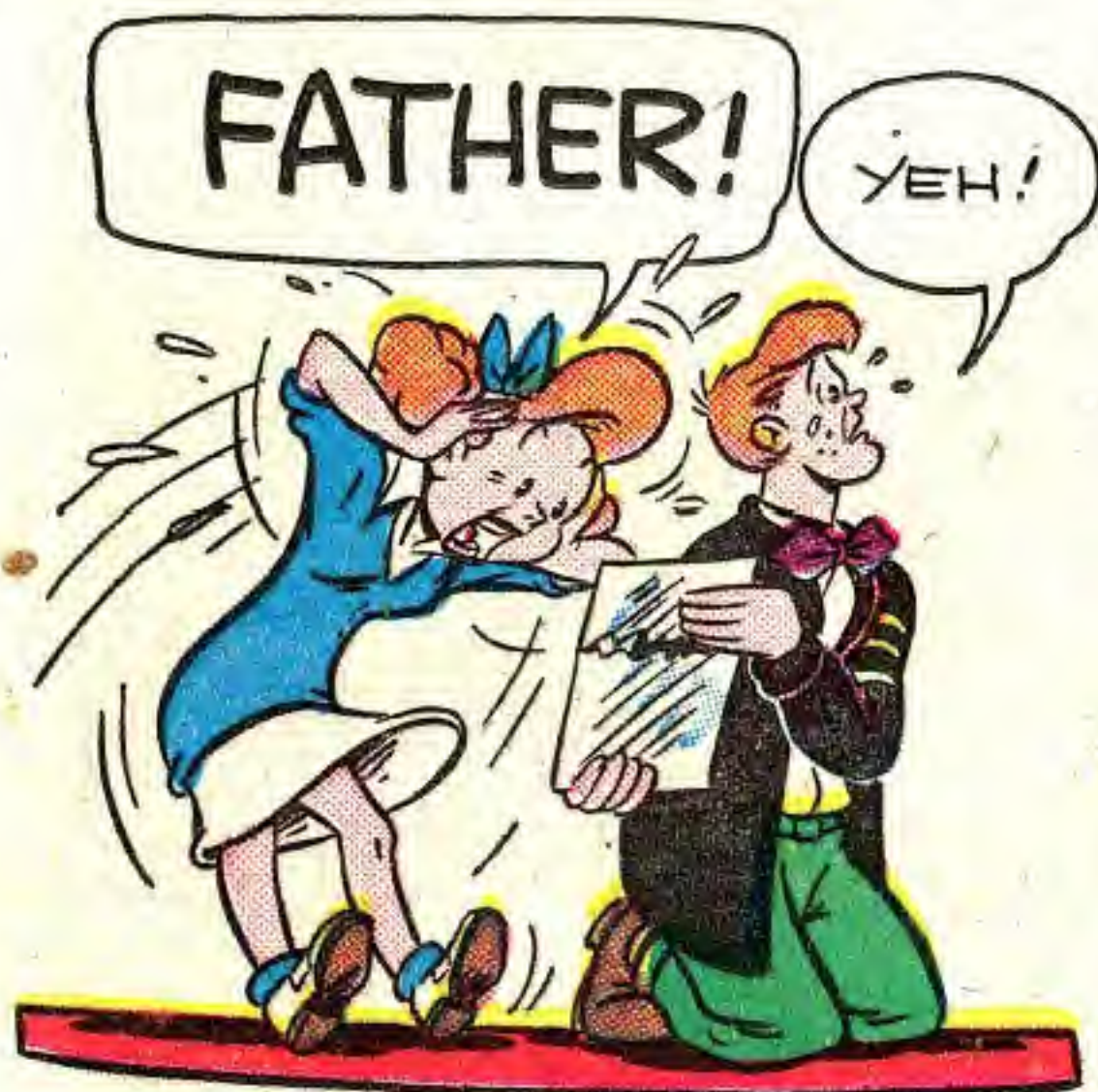


The **KILROYS**

in "WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE"





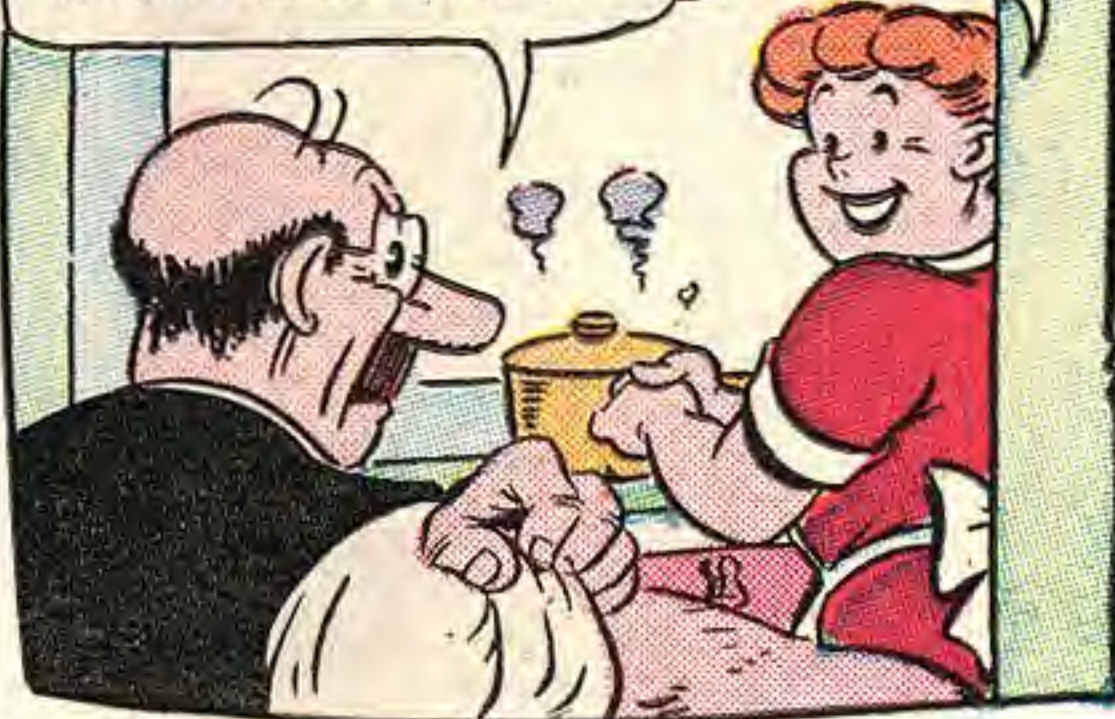


YEAH! SOME DOGGONED USED CAR SALESMAN HAS BEEN PESTERING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK! I TOLD HIM I WASN'T INTERESTED, BUT HE SAID HE WOULD DROP BY THE HOUSE TONIGHT!



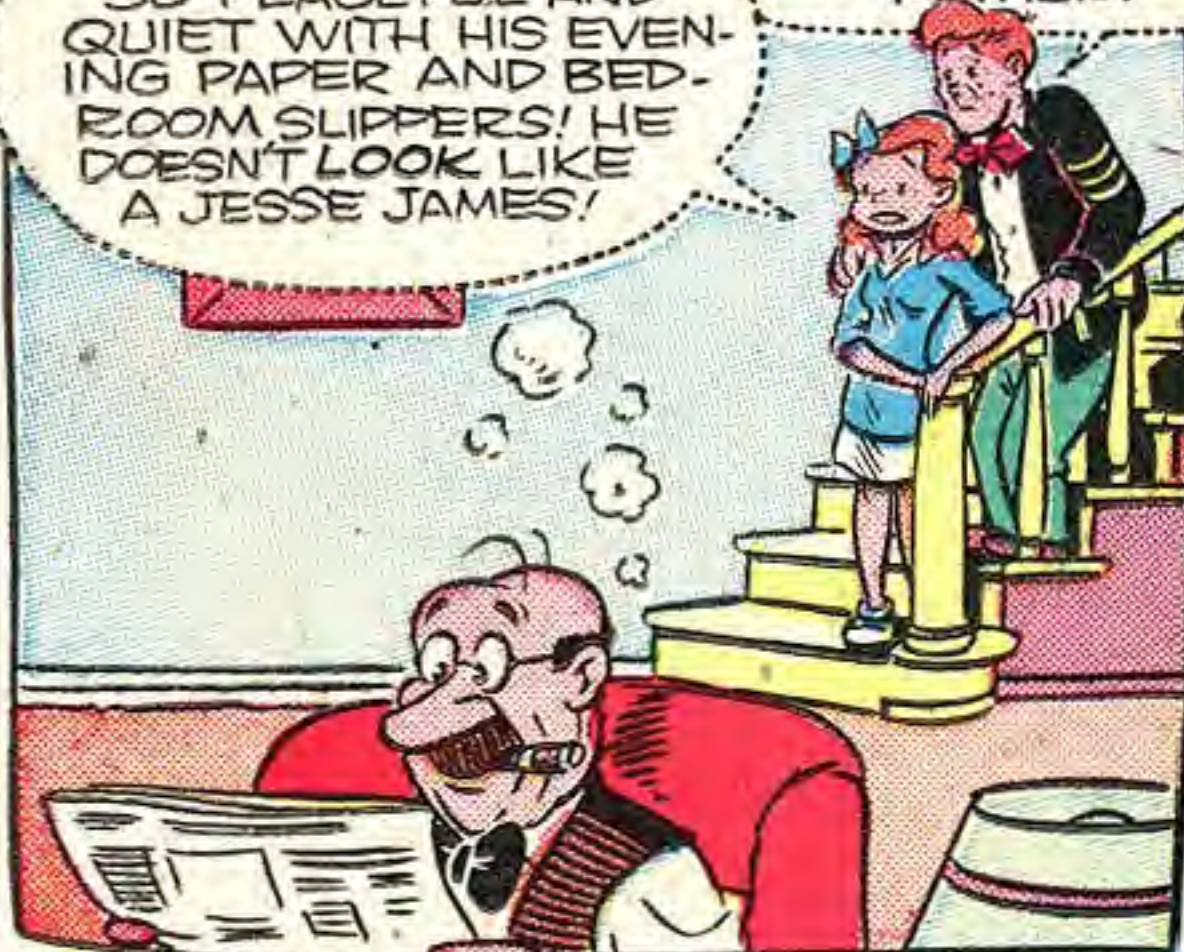
SO IF ANY DANGED STRANGERS COME TO THE DOOR ASKING FOR ME, JUST TELL 'EM EDGAR DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE! I CAN'T BE BOTHERED BY CAR SALESMEN NIGHT AND DAY!!

GO IN AND READ YOUR PAPER, DEAR! I'LL HANDLE THAT SALESMAN! DINNER WILL BE READY SOON!



GEE! LOOKIT HIM SITTING THERE SO PEACEFUL AND QUIET WITH HIS EVENING PAPER AND BED-ROOM SLIPPERS! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JESSE JAMES!

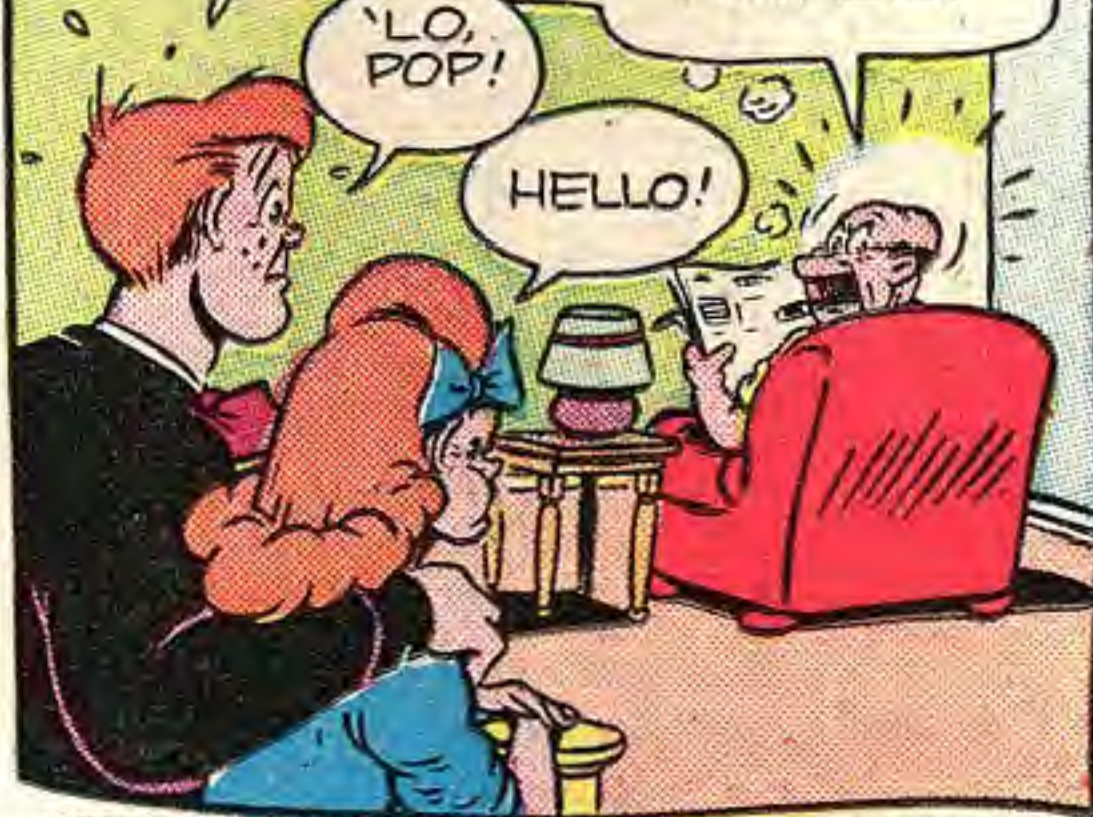
GOSH! A BANK ROBBER FOR A FATHER!



WHAT'RE YOU TWO MUMBLING ABOUT OVER THERE? WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT? CAN'T YOU SAY GOOD EVENING TO YOUR DEAR OLD FATHER?

'LO, POP!

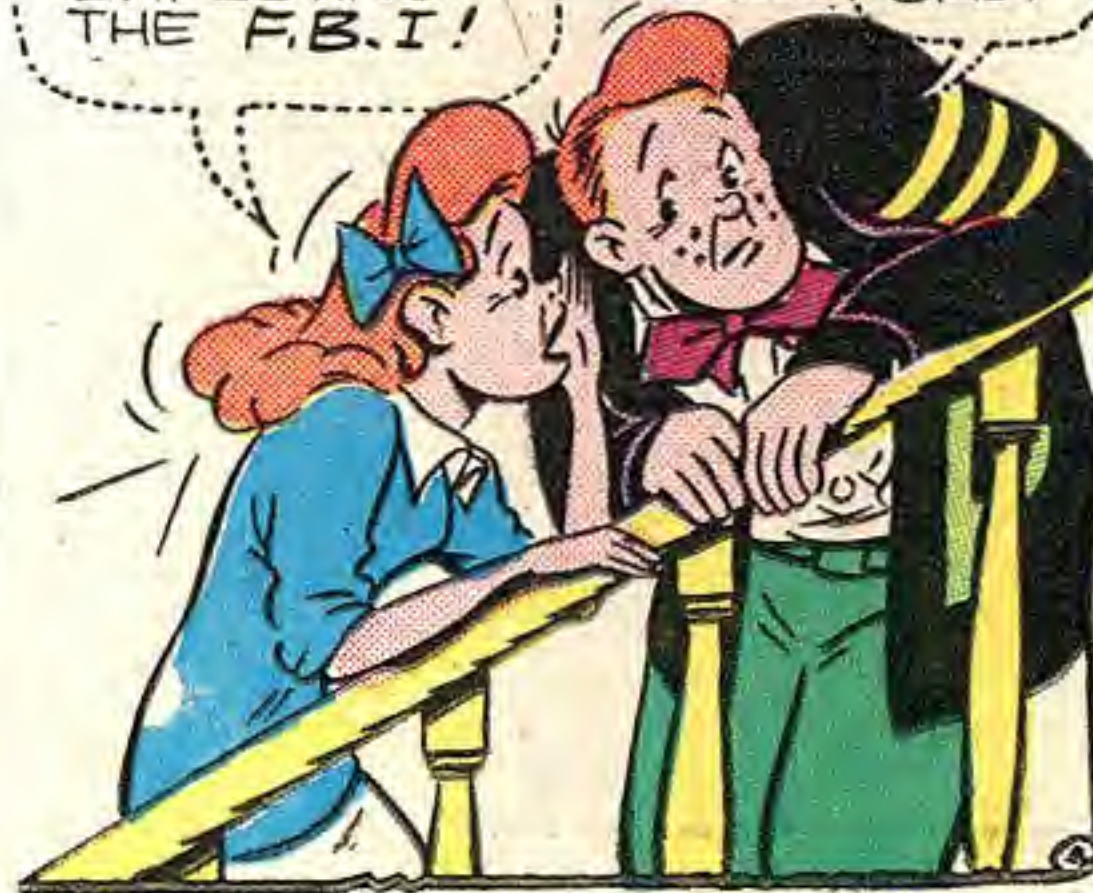
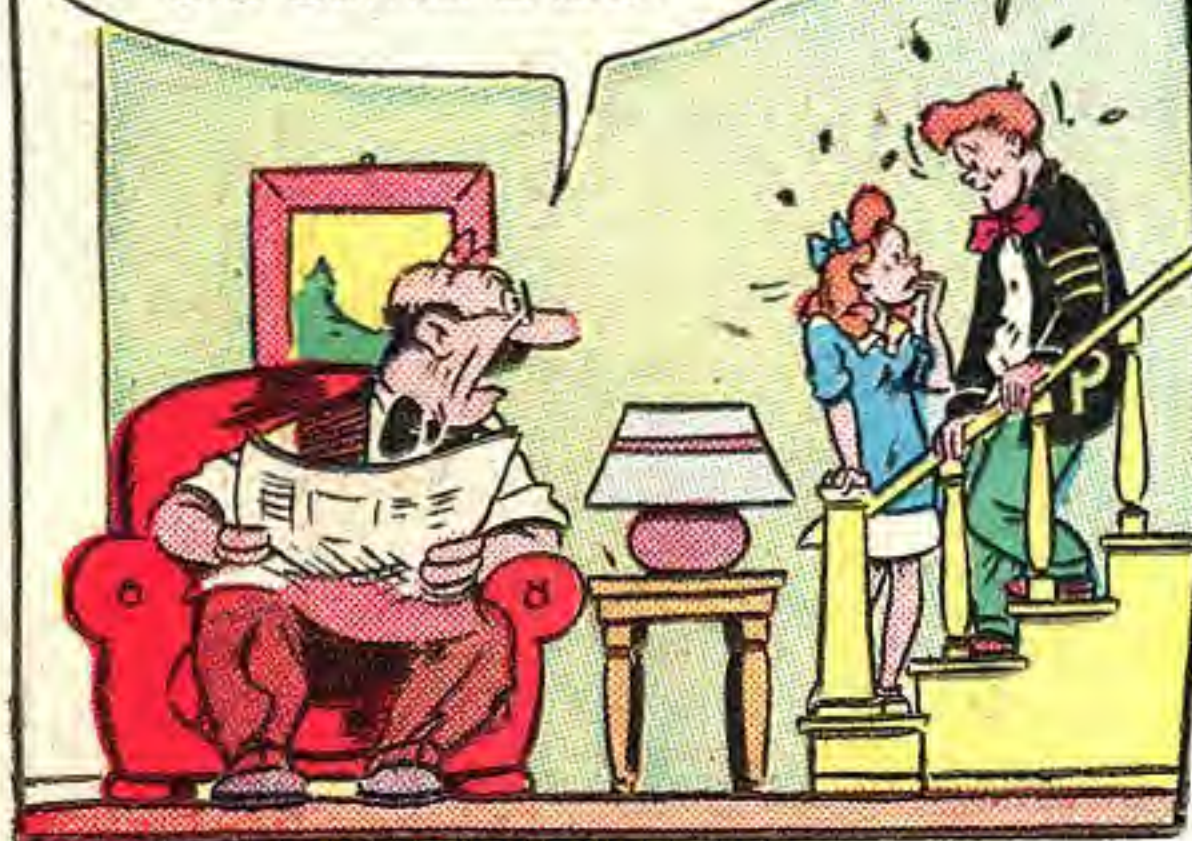
HELLO!



BY THE WAY, KIDS, IF ANY STRANGER COMES TO THE DOOR ASKING FOR ME, TELL HIM I WENT TO CHINA OR SOMEPLACE!

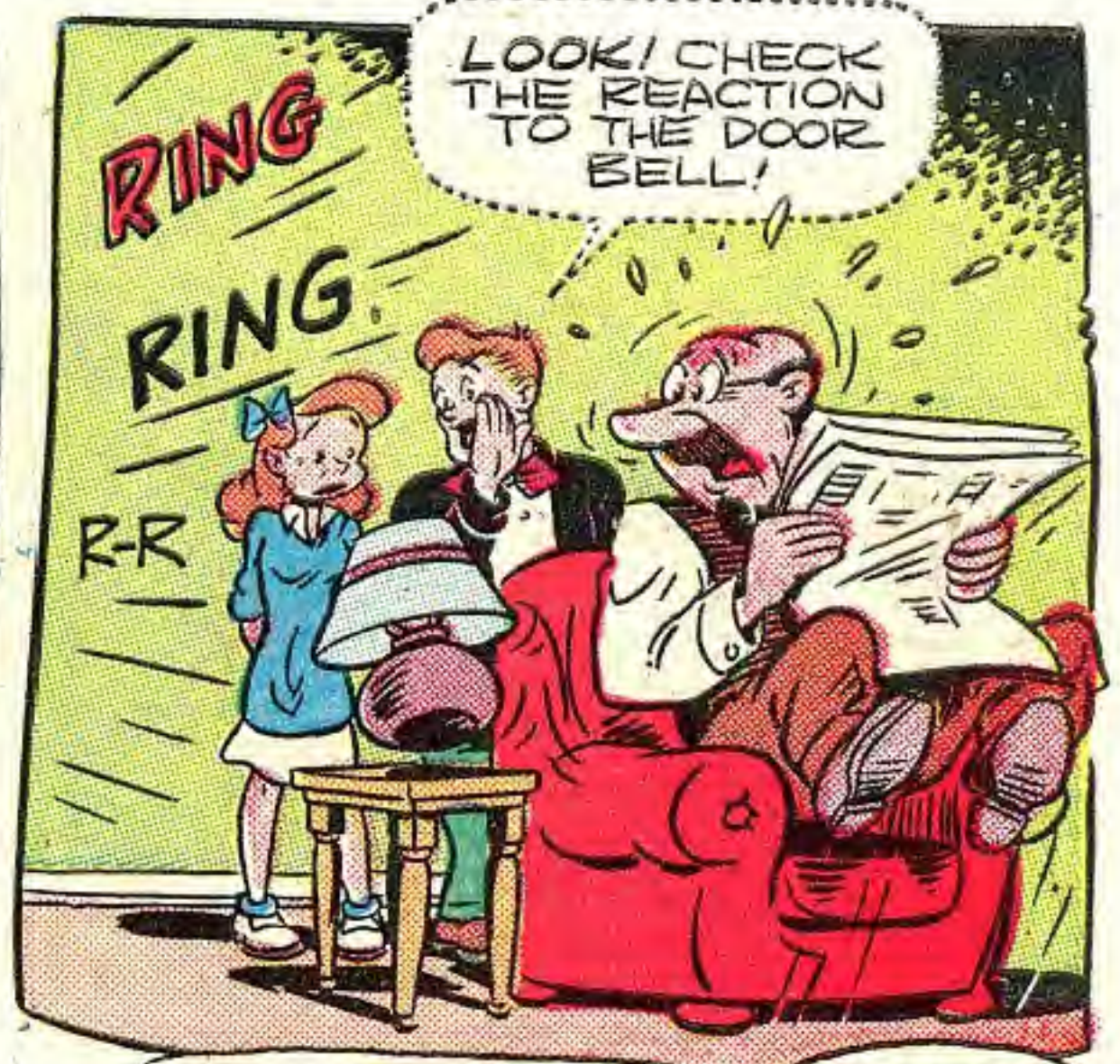
SEE HOW CAUTIOUS HE IS ABOUT ANSWERING THE DOOR? PROBABLY EXPECTING THE F.B.I!

I HOPE HE GIVES UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! I CAN'T STAND TEAR GAS!

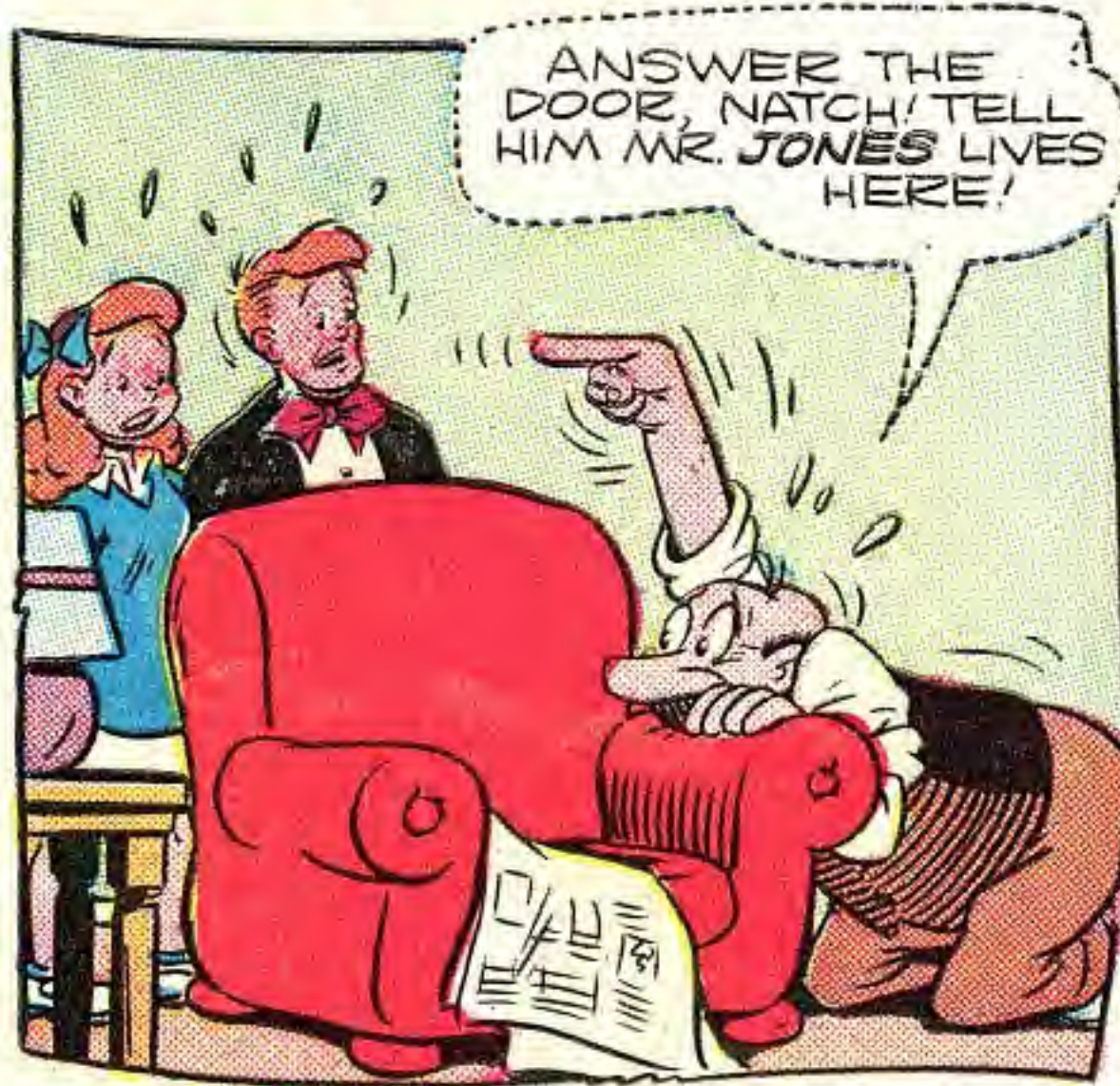




OKAY, MIKE! GO TO EVERY DOOR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE OF THE STREET AND YOU TAKE THE OTHER! DON'T MISS A HOUSE!



LOOK! CHECK THE REACTION TO THE DOOR BELL!



ANSWER THE DOOR, NATCH! TELL HIM MR. JONES LIVES HERE!



IS YOUR FATHER HOME?

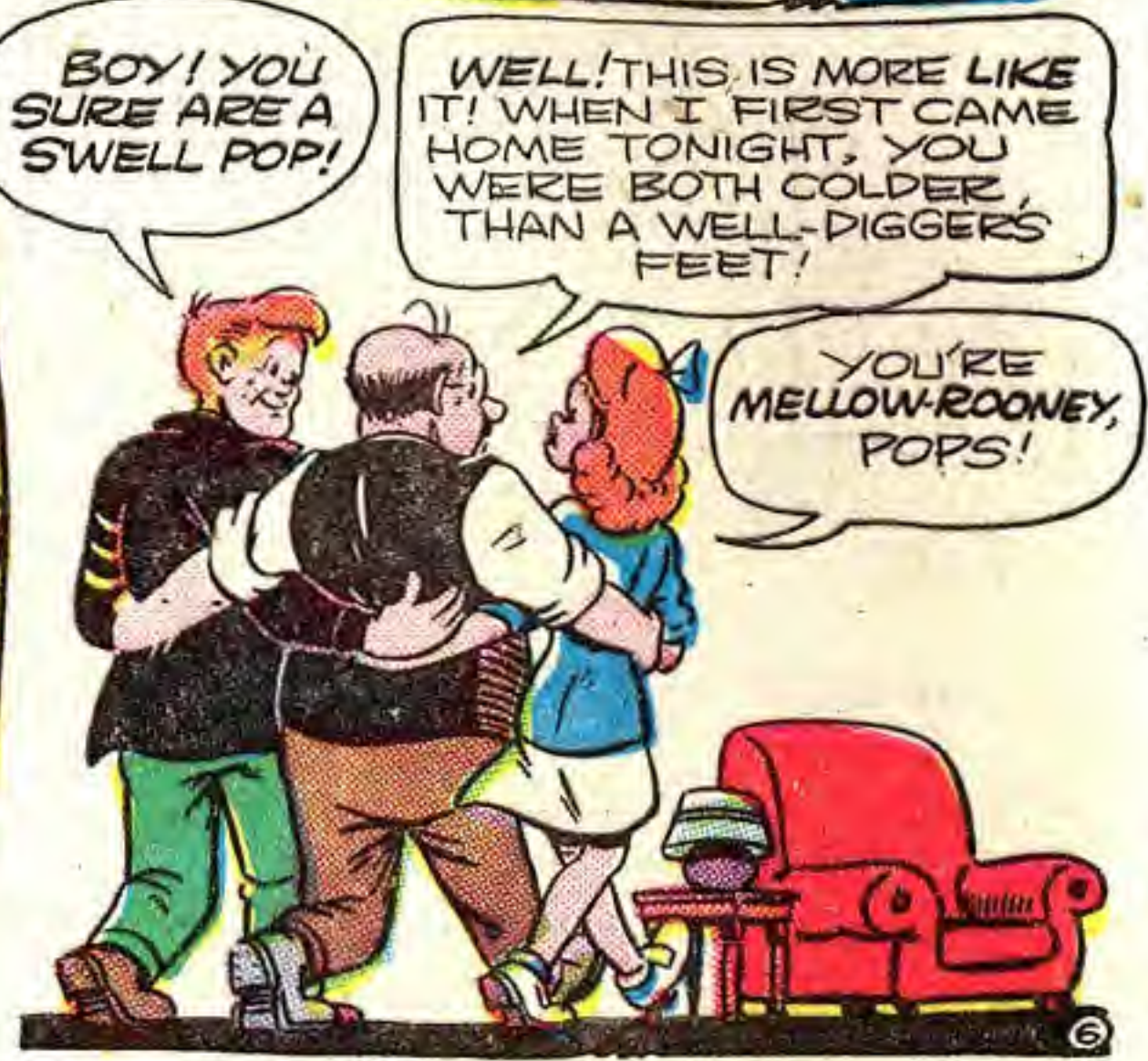
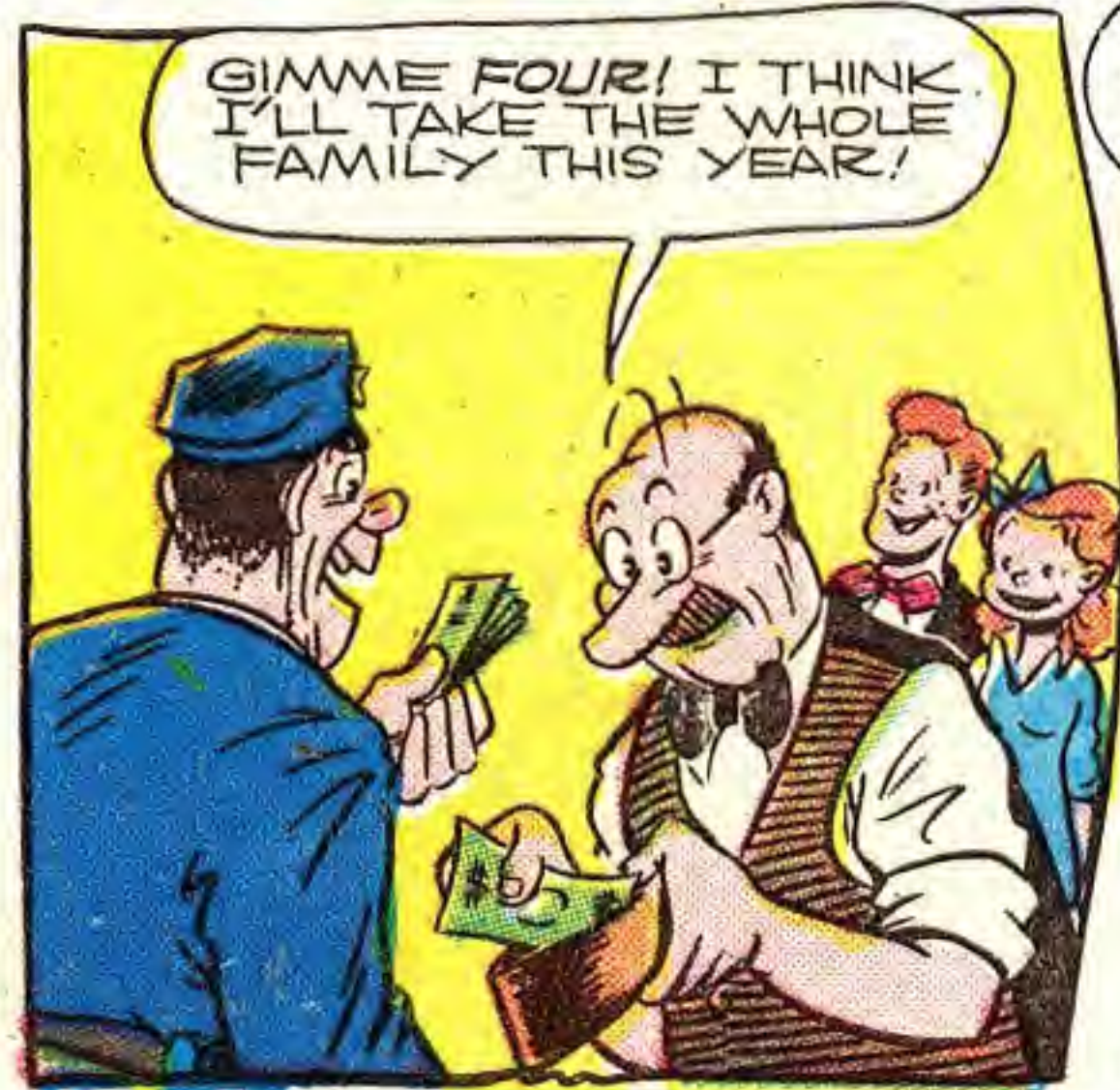
A POLICEMAN!



WAAAAAAA!
THE JIG'S UP!!
BOO-HOO!



HUH? WHAT'S KATIE CRYING FOR??



KOLLEGE KAPERS

GOING UP... GOING UP...
ANYBODY ELSE GOING UP?
PLEASE, WILL SOMEBODY
GO UP?

RING!

IT'S FOR
YOU!

SAME LIPSTICK
YOU STARTED
OUT WITH?
ME TOO!

MR. JONES
HAS EIGHT
DAUGHTERS!

COME IN
AND
BROWSE
AROUND!

AL HARLEY

But OFFICER...

MR. JACKSON, with a hard day at the office behind him, rounded the corner of his block. He was going home to a good dinner, a pair of comfortable slippers and an evening of relaxation—and he could hardly wait!

Suddenly, a large, heavy hand came down on his shoulder, and Mr. Jackson turned to stare up into the stern eyes of Peters, the policeman.

"Er—hello," he said a bit nervously, wondering whether he had parked near a hydrant or jay-walked across Main Street.

"Mr. Jackson," the cop began severely, "there have been too many shenanigans in this neighborhood. Too many entirely!"

Mr. Jackson wondered what Peters was leading up to. "Would you mind—" he began, thinking wistfully of his dinner.

"One of the boys in this neighborhood is a terror!" Peters continued gravely. "A regular young hooligan!"

"My son!" Mr. Jackson thought, with a start of guilt. "What has he been doing now?"

"The rascalion of whom I speak," the policeman went on, "committed a serious misdemeanor today—very serious! Broke a brand new window in Parker's Department Store! That kid's headin' for trouble!"

Mr. Jackson gulped. He envisioned his son, his own flesh and blood, walking the last

mile through the stony corridors of some vile prison towards the electrocution chamber. The thought was too much for him. He felt that he *had* to get home immediately and warn his boy to leave town—to leave the country if necessary!

He tried to pull away from the policeman's grasp, but it was no use. Peters held his shoulder in a grip of iron and said, "Just a minute, Mr. Jackson!"

"Excuse me," Mr. Jackson stammered, "but I just remembered—"

"Before you go," the cop said, "there's something I want to ask you." He brandished a small book in front of Mr. Jackson's nose. "You wouldn't be interested in buying a coupla tickets to the Policeman's Ball now, would you?"

"How—how much are they?" asked Mr. Jackson, reaching into his pocket. If he bought the tickets, perhaps the policeman would stop molesting his poor criminal son.

"Twenty-five dollars—thank you!" Peters saluted smartly and left Mr. Jackson to totter weakly up the front steps of his house.

"Son!" he bellowed angrily, confronting his wayward boy. "How could you? How *could* you? Disgracing my name, the name of your family, turning your poor mother's hair white before her time, breaking your old father's heart—"

"But, pop—what did I *do*?"

"Do you mean to stand there, you young convict, and tell me you don't remember breaking a big window in Parker's Department Store?" Mr. Jackson demanded.

"Who, *me*?" his son's face was a study in surprise. "That wasn't me, pop—that was Chuck Harris—he busted the window with a baseball and—"

"And to think I paid that policeman twenty-five dollars to clear your name!"

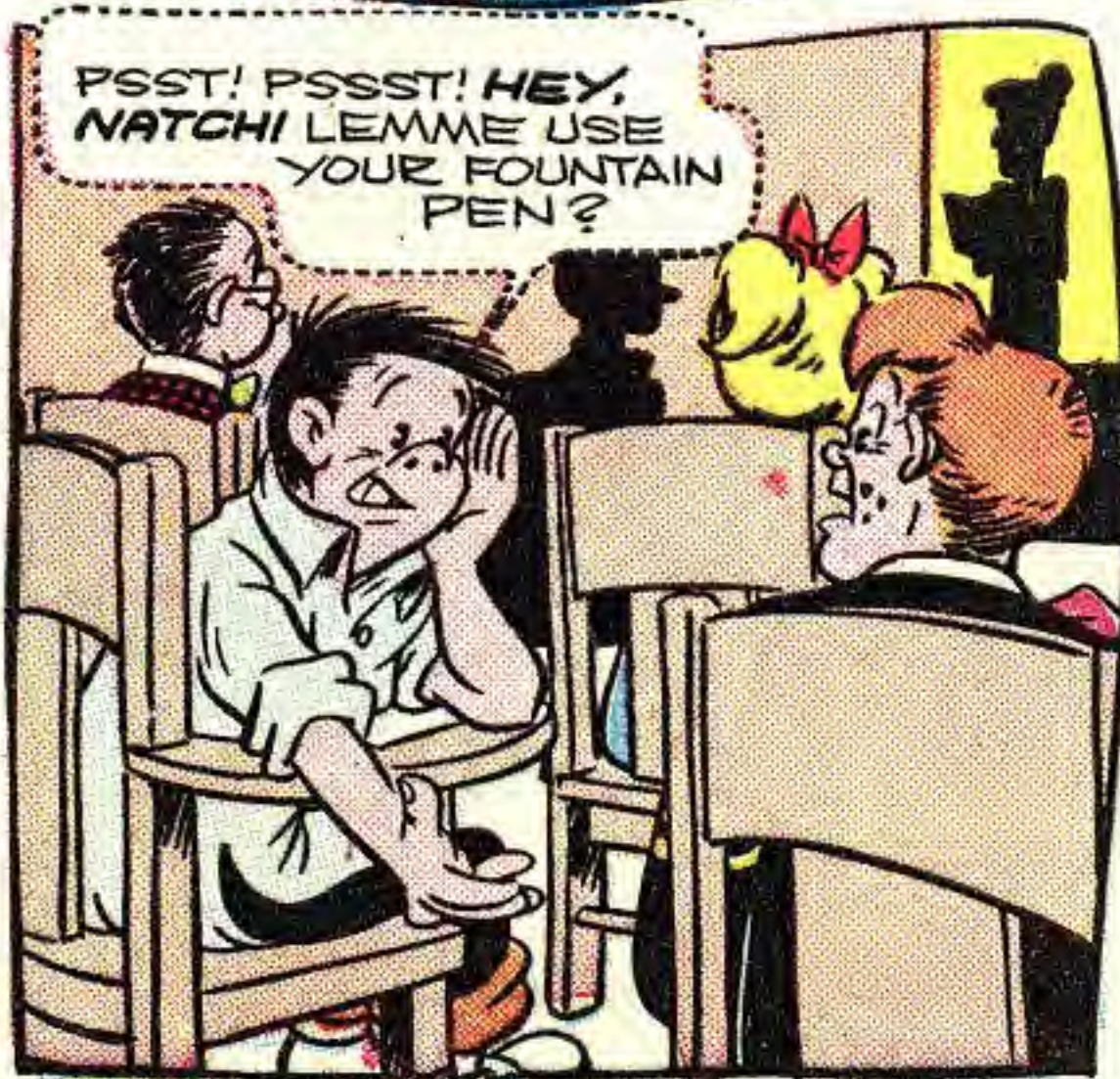
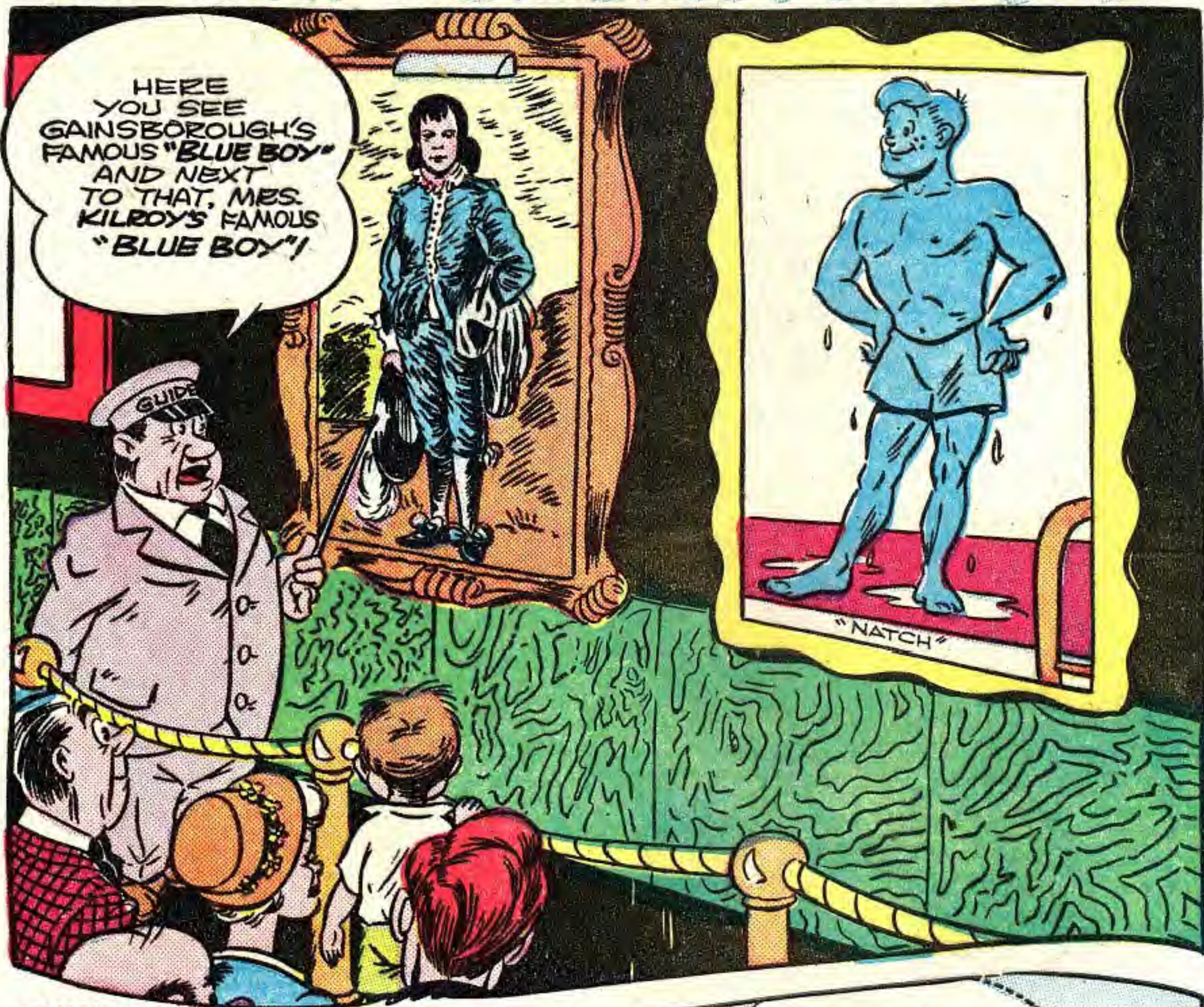
"My name? Did he mention *my* name?"

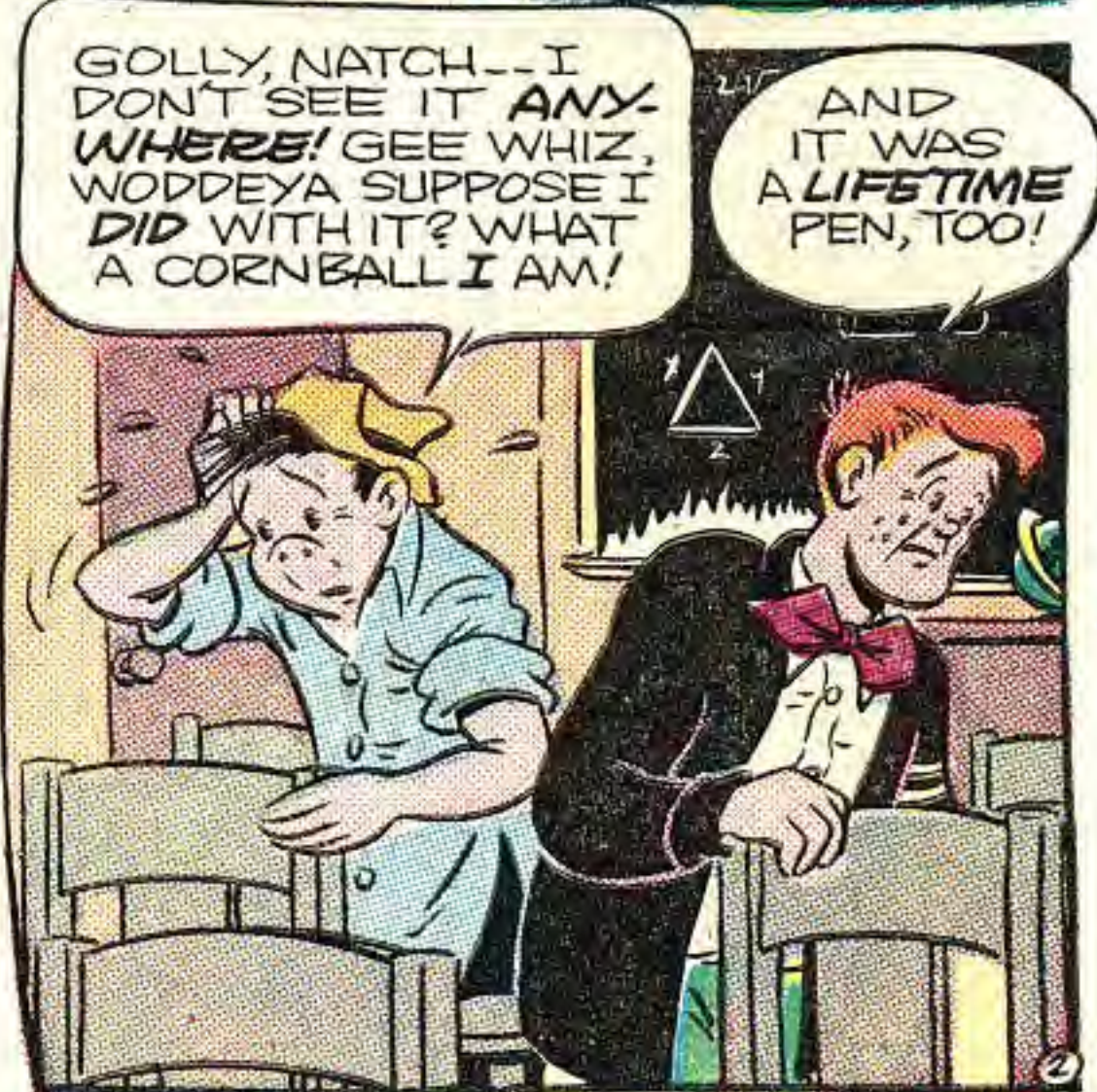
"Er—no," Mr. Jackson was forced to admit. "Come to think of it—he *didn't*! And come to think of it, I guess I *deserved* it—for being ready to think it might have been you—*son!*"

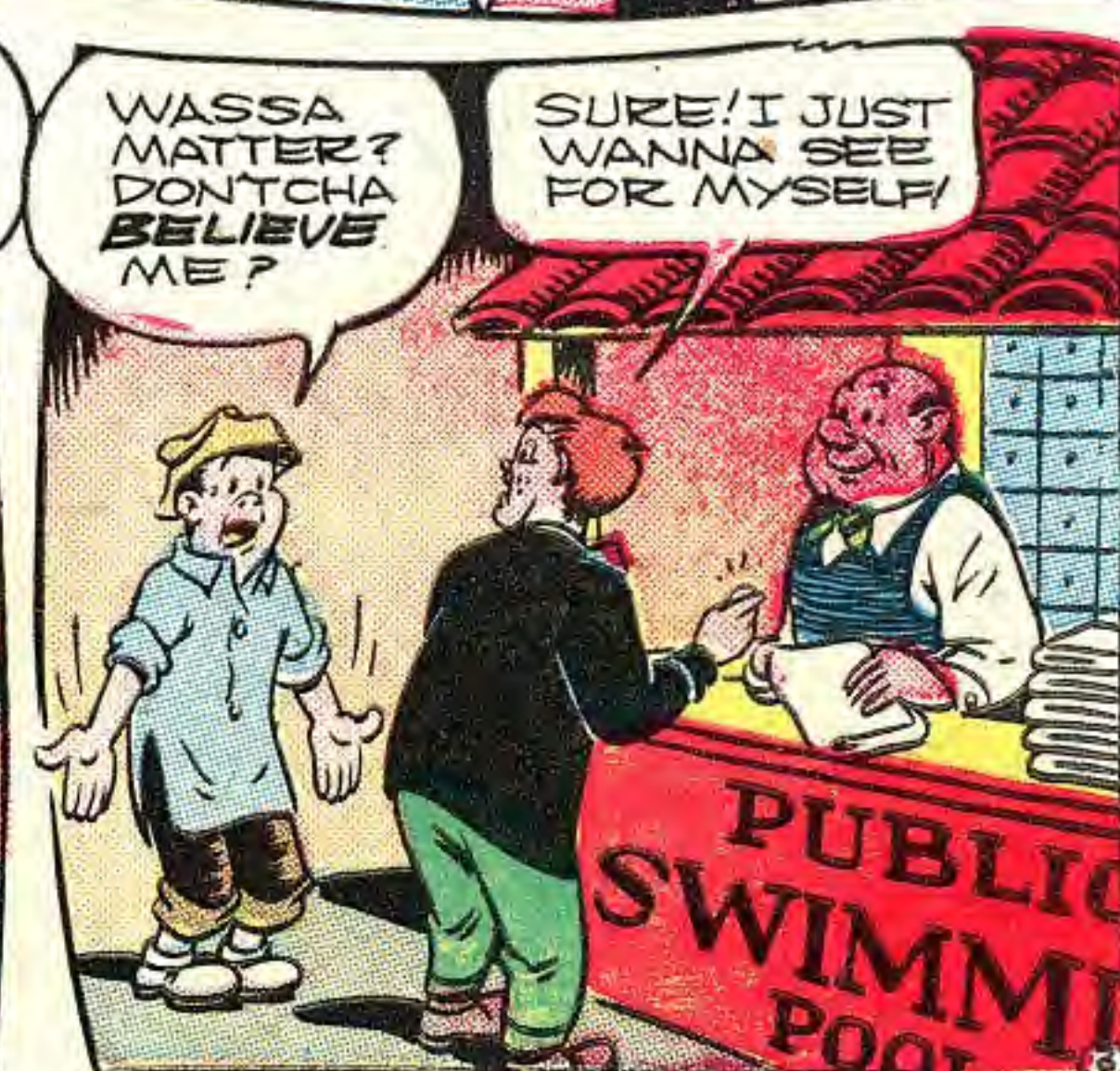
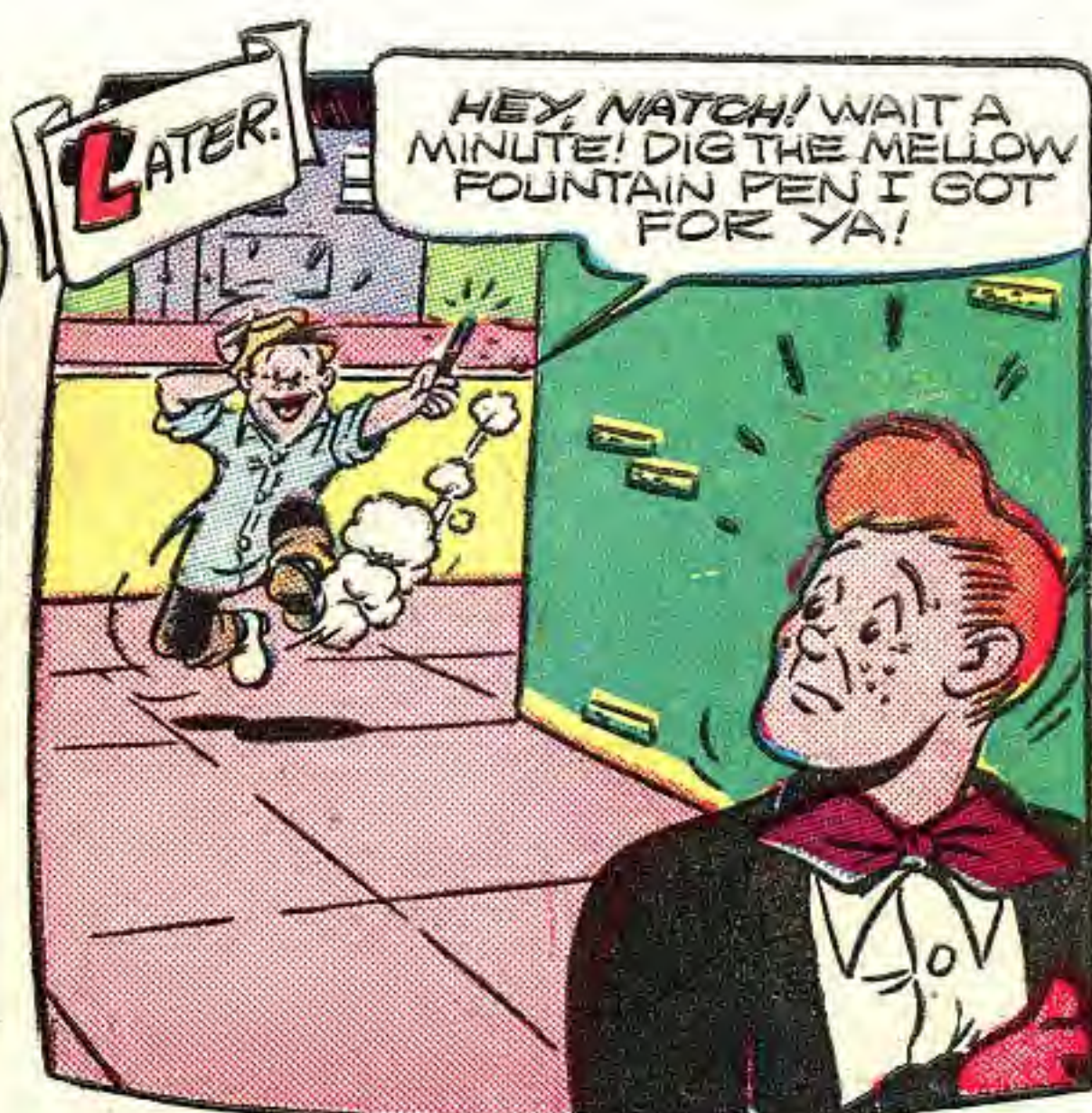


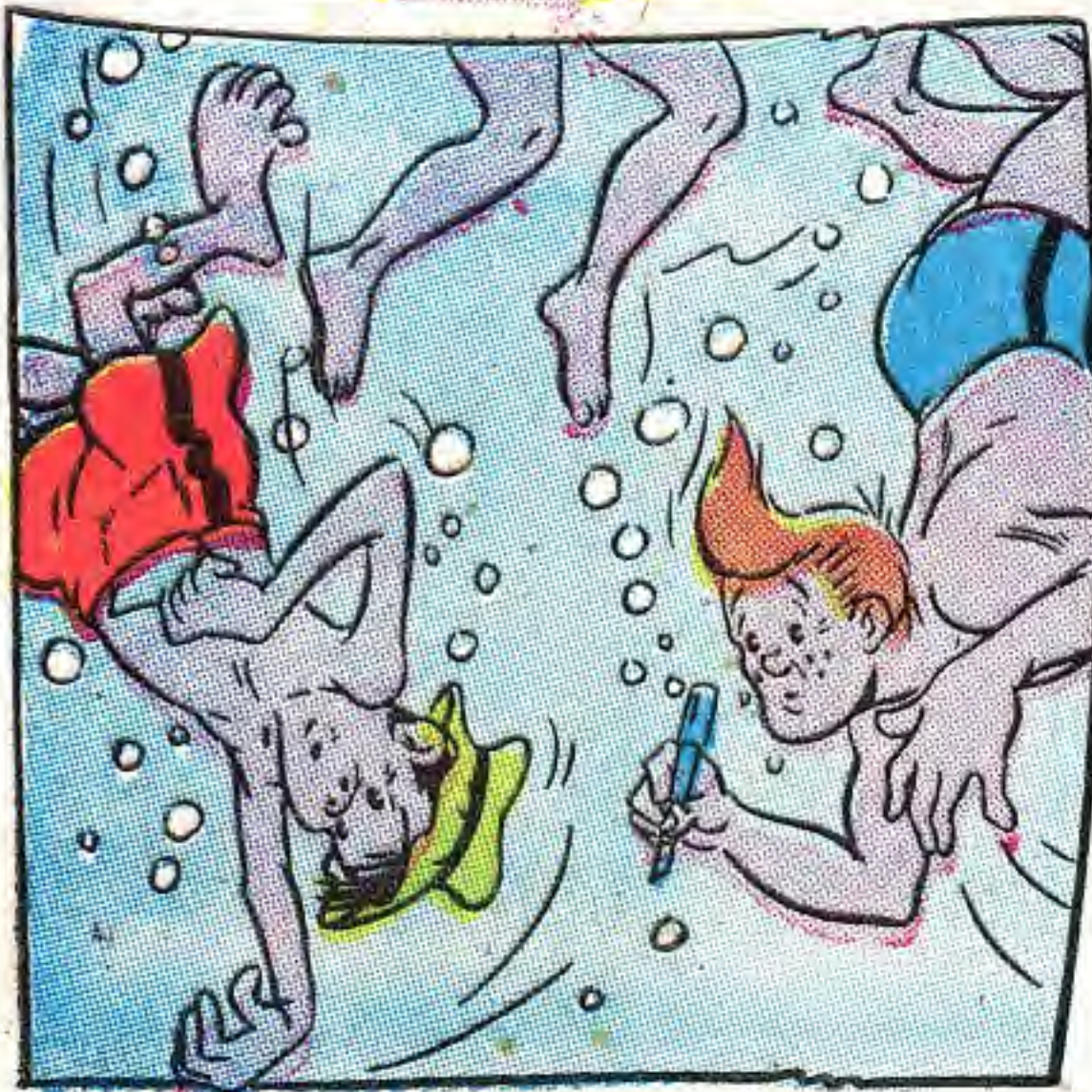
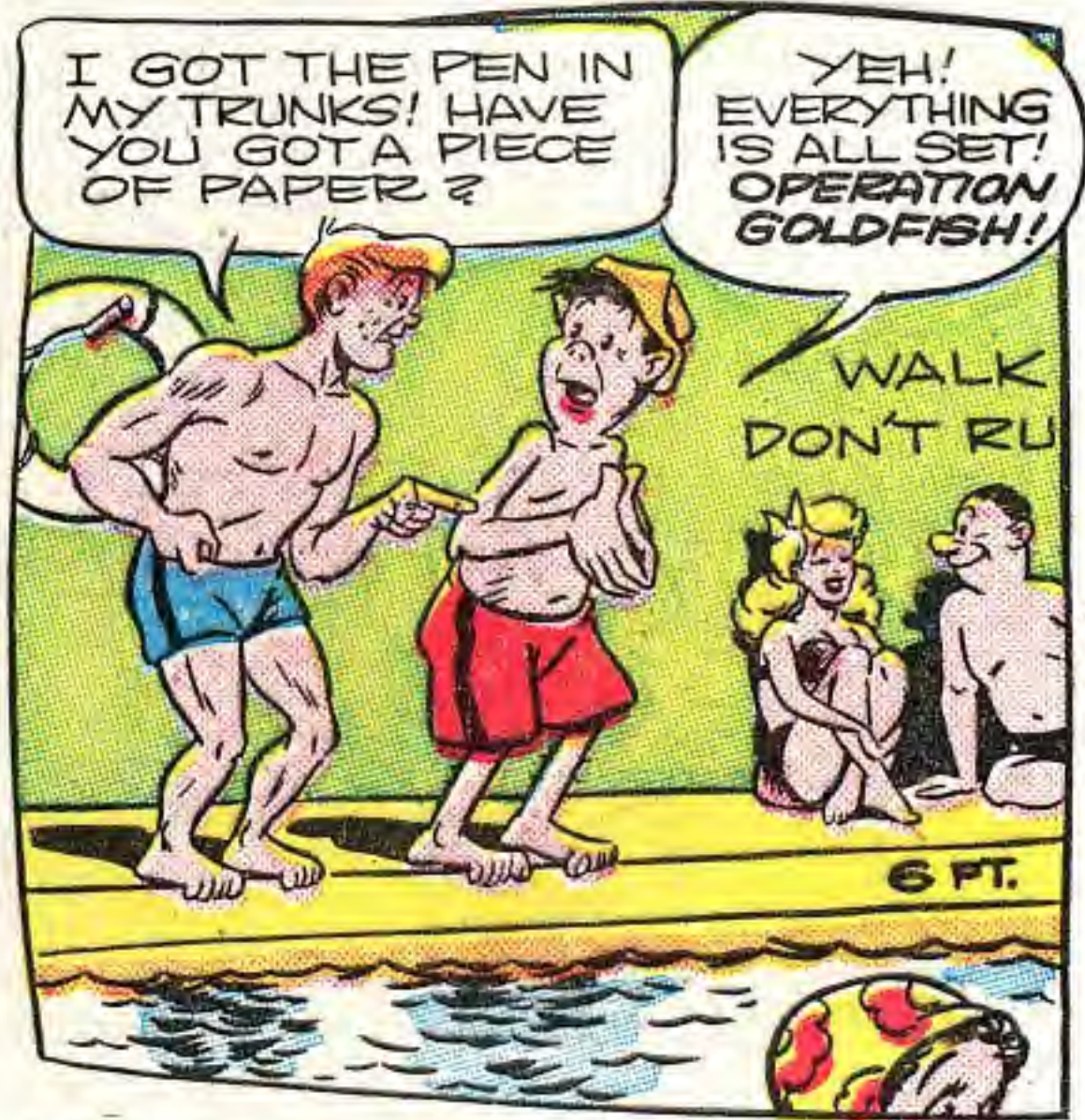
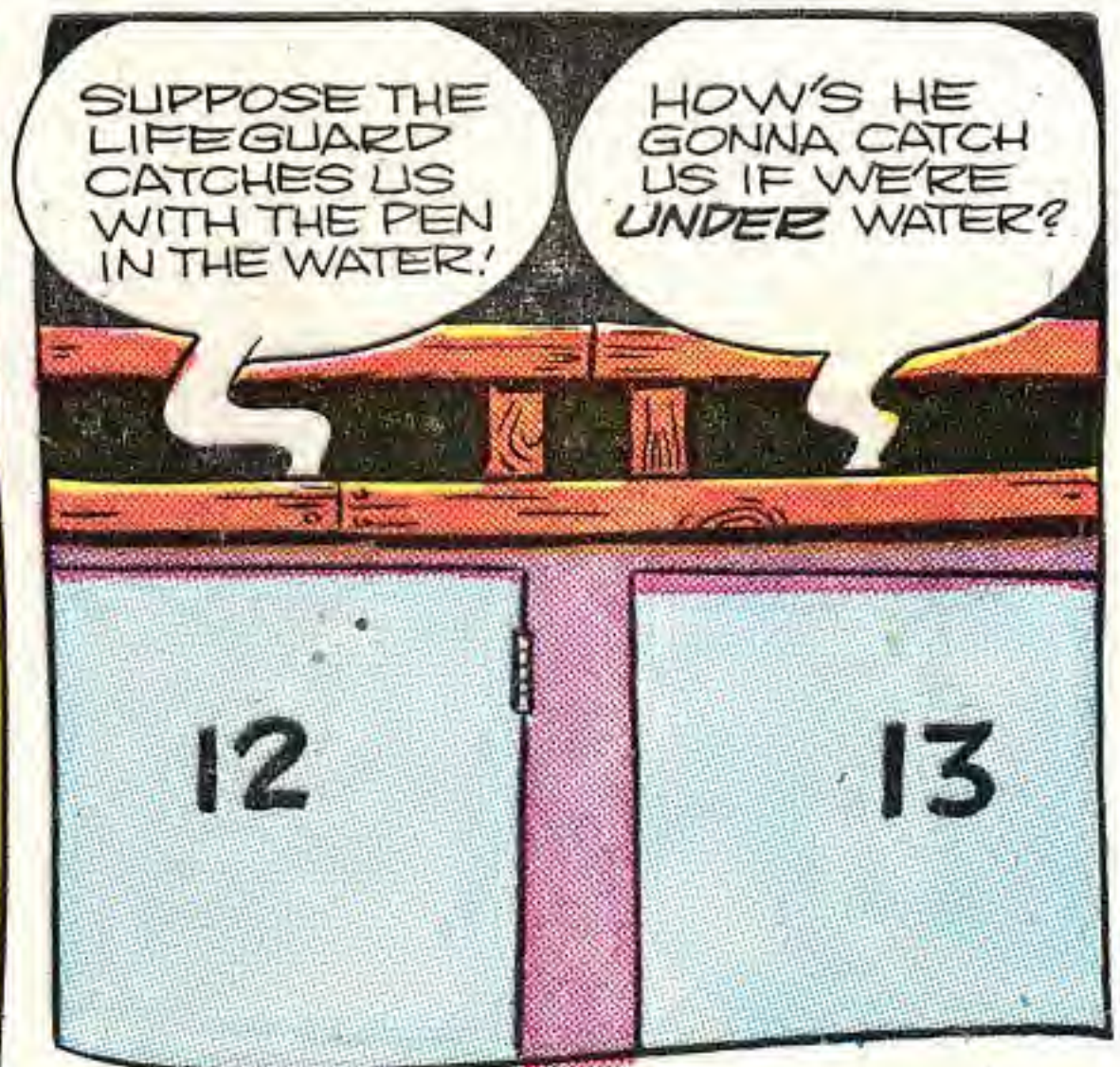
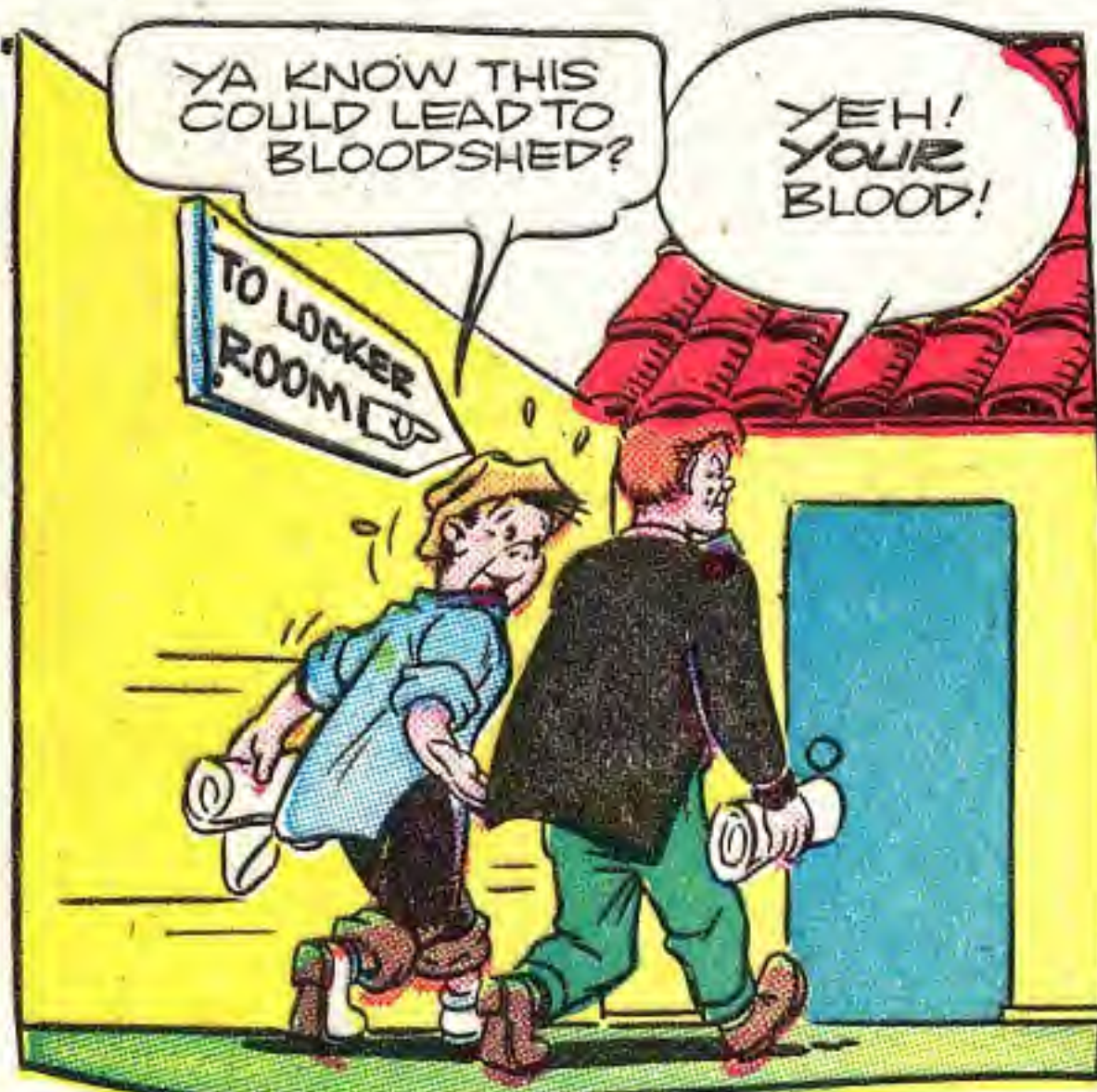
"Natch"

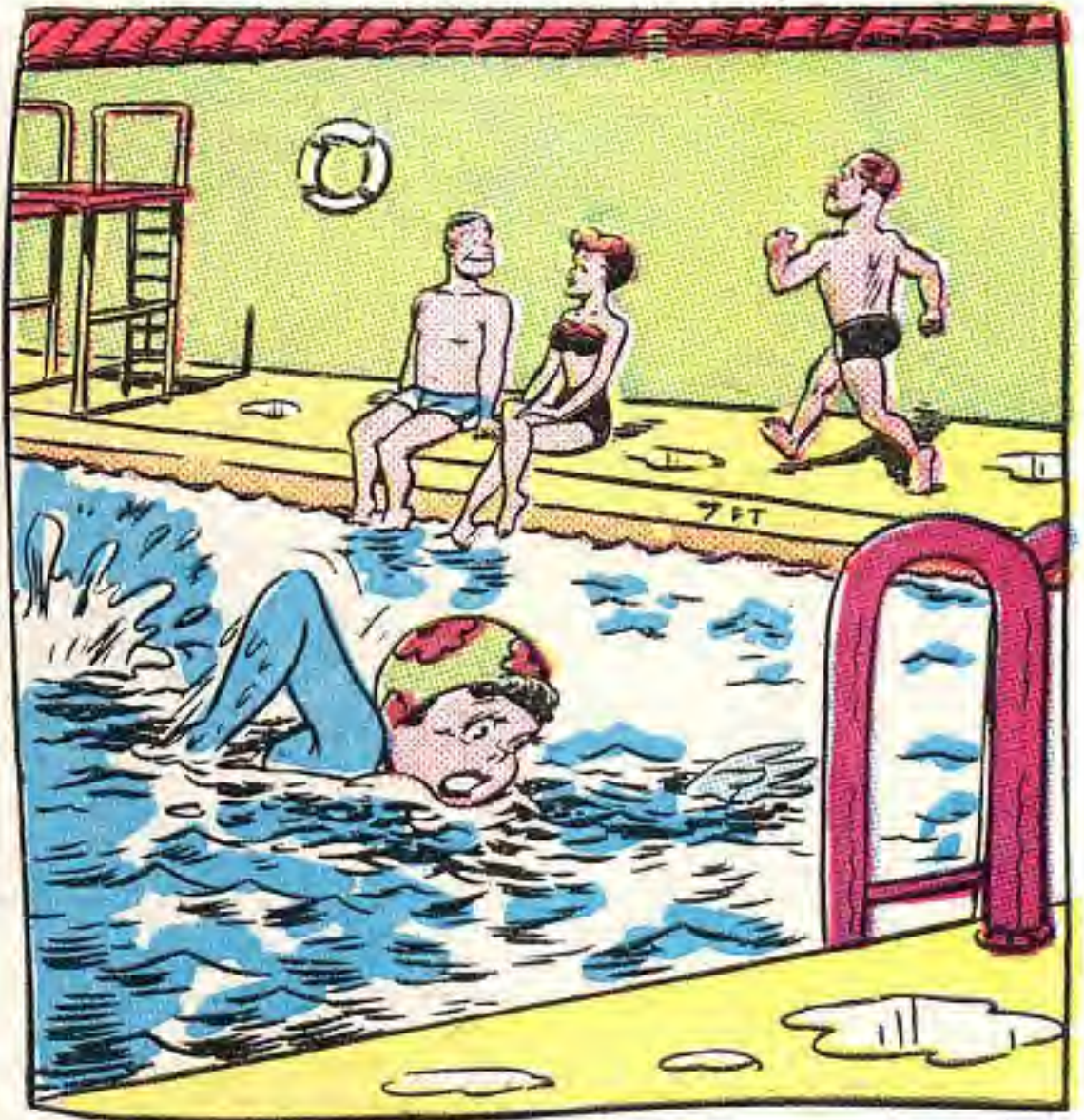
in "THAT NEW BALL-POINT JOB"

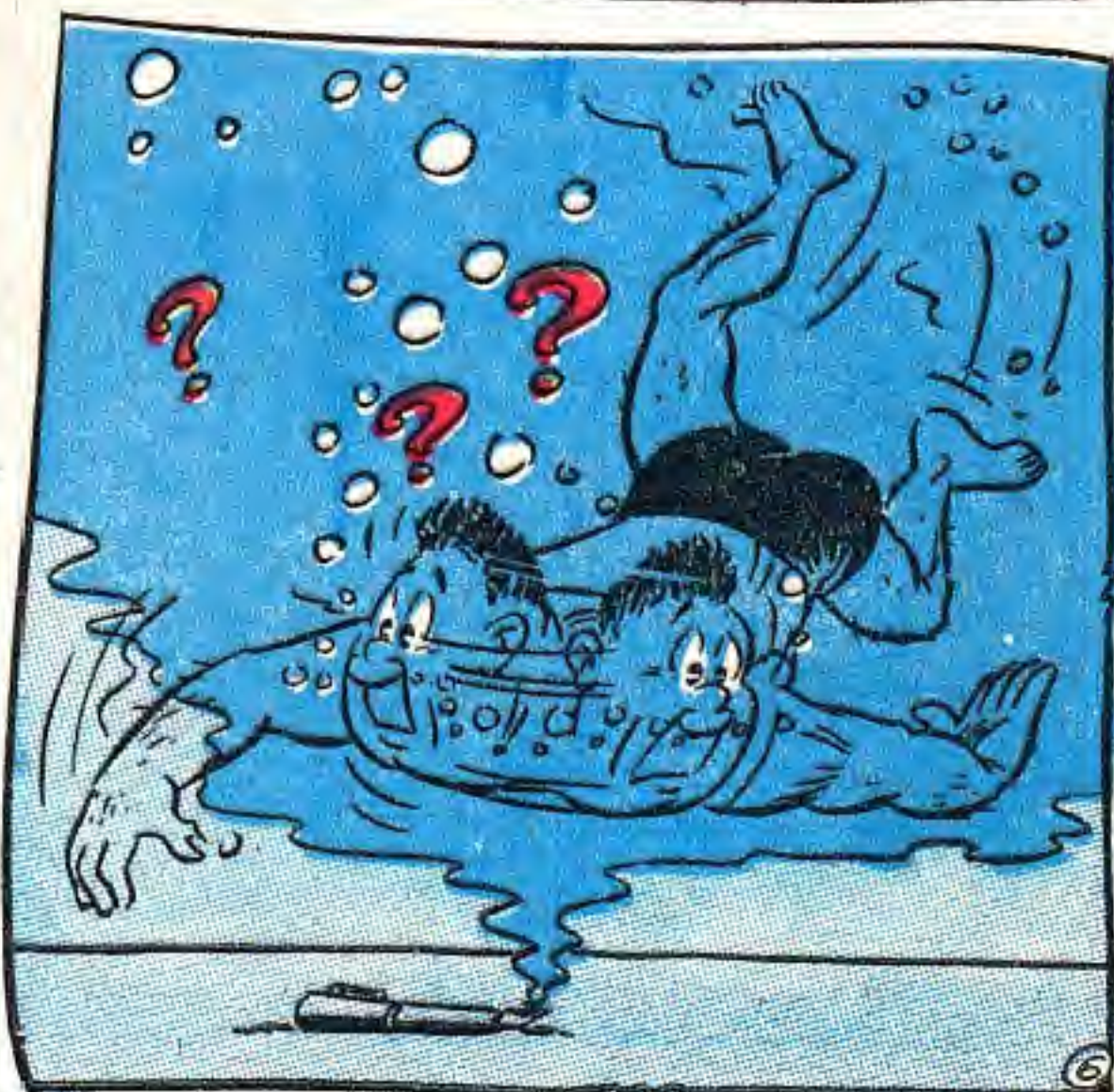
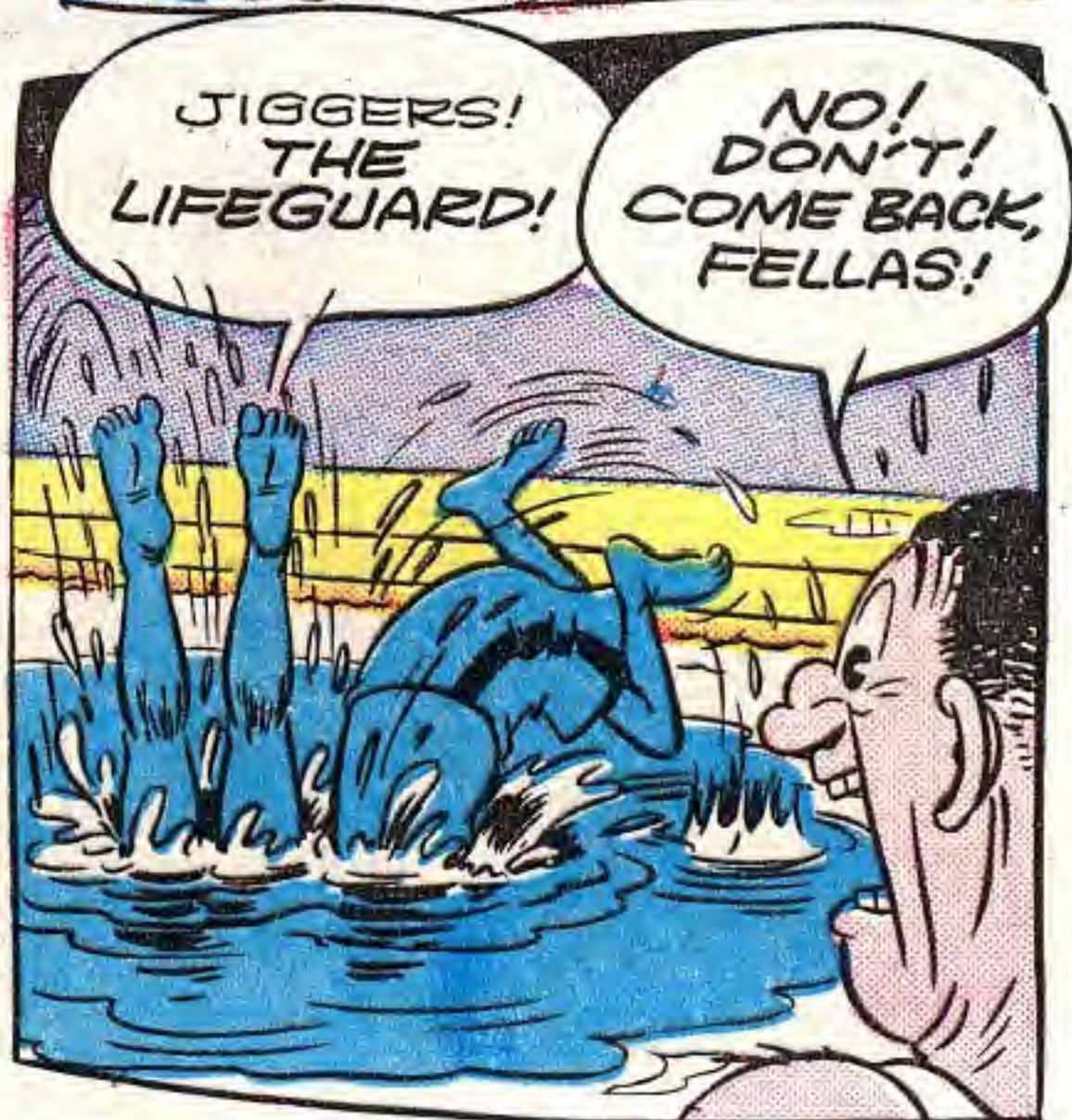
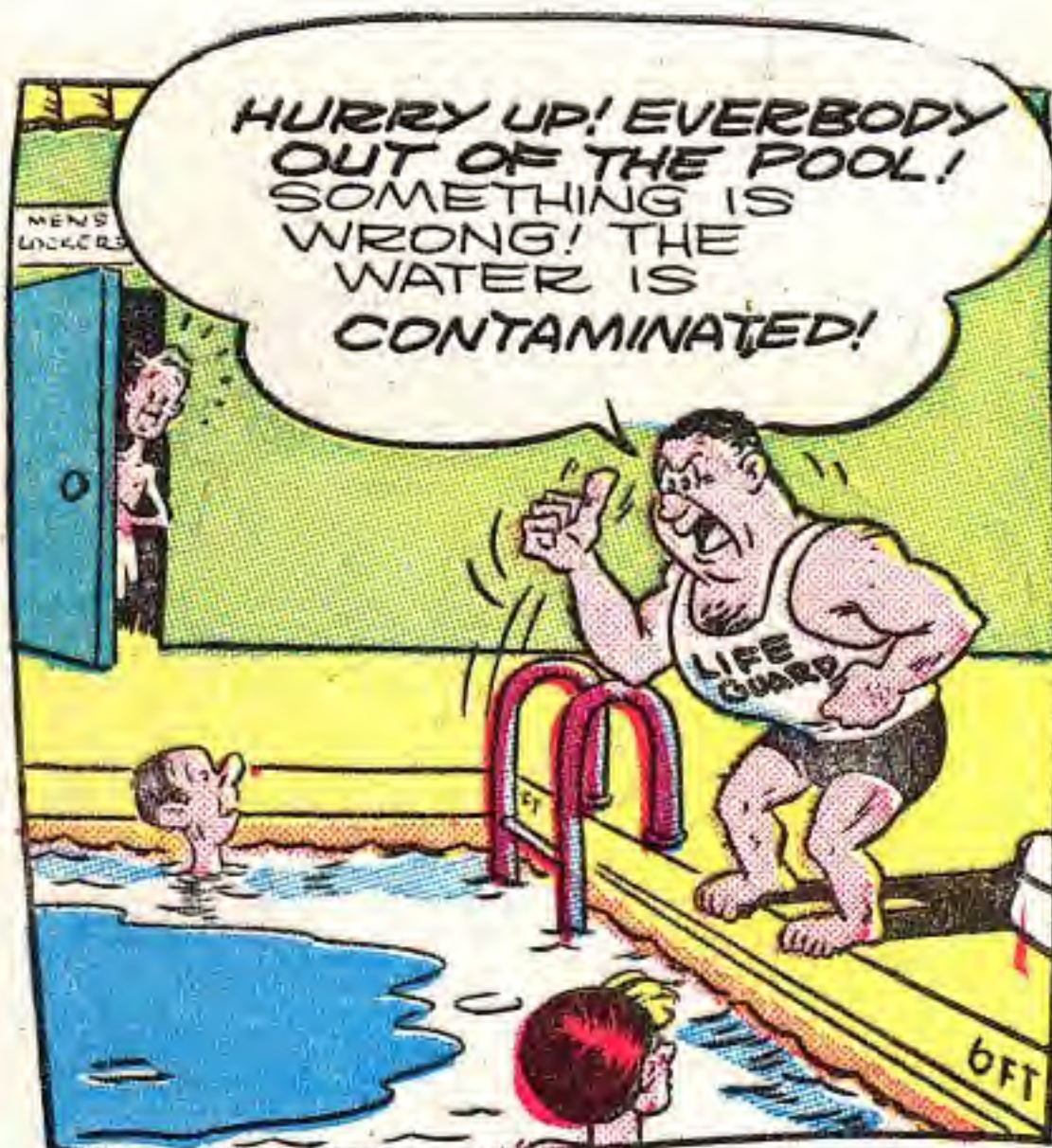
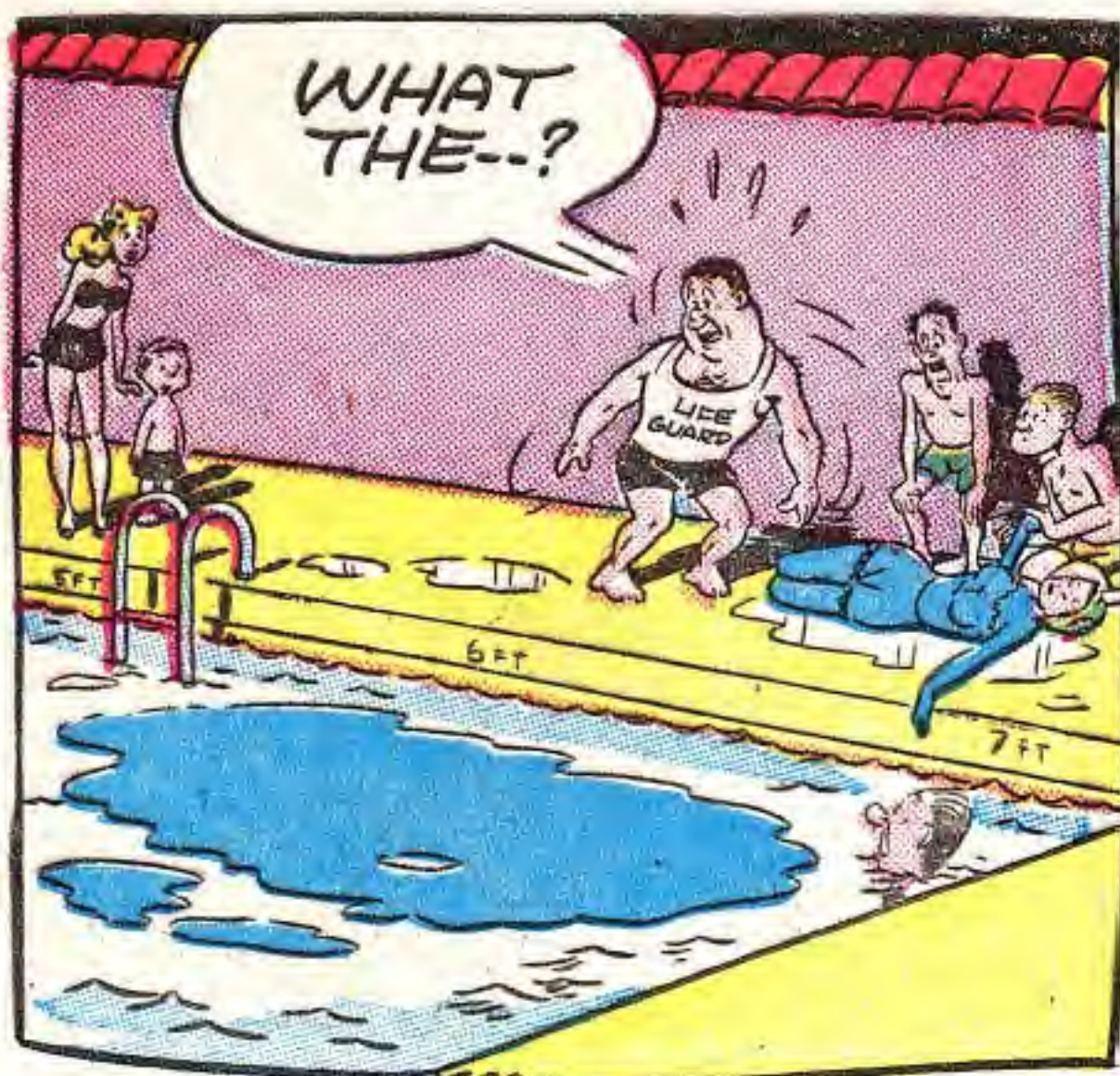














LOOK!
THE LIFEGUARD
CAUGHT IT!

I'M
GONNA GET
MY CLOTHES
ON AND GET
OUTA HERE!

WHERE
ARE THOSE
TWO KIDS?
I'LL MURDER
'EM!



YIPE!

MAMA!



HE'S SO MAD,
HE'S ALL BLUE!

EXIT



A FINE THING -- THAT WAS
A CHEAP FOUNTAIN PEN
YOU TRIED TO GIVE ME! IT
WOULDN'T EVEN WRITE
UNDER WATER!

YA WOULDN'T
LIKE TO SEE IF IT'D
LEAK HIGH UP IN AN
AIRPLANE SOMETIME,
WOULD YOU? GANGWAY!
I'M COMIN' THROUGH!

IT'S NOT A
LIFETIME PEN,
EITHER! IF I
GET MY HANDS
ON YOU GUYS,
YOUR LIVES
WILL
END!

The End

FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE JUST LIKE MOTHER'S



\$9.95



LITTLE CHEF

Super De Luxe Miniature Electric Range. Scientifically designed to cook and bake accurately. Its many features include: new safety aluminum top with enclosed element; separate oven element; separate warming oven; real switches and oven thermometer; fully insulated. Made of heavy gauge steel, welded and riveted. Beautiful white baked enamel finish. Inside rust-proofed. Comes with heavy asbestos appliance cord. Range size 13" x 10 1/2" x 7".

**MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED**

\$5.95



THE NEW IMPROVED PET TOY WASHER

JUST LIKE MOTHER'S — Now every little girl can do what every little girl always longs to do — work side by side with mother with a really, truly toy washer built just like mother's.

Fluffy, foamy suds beaten up by a highly efficient agitator; the wringer swings into place; the clothes are wrung out with never a bit of danger to little fingers; the water is withdrawn through the drain; the clothes may be blued, rinsed, starched — all just like grown-ups' washings.



A FINE
GIFT for
YOUNGSTERS

\$3.95

FISHING OUTFIT

Every boy and girl wants this wonderful new 11 PIECE fishing outfit, including the following: A solid metal "Carry Case" lithographed aluminum and blue, 24" x 3 1/2" with metal handle.

A two-piece oil-tempered "whippy" steel rod, 46" long, featuring the "Easy-Line" ferrule, red enameled handle and "bite-grip" reel lock.

"Ty-Line" precision reel with click. Nylon fishing line.

Sinkers

Assorted sizes steel fish hooks

Float

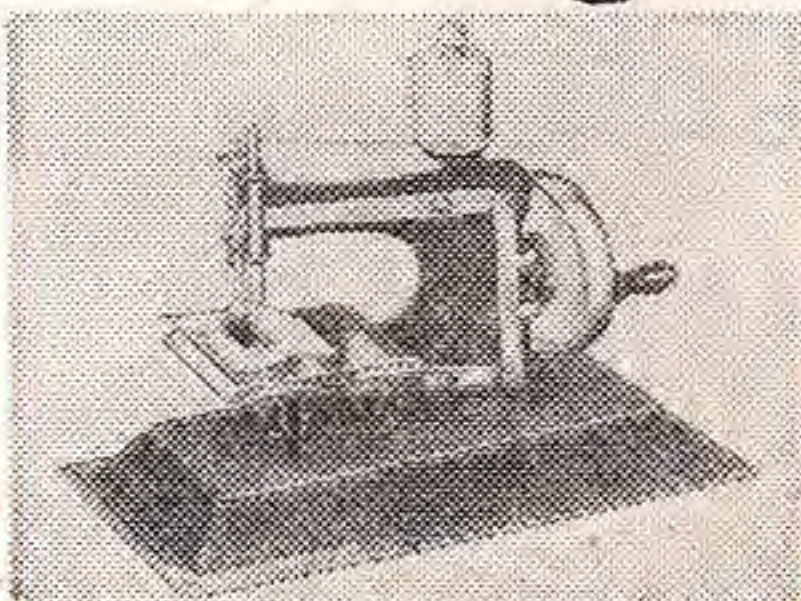
Snelled hook

2 ft. gut leader

Illustrated Instruction Booklet

Metal handy parts bait can

Everything you need to catch the big ones that don't get away. Newly designed and professionally constructed. A tremendous value.



A SEWING MACHINE THAT SEWS JUST LIKE MOTHER'S ONLY \$3.95

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Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

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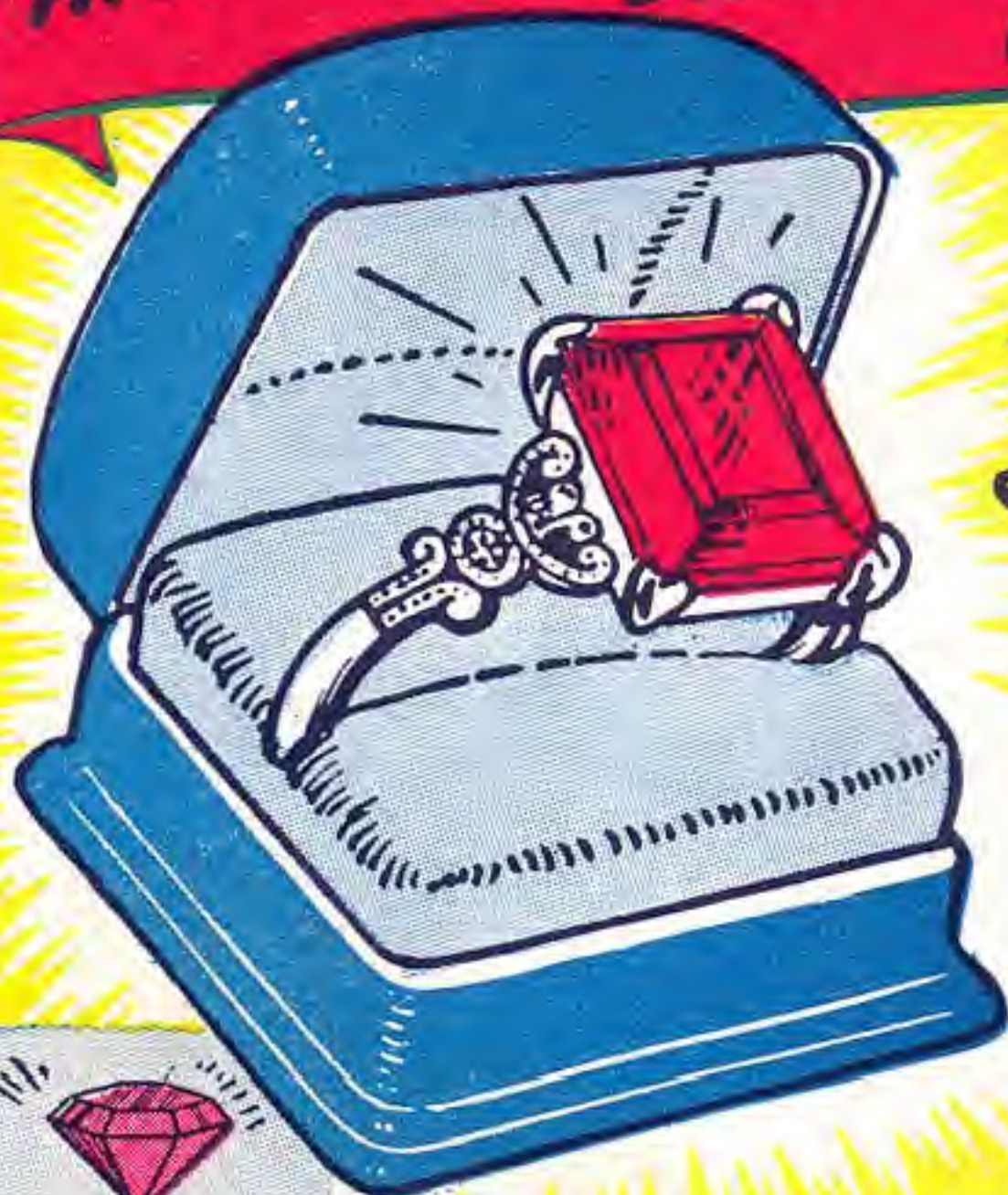


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